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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

Originally Compiled by the

REVEREND VICESIMUS KNOX, D.D.

A New Edition

PREPARED BY

James G. Percival

VOL. V. POETRY.

R. Westall Esq.r Del.

Engd by J.B. Neagle

BOSTON

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WALKER, (HARLEM PLACE) WASHINGTON STREET

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

OR

USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PASSAGES,

FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS AND TRANSLATIONS;

PRINCIPALLY DESIGNED

FOR THE USE OF YOUNG PERSONS.

ORIGINALLY COMPILED BY THE

REV. VICESIMUS KNOX, D. D.

356.1
K.5

A new Edition, embellished with elegant Engravings.

PREPARED BY

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.—POETRY.

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Boston:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL WALKER,

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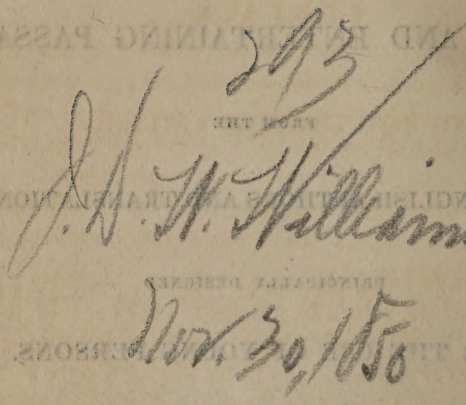

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, *to wit:*

District Clerk's Office.

L. S. BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the seventeenth day of March A. D. 1826, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, SAMUEL WALKER, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

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In Conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS, *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

PREFACE

TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

Since Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blest, and in the Vale of Tempe? The harmless delight, which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

If, indeed, pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some, who, in the rigour of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction, in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe, that many young persons, of natural genius, would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgment, and not to their fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry they have been gradually led to the heights of Science: they have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land, flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished, like the infant at the mother's breast, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solidest food of philosophy.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greatest men, in every liberal and honourable profession, gave their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the most illustrious worthies in the church and in the state were allured to the land of learning by the

song of the Muse; and they would, perhaps, have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of so much consequence is the study of Poetry, in youth, to the general advancement of learning.

And, as to morals, "Poetry," in the words of sir Philip Sydney, "doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect of the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanting skill of music;—and with a tale—he cometh unto you with a tale, *which holdeth children from play*, and old men from the chimney corner. Even those hard-hearted, evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reasons they stand upon, yet will be contented to be delighted, which is all the good fellow Poet seems to promise,—and so steal to see the form of goodness; which, seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a *medicine of cherries*."

Thus Poetry, by the gentle, yet certain method of allurement, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that, under a few self-evident restrictions, it is properly addressed to all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men in the world, as well as in the schools of philosophy, have objected to an *early* study of it. They have thought, that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What Poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus*, says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the ware-house; and, while they continue to be confined to those places, may, perhaps, in some instances, be proper and advantageous. But they ought not to operate on the mind of the well-educated gentleman, or the man of a liberal profession; and, indeed, there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature. Nothing, perhaps, contributes more to liberalize their minds, and prevent that narrowness, which is too often the consequence of a life attached, from the earliest age, to the pursuits of lucre.

That mere men of the world object to the study of Poetry as a part of education, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want of natural sensibility, or from long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest and vulgar enjoyment, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty. But shall we deny that the cowslip and violet possess a vivid colour and sweet fragrance, because the ox, who fattens in the meadow, tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odours? The taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates against the few and narrow-minded despisers of Poetry.

Young minds, indeed, have commonly a taste for Verse. Unseduced by the love of money, and unhacknied in the ways of vice, they are, it is true, pleased with simple nature and real fact, though unembellished; because all objects, with them, have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry, where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every subject the fine gloss, the rich colouring, of beautiful imagery and language. "Nature" (to cite sir Philip Sydney again) "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers Poets have done, neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever may make the earth more lovely. The world is a *brazen* world; the poets only deliver a GOLDEN; which whoever dislike, *the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of* SWEETLY-UTTERED KNOWLEDGE."

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression when recommended by the vivacity, the colouring, the melody, of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Orpheus and Linus are recorded, in fable, to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge, and to have polished human nature, by Poetry. And are not children in the state of nature? And is it not probable, that Poetry may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the ancients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by Music and Verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and vivified, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate either on the delight or the utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men, of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of Nature has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labours and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is Poetry and Verse. The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honourable of mankind, SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favour of the art I love)—if I should be asked what are its pretensions, I must freely answer, that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger Collection of English Verse, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, than has ever yet been published IN ONE VOLUME. The original intention was, to comprise in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little Poetical Library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expense of a multitude of volumes.

Such was the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others of less fame, indeed, but in great esteem, and all of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or for optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of Fame; and her eulogy, when long continued, becomes an infallible guidance.

Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is, at the same time, so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man, willing to incur a considerable expense, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

As taste will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favourite, yet obscure poet, and some, also, from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of a *school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and curious works, such as please *virtuoso readers*, chiefly from *their rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known and universally celebrated.* The more known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this Collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing masters, for *grown gentlemen*, but for *young learners only;* and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women may be, and for the most part must be, NEW *to boys and girls receiving their education.* Private judgment, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this Volume entirely in submissive deference to public opinion; which, when general and long continued, is the best criterion of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for schools, has been freely taken and admitted: the stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models, which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Gildon, Bysshe, Newbery, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this Collection may be usefully read at ENGLISH SCHOOLS, *in the classes*, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the *grammar-schools*, by explaining every thing grammatically, historically, metrically, and critically, and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The Book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful *in the private studies* of the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's walk, and in the solitude of his winter retreat, or at the social and domestic fire-side.

In the latter part, many little pieces are admitted, mere *lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student, which almost require an apology. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowerets at the bottom of Parnassus; but, it is hoped that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might

have been deterred from approaching it, if he had seen nothing, in the whole prospect, but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

The reader will have no cause to complain, if, instead of *Extracts*, he often finds poems inserted entire. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without *injustice*. In this matter, the opinion of those, who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked and followed. The wish was, to take nothing but what seemed to lie on the *common*, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though the Book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces has not been observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called garlands and nosegays: but, in a garland or nosegay, who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses, in separate compartments? In a disposition so artificial, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they were carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold: if not, I must throw myself, in this, as I do in all other circumstances of this Publication, upon my Reader's indulgence. I expect not praise; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the Reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will, then, conclude my preface with the ideas of Montaigne:—"*I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them.*"

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD SUPREME!
O teach me what is good! Teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

§ 2. *Adam and Eve, in a Morning Hymn, call upon all the Parts of the Creation to join with them in extolling their common Maker.* MILTON.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn, [morn
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou, Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every plant in sign of worship wave.

Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

§ 3. *Hymn on Gratitude.* ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

§ 4. *Hymn on Providence.* ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

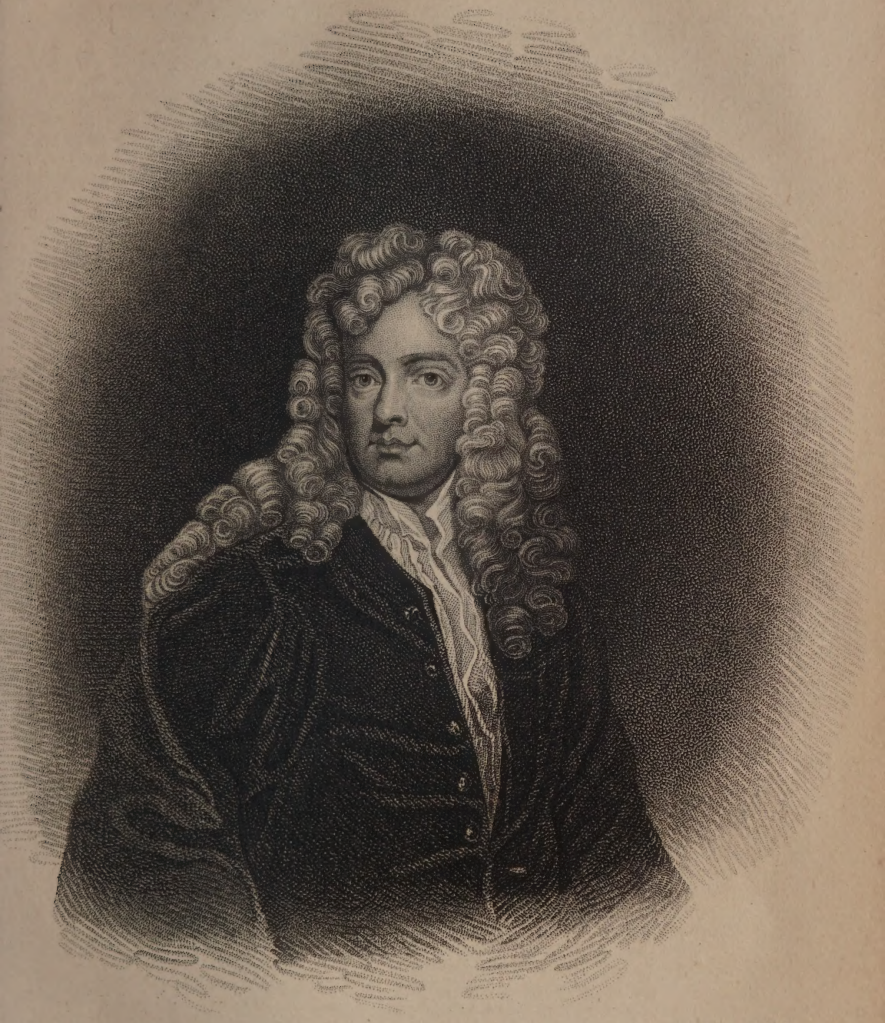
Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd;
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 5. *Another Hymn, from the beginning of the 19th Psalm.* ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball!
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found!



Sir G. Kneller Pinx.t

Engraved by T. Kelly.

The R.t Hon.ble Joseph Addison.

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In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

§ 6. *Psalm 8th.* MERRICK.

IMMORTAL King! through Earth's wide frame
How great thy honor, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory, heav'n's vast height transcends.
From infants thou canst strength upraise,
And form their lisping tongues to praise:
By these the vengeance-breathing Foe
Thy mightier terrors taught to know,
In mute astonishment shall stand,
And bow beneath thy conquering hand.
When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
In rich magnificence have spread;
The silent Moon, with waxing horn,
Along th' ethereal region borne;
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
That nightly walk their destin'd round;
Lord! What is Man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share;
Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
His rank awhile, by thy decree,
Th' Angelic Tribes beneath them see,
Till round him thy imparted rays
With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
Subjected to his feet by Thee,
To him all nature bows the knee;
The beasts in him their Lord behold;
The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
The savage race, a countless train,
That range at large th' extended plain,
The fowls, of various wing, that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky,
And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
Through paths to human sight deny'd.
Immortal King! through Earth's wide frame,
How great thy honor, praise, and name!

§ 7. *Psalm 23d.* MERRICK.

LO, my shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine.
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge,
And my couch with tenderest care
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that still and slow
Through the verdant meadow flow,
He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
Though the dreary vale I tread
By the shades of death o'erspread;
There I walk from terror free,
While my ev'ry wish I see
By thy rod and staff supplied;
This my guard, and that my guide.
While my foes are gazing on,
Thou thy favoring care hast shown:
Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
Thou with oil refresh'd my head;
Fill'd by thee my cup o'erflows;
For thy love no limit knows.
Constant, to my latest end,
This my footsteps shall attend,
And shall bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

§ 8. *An Hymn to the Supreme Being. An Imitation of the 104th Psalm.* BLACKLOCK.

ARISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th' Almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless space confines.
When darkness ruled with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent ether round the whole.
Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot through the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way,
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,
Unnumbered hosts of radiant heralds fly
From orb to orb, with progress unconfined,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.
In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy Almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst, with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.
By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales the mazy rivers flow.
Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide champaign,

Imbibes the silver surge, with heat opprest,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.
Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonise around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heavens the various bow he bends,
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervor and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature, profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, though she still bestows.
Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall here mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd, that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the rising care.
Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendent rock elude the scenting foe.
He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primeval night resumes her gloomy reign;
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl through the spacious waste, and chase their frighted prey.
Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes:
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.
Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with moderate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.
"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number; and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who with one act of energy divine
Laid the vast plain, and finished the design!"
Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,
Unbounded goodness rises to my view;
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty and unwearied care
Extends through all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.
The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show.
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle! and, in his way,
Dashes to heaven's blue arch the foamy sea;
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks, with conscious pride,
The volley'd lightning, and the surging tide:
And while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.
But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd.
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air, the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.
But when again thy glory is displayed,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray;
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.
When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou from the regions of eternal day,
View'st all thy works at one immense survey;
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.
If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:

Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow
Their summits kindle and their inwards glow.
While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast and animates my frame:
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn:
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Through earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies,
From world to world new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind;
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its flight
To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay:
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!

§ 9. *Another Hymn.* ANON.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warmed,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

§ 10. *Another Hymn.* ANON.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought:

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late:
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

§ 11. *A Hymn on the Seasons.* THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields: the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow whisp'ring gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mixed, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude inconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand

That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature attend! join every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise
One general song! To him ye vocal gales
Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound:
Ye softer floods that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hushed the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands, all awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles;
At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heav'n.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove:
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
Russets the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter rises in the blackening east:
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
From *seeming evil* still adducing good,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

§ 12. *Epistle II.* JOHN LANGHORNE.

To William Langhorne, M. A. 1760.

LIGHT heard his voice, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.
At Nature's birth, O! had the Power Divine
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,
Beam'd on the mind all reason's influence bright,
And the full day of intellectual light,
Then the free soul on Truth's strong pinion borne,
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.
Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?
'Tis ours to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give;
And thankful for the gift of being live.
Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,

Though distant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care. [name,
Come, then, thou partner of my life and
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each science that exalts the mind.
"Thou self-appointed lord of all below!
Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
For once let Fancy's towering thoughts subside,
Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,
In strength exulting, does he bound away;
By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
Did he but know to reason and compare,
See here the vassal, and the master there,
What strange reflections must the scene afford,
That shew'd the weakness of his puling lord!"
Thus sophistry unfolds her specious plan,
Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
His pow'rs and merits from his infant-state.
For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
With equal eye their perfect state explore,
And all the vain comparison's no more.
"But why should life, so short by Heav'n ordain'd,
Be long to thoughtless infancy restrain'd—
To thoughtless infancy, or vainly sage,
Mourn through the languors of declining age?"
O blind to truth! to Nature's wisdom blind!
And all that she directs, or Heav'n design'd!
Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
Or life that vegetates, and life that moves!
In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays. [hour,
Is man long helpless? Through each tender
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding, see that love repaid!
Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear insensibly away,
While sage experience and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.
But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society;
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him old.

"That, in proportion as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays,
Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
The laws of matter act not on the mind.
Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
And Reason brings her borrow'd light too slow."
O! still censorious? art thou then possest
Of reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
To infant years maturity of mind?
That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r despise?
Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?
To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
On every period, as on every state;
And slight, sad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth?
Conclude we then the progress of the mind
Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind:
No innate knowledge on the soul imprest,
No birthright instinct acting in the breast,
No natal light, no beam from Heav'n display'd,
Dart through the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heav'n's decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free;
In both a liberal agency we bear,
The moral here, the intellectual there;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.
When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The crystal wave as eager to pervade,
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade!
When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
And wing the thought that falters on its way;
When wise experience her slow verdict draws,
The sure effect exploring in the Cause,
In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and Reason is her child.
On her fair stock the blooming scion grows,
And brighter through revolving seasons blows.
All beauteous flower! immortal shalt thou shine
When dim with age yon golden orbs decline;
Thy orient bloom unconscious of decay,
Shall spread, and flourish in eternal day.
O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,

Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r!
From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair Science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.
The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,
No moonshine-courts of dreaming schoolmen dwells;
Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands,
All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
That boast the empire of the eye or ear.
See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne,
By the rapt mien of musing Silence known,
Fled from herself, the Pow'r of Numbers plac'd
Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.
There (but at distance never meant to vie),
The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
See lively Painting! on her various face,
Quick gliding forms a moment find a place;
She looks, she acts the character she gives,
And a new feature in each feature lives.
See Attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.
Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,
See Music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.
Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, drest
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.
O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
The springs of truth, enlarging truth and love!
Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.
Thus nature deigns to sympathise with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart:
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
Which makes the soul, and bids her graces rise,
Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind:
Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,
Which once—the rest is silence and the grave.
O tears, that warm from wounded friendship flow!
O thoughts, that wake to monuments of woe!
Reflection keen, that points the painful dart;
Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart;
Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend:
—In vain—confest I see my Craufurd stand,
And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand;
E'en death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,
That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane;
E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
And his eye beams through everlasting night.
Till the last sigh of Genius shall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
Till time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath,
My Craufurd still shall claim the mournful song,
So long remember'd and bewail'd so long.

§ 13. *The Universal Prayer.* POPE.

Deo Opt. Max.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind.

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heav'n pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life, or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's incense rise!

§ 14. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:—
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies;
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move;
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from Heav'n descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;
Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear:
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a plough-share end.
Then palaces shall rise: the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun:
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,
Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowr'y bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes;
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

§ 15. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard.* GRAY.

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke:

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest.
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;

Ev'n from the tomb, the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn:

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the churchyard path we saw him borne;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n, ('twas all he wish'd,) a friend.
No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his father and his God.

§ 16. *Death.* DR. PORTEUS, *Bp. of London.*

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear,
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide dream, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend; next him Diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump; joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild;
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when [more,
By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the Earth.
Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey;
Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, Man? why wake th' unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stampt on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good, [foul ills
Could Pain and Death proceed? could such
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought, [ture
The impious thought! God never made a crea-
But what was good. He made a *living Soul;*
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command which stood [ence,
'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedi-
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit, [hand,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heav'ns cheerful face to low'r, then vapours
choak'd
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars; and Insect, Bird, and
Beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress [main'd
His best lov'd work. That comfort still re-
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction),
The countenance of God, and thro' the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and
warm [Heav'n
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from
Uprais'd his drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest;
Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life.
Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the
ground
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, (ev'n in wrath,
So merciful is Heav'n,) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' de-
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm [nounc'd,
Of age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down [years,
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run [strength
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
He stem'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And, looking round, saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till, full of years,
He dropp'd like mellow fruit into his grave.
Such in the infancy of time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments, of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad
wreck
Of innocence primeval; still had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every-where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man him-
self
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.
First Envy, eldest born of hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life,
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power; more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* Murder made a Villain;
Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!
Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth ex-
tend
Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
strength, and youth
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of War? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which
sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousand slays;
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain,
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who, nought sus-
pecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.
Down the smooth stream of life the strip-
ling darts,

Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course,
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause; than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think;
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile: look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror? [steel?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted
Did'st thou not think such vengeance must await [about him
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?
Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul; so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live; with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come, [God,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes ar-
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath, [ray'd
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down;
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th' astonish'd Earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round
All Nature lends her aid, each Element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break,
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace, [brace
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude em-
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a youth
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death. [fail
But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's pow'r, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons; the house that should protect
Entombs his master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious Heav'n,
O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour [sprung,
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let death approach; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings

To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array, [torture,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! and in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of ecstasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

§ 17. *The Grave.* BLAIR.

"The house appointed for all living." *Job.*

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb;*
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King, whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing! [pall'd
Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature apShakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long extended realms, and rueful wastes;
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper, [vaults,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy
Lets fall a supernumerary horror, [slime,
And only serves to make thy night more irkWell do I know thee by thy trusty yew, [some.
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were:
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird [aisles
Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of 'scutcheons,
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound! [chill!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that, all ragged show, [down
Long-lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half
Their branchless trunks; others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree. [pen'd here:
Strange things, the neighbours say, have hapWild shrieks have issu'd from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching time of night.
Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, cheq'ring through the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to keep his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to
Evanishes at crowing of the cock! [tell!
The new-made widow, too, I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless, she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops, whilst busy meddling Memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,

Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me,
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and set us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood,
Sweet murm'ring; methought, the shrill-tongued thrush
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flow'r
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!
Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll?
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy [short.
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Araby's gums, and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honor. [ried
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's bu-
In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on,
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! Triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard the unwieldy show; whilst from the casements, [wedg'd
And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible! Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death, nor there stops
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave!
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away; only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain,
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labor of whole ages lumbers down;
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.

Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time; her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep-cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r [waste,
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that's spent, [vert.
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy co-
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here, too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And, well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor, [short,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature as his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his kinsman; [ground
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were some-
Above the common level of our kind; [thing
The Grave gainsays the smooth complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers [mage?
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee ho-
Methinks I see thee with thy head low-laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution!
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms and keep them in repair, [feeder!
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down,
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread shoulders!
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
Oh! how his eyes stand out and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster! [the bull,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'lling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head!
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonor'd, like a wretch that's
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by. [gagg'd,
Great man of language, whence this mighty change?
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue:
Alas! how chap-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,

The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame, or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narratives, or duller rhymes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their jalaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hands: from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire: nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.—
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.
Here, the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
From back and belly too, their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teas'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Ay! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come. [Death!
How shocking must thy summons be, O
To him that is at ease in his possessions;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure, 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting?
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.
If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way; whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure! he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states. [tate,
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dic-
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heav'n! let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of-tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd;
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission; [stand,
Like sentries that must keep their destin'd

And wait th' appointed hour, till they're relievd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark; 'tis mad;
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarum. But what means
This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'Tis long since death had the majority;
Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which three long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for. Fools that we
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know,
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a specious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill; Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch:
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth; the shrill-tongued shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred,
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Show not more smooth when kiss'd by southern winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! To-day most happy;
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our sire: not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! Scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or, if it did, its visits
Like those of angels short, and far between:
Whilst the black demon, with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havock hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! But for thee,
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, Sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the fruitful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills;
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the
Profusely scatters the contagion round! fiend
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her heels, morrow
Wades deep in blood new-spilt; yet for to-
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death has spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival; not sated yet
Unheard of epicure! without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite: thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.

But, ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more:
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meal,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings
(As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine, and War, were not thy caterers!)
But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.——————
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliv'rer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent,
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along [him
Athwart the severing clouds: but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out; as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between! a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But not untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-conditioned children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by a riv'let's brink a youngster play!
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite! all thanks to Him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him! in the ev'ning tide of life,
A life well-spent, whose early care it was,
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look! how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain; the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial earth,
Whether on land, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnished;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane! [pow'r
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can he will;
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake; [dust,
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been absent,
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night; a long and moonless night;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely break
Cow'rs down, and doses till the dawn of day;
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

§ 18. *Happiness to be found in Virtue alone.* POPE.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And takes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd.
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.
See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste; but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose, of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in Love of God, and Love of Man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul:
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find).
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love, thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: but human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide, and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

§ 19. *Creation of the Earth, the Heavens, and Man.* MILTON.

The Son
On his great expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with radiance crown'd
Of Majesty Divine; sapience and love
Immense, and all his Father in him shone.
About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones,
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
From th' armoury of God; where stand of old
Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd
Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound
On golden hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glory, in his powerful Word
And Spirit, coming to create new worlds.
On heavenly ground they stood; and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains, to assault
Heaven's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
'Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, peace,'
Said then th' Omnific Word; 'your discord end!'
Nor staid; but on the wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice: Him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure;
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World!'

Thus God the Heaven created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void: darkness profound
Cover'd the abyss; but on the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread,
And vital virtue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid mass; but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs,
Adverse to life: then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like: the rest to several place
Disparted, and between spun out the air;
And Earth self-balanc'd on her centre hung.
And God made two great lights, great for their use
To man, the greater to have rule by day,
The less by night, altern; and made the stars,
And set them in the firmament of Heaven,
T' illuminate the Earth, and rule the day
In their vicissitude, and rule the night,
And light from darkness to divide.
First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through Heaven's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence; less bright the Moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him; for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines
Revolv'd on Heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere.—
Now Heaven in all her glory shone, and roll'd
Her motions, as the great first Mover's hand
First wheel'd their course: Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovely smil'd; air, water, earth,
By fowl, fish, beast, was flown, was swum, was walk'd
Frequent; and of the sixth day yet remain'd:
There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature, who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart, and voice, and eyes
Directed in devotion, to adore
And worship God Supreme, who made him
Of all his works: therefore th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father (for where is not he
Present?) thus to his Son audibly spake:
'Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the fish and fowl of sea and air,
Beast of the field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.'
This said, he form'd thee, Adam; thee, O Man,
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of life; in his own image he
Created thee, in the image of God
Express; and thou becam'st a living soul.

§ 20. *Order and Subordination through all the Works of God.* POPE.

FAR as creation's ample range extends
The scale of sensual, mental, powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what sense so subtly true,
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
For ever separate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and reflection how allied!
What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation could they be
Subjected these to those, or all to thee?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one?
See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth!
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep, extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from infinite to thee;
From thee to nothing—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.

All this dread order break—for whom! for thee?
Vile worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another in this general frame;
Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of All ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and GOD the soul:
That chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the Earth as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the Sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent; [tent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!
Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree [thee.
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on
Submit—In this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood; [see;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *whatever is is right.*

§ 21. *Wisdom proclaiming a Providence to Man.* OGILVIE.

Lo! now the ways of Heaven's eternal King
To man are open!
Review them and adore! Hear the loud voice
Of Wisdom sounding in her works!—'Attend,
Ye sons of men! ye children of the dust,
Be wise! Lo! I was present, when the Sire
Of Heav'n pronounc'd his fiat; when his eye
Glanc'd through the gulph of darkness, and his hand
Fashion'd the rising universe:—I saw,
O'er the fair lawns, the heaving mountains raise
Their pine-clad spires; and down the shaggy cliff
I gave the rill to murmur. The rough mounds
That bound the madd'ning deep; the storm that roars
Along the desert; the volcano fraught [ends.
With burning brimstone;—I prescribe their
I rule the rushing winds, and on their wings
Triumphant, walk the tempest.—To my call
Obsequious bellows the red bolt, that tears
The cloud's thin mantle, when the gushing show'r
Descending copious bids the desert bloom.
'I gave to man's dark search superior light;
And clear'd dim Reason's misty view, to mark
His pow'rs, as through revolving ages tried,
They rose not to his Maker. Thus prepar'd
To know how distant from his narrow ken
The truths by Heav'n reveal'd, my hand display'd
The plan fair-opening, where each nobler view,
That swells th' expanding heart; each glorious hope,
That points ambition to its goal; each aim,
That stirs, exalts, and animates desire;
Pours on the mind's rapt sight a noon-tide ray.
'Nor less in life employ'd, 'tis mine to raise
The desolate of heart; to bend the brow
Of stubborn pride, to bid reluctant ire
Subside; to tame rude nature to the rein
Of virtue. What though, screen'd from mortal view, [ways,
I walk the deep'ning gloom? What though my
Remote from thought's bewilder'd search, are wrapt
In triple darkness?—Yet I work the springs
Of life, and to the general good direct [toss'd
Th' obsequious means to move.—O ye, who,
On life's tumultuous ocean, eye the shore,
Yet far remov'd; and with the happy hour,
When slumber on her downy couch shall lull
Your cares to sweet repose; yet bear awhile,
And I will guide you to the balmy climes
Of rest; will lay you by the silver stream
Crown'd with elysian bow'rs, where peace extends
Her blooming olive, and the tempest pours
Its killing blasts no more.' Thus Wisdom speaks [form
To man; thus calls him through the external
Of nature, through Religion's fuller noon,
Through life's bewild'ring mazes; to observe
A PROVIDENCE IN ALL.

§ 22. *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.* SMART.

HAIL, wondrous Being, who in pow'r supreme
Exists from everlasting! whose great name
Deep in the human heart, and ev'ry atom,
The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
In undecipher'd characters is wrote—
Incomprehensible!—O what can words,
The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove,
Thro' the vast concave of th' ethereal round)?
If to the Heav'n of Heav'ns they wing their way [lost,
Advent'rous, like the birds of night they're
And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—
May then the youthful, uninspired Bard
Presume to hymn th' Eternal? may he soar
Where Seraph and where Cherubim on high

Resound th' unceasing plaudits, and with them
In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice ?
He may—if thou, who from the witless babe,
Ordainest honor, glory, strength, and praise,
Uplift th' unpinion'd Muse, and deign'st to as-
Great Poet of the Universe! his song. [sist,
Before this earthly Planet wound her
course [Light
Round Light's perennial fountain ; before
Herself 'gan shine, and at th' inspiring word
Shot to existence in a blaze of day ;
Before "the Morning Stars together sang,"
And hail'd Thee architect of countless worlds,
Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
All Wisdom and Omnipotence Thou art.
But is the æra of Creation fix'd
At when these worlds began ? Could aught
retard [ing ever,
Goodness, that knows no bounds, from bless-
Or keep th' immense Artificer in sloth ?
Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
That Puissance immeasurably vast,
And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
Content, exhausted with one week of action !
No—in th' exertion of thy righteous pow'r,
Ten thousand times more active than the
Sun, [pos'd
Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand com-
Systems innumerable, matchless all,
All stampt with thine uncounterfeited seal.
But yet (if still to more stupendous heights
The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may
strain)
Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
The best of Beings on the noblest theme
Might ruminate at leisure, scope immense !
Th' Eternal Pow'r and Godhead to explore,
And with itself th' Omniscient Mind replete.
This were enough to fill the boundless All,
This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme !
Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few
Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
The two prime Pillars of the universe,
Creation and Redemption—and a while
Pause—with the grand presentiments of glory,
Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
O Thou, whose ways to wonder at 's distrust,
Whom to describe 's presumption (all we can,
And all we may), be glorified, be prais'd.
A day shall come when all this earth shall
perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; it shall come,
When all the armies of the elements
Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
To make Perdition triumph ; it shall come,
When the capacious atmosphere above
Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
And vanish into void ; the earth beneath
Shall sever to the centre, and devour
Th' enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
Ye rocks that mock the ravings of the floods,
And proudly frown upon th' impatient deep,
Where is your grandeur now ? Ye foaming
waves,
That all along th' immense Atlantic roar,
In vain ye swell ; will a few drops suffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire ?
Ye mountains, on whose cloud-crown'd tops
the cedars
Are lessen'd into shrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chamber of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual : Athos, where !
Where, Tenerif, 's thy stateliness to-day ?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to these ? No
more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden sun.
Nor shall the verdant valleys then remain
Safe in their meek submission ; they the debt
Of nature and of justice too must pay.
Yet I must weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andalusia ; but for thee
More largely and with filial tears must weep,
O Albion ! O my country ! Thou must join,
In vain dissever'd from the rest, must join
The terrors of th' inevitable ruin.
Nor thou, illustrious monarch of the day ;
Nor thou, fair queen of night ; nor you, ye stars ;
Tho' million leagues and million still remote,
Shall yet survive that day ; ye must submit
Sharers, not bright spectators of the scene.
But tho' the earth shall to the centre perish,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; tho' the air
With all the elements must pass away,
Vain as an idiot's dream ; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandish the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales must to perdition yield ;
Tho' the gilt sun, and silver-tressed moon,
With all her bright retinue, must be lost :
Yet thou, Great Father of the world, surviv'st
Eternal, as thou wert. Yet still survives
The soul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiring joys.
He comes ! he comes ! the awful trump I
hear ;
The flaming sword's intolerable blaze
I see ! He comes ! th' Archangel from above.
"Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible, and arise :
From east to west, from the Antarctic pole,
To regions Hyperborean, all ye sons,
Ye sons of Adam, and ye heirs of heaven—
Arise, ye tenants of the silent grave,
Awake incorruptible, and arise."
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the restless mind
Shall find itself at home ; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain top, shall look aloft
O'er the vague passage of precarious life ;
And winds and waves, and rocks and tem-
pests, past,
Enjoy the everlasting calm of Heaven :
'Tis then, nor sooner, that the deathless soul,
Shall justly know its nature and its rise :
'Tis then the human tongue, new-tun'd, shall
Praises more worthy the Eternal Ear. [give
Yet what we can, we ought ;—and therefore
Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and good !
Purge Thou my heart with hyssop, lest, like
Cain,

I offer fruitless sacrifice, and with gifts
Offend, and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were blest with all the powers
Her bursting heart could long for; tho' the
The fiery wing'd Imagination soar'd [swift,
Beyond Ambition's wish—yet all were vain
To speak him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet still let reason, thro' the eye of Faith
View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heav'n-directed hands, confess his reign,
And let the angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hosts of Heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms seraphic, with their silver trump
And golden lyres attend:—"For thou art holy,
For thou art one, th' Eternal, who alone
Exerts all goodness, and transcends all praise!"

§ 23. *On the Immensity of the Supreme Being.* SMART.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the sounding string,
The Poet of my God—Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp—myself shall wake,
Soon as the stately night-exploding bird
In lively lay sings welcome to the dawn.
List ye! how nature with ten thousand tongues
Begins the grand thanksgiving, Hail, all hail;
Ye tenants of the forest and the field!
My fellow-subjects of th' Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confess his presence, and report his praise.
O Thou, who or the lambkin or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek, and poor,
Prefer'st to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean Essay, nor from thy treasure-house
Of glory immense the orphan's mite exclude.
What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd—where East nor West, [blow;
Nor South nor blustering North has breath to
Albeit He there with angels and with saints
Hold conference, and to his radiant host
Ev'n face to face stands visibly confest;
Yet know, that nor in presence or in power
Shines he less perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th' obscurity. He is the same;
Alike in all his universe the same.
Whether the mind along the spangled sky
Measures her pathless walk, studious to view
The works of vaster fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march directing
Still faithful, still inconstant, to the sun;
Or where the comet, thro' space infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppose in globes of fire)
Darts, like a javelin, to his distant goal;
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Heavens,
Burn brighter suns, and goodlier planets roll
With satellites more glorious—Thou art there.
Or whether on the ocean's boisterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outstretch'd arm [lows,
Curb the wild winds and discipline the bil-
The suppliant sailor finds Thee there, his chief, [storm,
His only help—When Thou rebuk'st the
It ceases,—and the vessel gently glides
Along the glossy level of the calm.
O! could I search the bosom of the sea,
Down the great depth descending, there thy works
Would also speak thy residence! and there
Would I, thy servant, like the still profound,
Astonish'd into silence muse thy praise!
Behold! behold! th' unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay, [tom,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bot-
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high upon their heads, Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.
Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sov'reign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blushes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred jasper—Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself:
And in their veins she oft pourtrays the forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascades with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landskip of the vale:
In vain thy pencil, Claudio or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate—it is the hand
Of God himself—for God himself is there.
Hence with th' ascending springs let me advance
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t' indulge
Th' ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th' horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th' expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends—Behold in regal solitude,
And pastoral magnificence, he stands
So simple, and so great, the under-wood
Of meaner rank an awful distance keep.
Yet Thou art there, aye, God himself is there,
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd).
Nathless conspicuous in the linnet's throat

Is his unbounded goodness—Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chants she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn—no other voice
Is heard, no other sound—for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.
Now from the plains, where the unbounded prospect
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range,
Turn we to yon inclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend [ers,
With sweet perplexity. What are yon tow-
The work of laboring men and clumsy art,
Seen with the ringdove's nest? On that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds—
The rocking winds molest her not; for see
With such due poise the wondrous fabric's hung,
That like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself and steadfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever—
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave—
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the cherry
To blush with just vermilion—Hence away—
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th' attempt, and impious, to trace
Thro' all his works th' Artificer Divine—
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star,
Bedeck'd the crimsom curtains of the sky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himself, might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power—
I see, and I adore—O God most bounteous!
O infinite of goodness and of glory,
The knee that Thou hast shap'd shall bend to Thee; [thy praise;
The tongue which Thou hast tun'd shall chant
And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

§ 24. *On the Power of the Supreme Being.*
SMART.

"TREMBLE, thou Earth!" th' anointed poet said, [mountains!
"At God's bright presence; tremble all ye
And all ye hillocks on the surface bound!"
Then once again, ye glorious thunders, roll!
The Muse with transport hears ye; once again
Convulse the solid continent! and shake,
Grand music of Omnipotence, the isles!
'Tis thy terrific voice, thou God of power,
'Tis thy terrific voice; all nature hears it,
Awaken'd and alarm'd; she feels its force;
In every spring she feels it, every wheel,
And every movement of her vast machine.
Behold! quakes Apennine; behold! recoils
Athos; and all the hoary headed Alps
Leap from their bases at the god-like sound.
But what is this, celestial tho' the note,
And proclamation of the reign supreme,
Compar'd with such as, for a mortal ear
Too great, amaze the incorporeal worlds!
Should Ocean to his congregated waves
Call in each river, cataract, and lake,
And with the wat'ry world down a huge rock
Fall headlong in one horrible cascade,
'Twere but the echo of the parting breeze,
When zephyr faints upon the lily's breast;
'Twere but the ceasing of some instrument,
When the last lingering undulation
Dies on the doubting ear, if nam'd with sounds
So mighty! so stupendous! so divine!
But not alone in the aerial vault
Does He the dread theocracy maintain;
For oft, enrag'd with his intestine thunders;
He harrows up the bowels of the earth,
And shocks the central magnet—Cities then
Totter on their foundations, stately columns,
Magnific walls, and heav'n-assaulting spires.
What tho' in haughty eminence erect
Stands the strong citadel, and frowns defiance
On adverse hosts; tho' many a bastion jut
Forth from the rampart's elevated mound;
Vain the poor providence of human art,
And mortal strength how vain! while underneath
Triumphs his mining vengeance in th' uproar
Of shatter'd towers, riven rocks, and mountains,
With clamor inconceivable uptorn, [fires
And hurl'd adown th' abyss. Sulphureous
Bursting abrupt from darkness into day,
With din outrageous and destructive ire,
Augment the hideous tumult, while it wounds
Th' afflictive ear, and terrifies the eye,
And rends the heart in twain: Twice have we felt,
Within Augusta's walls, twice have we felt
Thy threaten'd indignation: but even Thou,
Incens'd Omnipotent, art gracious ever;
Thy goodness infinite but mildly warn'd us,
With mercy-blended wrath; O spare us still,
Nor send more dire conviction! We confess
That thou art He th' Almighty: we believe.
For at thy righteous power whole systems quake;
For at thy nod tremble ten thousand worlds.
Hark! on the winged whirlwind's rapid rage,
Which is and is not in a moment—hark!
On th' hurricane's tempestuous sweep he rides
Invincible, and oaks, and pines, and cedars,
And forests are no more. For, conflict dreadful!
The West encounters East, and Notus meets
In his career the Hyperborean blast.
The lordly lions shuddering seek their dens,
And fly like timorous deer; the king of birds,

Who dar'd the solar ray, is weak of wing,
And faints, and falls, and dies;—while He supreme
Stands steadfast in the centre of the storm.
Wherefore ye objects terrible and great,
Ye thunders, earthquakes, and ye fire-fraught wombs.
Of fell volcanos, whirlwinds, hurricanes,
And boiling billows, hail! in chorus join
To celebrate and magnify your Maker,
Who yet in works of a minuter mould
Is not less manifest, is not less mighty.
Survey the magnet's sympathetic love
That woos the yielding needle; contemplate
Th' attractive amber's power, invisible
Ev'n to the mental eye; or when the blow
Sent from th' electric sphere assaults thy frame, [here
Show me the hand that dealt it!—Baffled
By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round her,
Like heavy Saturn in th' ethereal space,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.
If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th' attention; who, oh who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends; when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds be wrought,
Before th' astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm,
With more than mortal nerves was strung, t' o'erthrow
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell [tain'd?
How David triumph'd, and what Job sus—But, O supreme, unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long t' unfold! 'tis man's redemption [firms;
That crowns thy glory, and thy power con-
Confirms the great, th' uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
"Let there be peace!" he said, and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, "O be still, ye boisterous winds!" he cried, [heard.
And not a breath was blown, nor murmur
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
We 're tied to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis ecstasy to bear. Him, blessed Shepherd!
His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage, and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their savour,
And all Eternity shall be their spring.
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in,
Be to the saints unbarr'd: and there, where pleasure
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And, in immortal prowess King of kings,
Shall be the monarch of all worlds for ever.

§ 25. *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being.*
SMART.

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles* call'd thy name,
Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone couldst
Th' inanimate to motion; who alone [wake
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods with musical persuasion drew;
Thou, who to hail and snow gav'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art and nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself; each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth as he is prais'd in heaven.
Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good, [gin,
Where shall the timorous Bard thy praise be-
Where end the purest sacrifice of song,
And just thanksgiving?—the thought-kindling light,
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew,
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garnet's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany in his Life of David.

Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice-illustrious! were it not for Thee,
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank
View thro' th' immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heav'n,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their flight,
lord,
Their voices tun'd to transport, wing'd their
And bade them call for nurture and receive;
And lo! they call—the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark and the redbreast, jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
He feeds his sweet musicians—nor neglects
Th' invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And though their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man:—
But not to all—for, hark! the organs blow
Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
And grace the harmonious choir, celestial feast
To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind!
The thrilling trebles and the manly base
Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
All to the sacred subject suit their song.
While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
Angelically pensive, till the joy
Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
The sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
And bashfully withholds each bolder beam.
Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
With love and gladness weepingly they shed
Ecstatic smiles; the incense, that her hands
Uprear, is sweeter than the breath of May
Caught from the nectarine's blossom, and her voice
Is more than voice can tell; to Him she sings,
To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
Who made, and who preserves whatever dwells
In air, in steadfast earth or fickle sea.
O He is good, He is immensely good!
Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for man,
Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,
Arrest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
To Him who made the mite! Tho', Asia's pride,
Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
In his less striking wonders, till at length
The eye's at fault, and seeks th' assisting glass.
Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
And, meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T' adorn his temples; hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursued thy lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
Re-murmur to the glorious, surly sound.
And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
To counterpoise the hemisphere extends,
Haste from the West, and with thy fruits and flowers,
Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due
Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant crown
And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
Pomegranates and the rich ananas pour
But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
And Christian excellence, his Goodness own,
Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
Clad in the armor of the living God,
Approach, unsheath the spirit's flaming sword;
Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
Fair Truth's invulnerable breast-plate spread;
Then join the general chorus of all worlds,
And let the song of Charity begin
In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer.
"O all-sufficient, all beneficent,
Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
Adopting jealousy to prove thy love;
Thou, who resign'd humility uphold'st,
Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
But quell'st tyrannic pride with peerless power,
Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
Bless all mankind; and bring them in the end
To heav'n, to immortality, and Thee!"

§ 26. *Deity.* BOYSE.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!

Recal, fond Bard, thy long-enchanted sight
Deluded with the visionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do Thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom;
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God from whom existence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame! or whence arose
The various forms the universe compose?
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by the sacred dictates taught,
Adores a pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth! [earth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,
This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee,
Or fix the era of Eternity?
Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—That Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
That nothing raised this beauteous All below!
When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks,
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range?
Could Nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those powers ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date their rise,
"Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came;
In whom all possible perfections shine,
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!

From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is that he ne'er began nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break!
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot, [thought!
Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th'exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!
Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Aramanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!
In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes
And actions vary as the will ordains; [gains,
But should two Beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dissever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
Exploring till they find their native deep!
Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole, unutterable Name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Transported with the ardors of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O say, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth;
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th' eternal Mind!
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore!
That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe;
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
From all the gross allay that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!
Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute),
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,
To Him their powers and their existence owe;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce thro' infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name:
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.
Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,
The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires?
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought 's express'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

Thro' th' unmeasurable tracts of space
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended; and he shines sublime!
Shouldst thou above the heav'n of heav'ns ascend,
Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!
There should his brighter presence shine confest,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
Couldst thou the thickest veil of night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patent to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light:
Not the dark mansions of the silent grave,
Nor darker hell, from his perception save;
What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day?
In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie;
Systems inclos'd in his perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole;
Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know; [go.
Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing
On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.
Nor want his shining images below;
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood;

Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!
Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
His knowledge, power, his goodness all con-
And lost th' idea of a ruling Mind! [fin'd,
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial Providence!
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye,
And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh!
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish, than an absent friend;
Distant alike our wants and griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow,
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye!
E'en the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.
Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought and penetrates the soul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!
Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed!
But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Asserts its Author, and restores the scene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
"And vindicates the ways of God to man."
Then, sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
From heaven descended, as by heaven inspir'd;
His all enlight'ning Omnipresence own,
Whence first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence known;
His wide Omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
And bless th' Eternal, All-informing Soul,
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the whole.

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd immutability!
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force—is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Pow'r self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
That God his fix'd stability should lose;
How startles reason at a thought so strange!
What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were yet the stranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows!
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day!
Below through different forms does matter range,
And life subsist from elemental change;
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
While we, inquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconstant as the shadows we survey!
With them, along Time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
But Thou, Eternal Lord of life divine!
In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
No change shall darken thy exalted name;
From everlasting ages still the same!
If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Desponding Faith would droop its cheerless
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing! [wing,
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Pow'r immutable as just?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If truth unerring gave not the design?
Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.
Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam; [skies
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—*all his ways are right!*
Then, when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd time shall know his latest date;
When earth shall in his mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in
The universal system shrink away, [fire!
And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway!
Immortal He, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue:
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whose offspring still is light;
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless space!

Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty rode,
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!
Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,
When Nothing from his Word existence knew!
His Word, that wak'd to life the vast profound, [sound!
While conscious light was kindled at the
Creation fair surpris'd th' angelic eyes,
And sov'reign wisdom saw that all was wise!
Him, sole Almighty, nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest:
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought? [thought!
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster
What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll!
What hand but thine apply the solar light?
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the Moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage!
Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy Unity, for he were Thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where art present to the eye!
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!
Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the Planetary Way!
The sun that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault the eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!
Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glitt'ring planet or the painted skies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insects in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!
Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might
Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine:
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!
See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate;
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!
Marks the self-taught, the pensive reptile come, [tomb!
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for the bus'ness of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he springs,
Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings!
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!
Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe!
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land,
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot!
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd, [last,
And men and infants breath'd at once their
How did thy arm thy favor'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While thro' the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!

Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!
Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!
On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who, when th' Almighty form'd this ball;
All,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known?
What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee, but thy own?
What though in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terror would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole results divine!
Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!
See, how associate round their central sun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews;
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan scene;
Then, Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to the enormous whale;
From the strong eagle stooping through the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confest the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!
Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The Beautifier, or the beautified?
There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought) the Maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where Wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.
O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies!
All-condescending, to my feeble heart
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
O grant me Wisdom—and I ask no more!

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd bound,
With towns replete, with green enclosures crown'd,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays;
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends;
So Providence the friendly height supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprise;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight!
Almighty Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
The sun from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:

Thy hand the waste of eating time renews:
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are buried in the yawning grave;
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal,
To Zembla's rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Libya's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful providence o'er all intends,
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were seen,
The dove pacific brought the olive green.
On Ararat the happy Patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.
When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd:
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.
From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have been!*
"But (questions Doubt) whence sickly nature feels
The ague-fits her face so soft reveals?
Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd breast?
Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?"
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal Cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws;
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?
Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate,
To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good:
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say, that sov'reign wisdom governs wrong
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;
Or, when the cursed Borgia brews the cup
For merit, bids the monster drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust.
But, fast as Time's swift pinions can convey
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!
Mean-while, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men;
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honors gild the scene,
Or wants deform, or wasting anguish stain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!

Know that thy providence, their constant friend,
Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads, and amaranthine bowers,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Though all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, the eye thy matchless works review'd,
And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!

Nor only does in heav'n thy Goodness shine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.

See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly thro' the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good:
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint; thou smil'st, and they revive!

On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And goodness like the sun, enlightens all!

Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these through ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity shares—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
Good will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n!
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan!
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)
View him descend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd; and innocent, though poor.
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side;
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and, if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?
Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son!

O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!

(Where from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!
Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
To Judah's remnant now a scatter'd train,
Oh great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews;
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze,
Your grateful voices aid the Muse to sing
The spotless justice of th' Almighty King!
As only rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thoughts compose;
So these the dictates which th' Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the hand of Heav'n attest!
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
He still attentive keeps the fault in sight:
Demands that strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!
But Doubt demands—"Why man dispos'd this way?
Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?
If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than he."
No—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were tied from ill!
O wondrous scheme, to mend th' almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!
Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice allied;
See virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice, of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unbless'd:
And, say, were yet no farther marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind?
"Yes, all the woes from heav'n permissive fall,
The wretch adopts—the wretch improves them all."
From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.
Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales;
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!
Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heavenly patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!
But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow,
And drive you to the realms of night below!
But Doubt resumes—"If Justice has decreed
The punishment proportion'd to the deed;
Eternal misery seems too severe,
Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!

Too harsh!—that endless torments should repay
The crimes of life—the errors of a day!"
In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'ns counsels are beyond conception high:
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan;
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;
Warn'd by his threat'nings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends,
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line;
Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!
But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right:
And while subservient as his will ordains,
Obedient nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch does mineral health con-
And dark affliction at his potent rod, [tain;
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!
And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal Justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to
So let your piety reflective shine, [light;
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

XI. GLORY.

But oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
Th' adoring Seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colors can describe or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy work thy hand resplendent
Feeble thy brighter glories to display, [pours,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!
See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant east!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the sun;
That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From Thee, the glorious Author of his frame!
Transcendent Pow'r! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth,
While systems roll obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.
Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises thro' the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms dis-
Far as her circling billows can convey! [play,
His praise, ye misty vapors, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets enbalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd
As to your notes the vocal forests ring! [sing,
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!
Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muse whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred Attributes survey!

Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy Providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

§ 27. *On the Deity.* MRS. BARBAULD.

I READ God's awful name emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see,
Wrought in each flower, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees.
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming power,
In each event thy providence adore.

Thy hope shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control:
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within, the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 28. *Hymns.* MRS. BARBAULD.

HYMN I.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,*
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse;

All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores;

These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to thee my soul shall raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise!
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN II.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lip
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.

"Bless'd is the man whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain:
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain;

"Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth
A stranger's woes to feel:
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the pow'r to heal.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

"To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace to him I give!
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be shown,
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love."

§ 29. *An Address to the Deity.* MRS. BARBAULD.

GOD of my life, and author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And trembling take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung.

* Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.
Habakkuk, iii. 17, 18.

Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere,
Are equal all, for all are nothing here.
All Nature faints beneath the mighty name,
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, proclaim.
I feel that name my inmost thoughts control,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside;
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes,
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.
But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame:
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear,
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give:
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live.
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.
If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all and all in God.
I read his awful name emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky.
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree:
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk,
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r,
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear control.
Thus shall I rest unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms,
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
Then, when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand, and stretch my view to either state;
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And, having liv'd to thee, in thee to die.

§ 30. *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

MRS. BARBAULD.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.
Young.

'Tis past! the sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grateful hours
Move silent on: the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight; but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where, hung aloft,
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines,
Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where, wrapt in silent shade,
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where the unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the master: he whose hand,
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze; and said, Adore, O man.
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,

Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And, silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the rais'd ear,
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,
And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain.
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the east.
Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines!——Seiz'd in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exil'd monarch; fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than him who marks their track, [stop,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation, wide and wild,
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops,
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.
But, oh thou mighty Mind! whose pow'rful word
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were, [blam'd
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unInvoke thy dread perfection?—— [thee?
Have the broad eyelids of the morn beheld
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? O look with pity down
On erring, guilty man! not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes! Thou hast a gentler voice
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.
But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
In flights so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams;
A mansion fair and spacious for its guest,
And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait the appointed time,
And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
When all these splendors bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

§31. *Hymn to Content.*

MRS. BARBAULD.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temp'rate vow.
Not all the storms that shake the pole,
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simple vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair op'ning through this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temp'rate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet;
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day:

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice,
Low whisp'ring through the shade.

§ 32. *To Wisdom.* MRS. BARBAULD.

O WISDOM, if thy soft control
Can sooth the sickness of the soul,
Can bid the warring passions cease,
And breathe the calm of tender peace:
Wisdom! I bless thy gentle sway,
And ever, ever will obey.
But if thou com'st with frown austere
To nurse the brood of care and fear;
To bid our sweetest passions die,
And leave us in their room a sigh;
Or if thine aspect stern have pow'r
To wither each poor transient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should flow;
Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
Thou empty boast of pompous name!
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.
Hail to pleasure's frolic train!
Hail to fancy's golden reign!
Festive mirth and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child!
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
And easy faith and fond surprise!
Let these, in fairy colors drest,
For ever share my careless breast:
Then, tho' wise I may not be,
The wise themselves shall envy me.

§ 33. *Despondency. An Ode.* BURNS.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear?
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear!
Still caring, despairing
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!
Happy! ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night
And joyless morn the same.
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I, listless yet restless,
Find ev'ry prospect vain.
How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!
Or haply to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint-collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.
Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop and just to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate!
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!
Oh! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To Care, to Guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,

That active men engage;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining age!

§ 34. *Man was made to mourn: a Dirge.* BURNS.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

'Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?'
Began the reverend sage;
'Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or, haply, press'd with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

'The Sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

'O man! while in thy early years
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway!
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

'Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn;
Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

'A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly bless'd.
But, oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn!
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

'Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame;
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame;
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

'See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

'If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

'Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

'O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn:
But, oh! a bless'd relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!'

§ 35. *The Frailty and Folly of Man.* PRIOR.

GREAT Heav'n! how frail thy creature Man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
And, by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On pleasure's flow'ry brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll;
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat;
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.

§ 36. *Charity: A Paraphrase on* 1 *Cor.* XIII. PRIOR.

DID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue
Than ever man pronounc'd or angel sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach or science can define;

And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling Earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast in-
To weary tortures and rejoice in fire; [spire,
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law;
Yet, gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r,
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A cymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
Charity! decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives,
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.
Each other gift which God on man bestows
Its proper bounds and due reflection knows,
To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r,
And finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.
As through the artist's intervening glass
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen than art can show;
So whilst our mind its knowledge would im-
(Its feeble eye intent on things above) [prove,
High as we may we lift our reason up,
By faith directed, and confirm'd by hope;
Yet are we able only to survey
Dawnings of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight,
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd,
The sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy;
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confess'd,
For ever blessing, and for ever bless'd.

§ 37. *A Paraphrase on the latter part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.* THOMSON.

WHEN my breast labors with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
Oh let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart:
Think not, when all your scanty stores afford
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears;
What farther shall this feeble life sustain?
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again?
Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:
To them nor stores nor granaries belong,
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.
To him they sing when spring renews the plain,
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music or their plaint in vain;
He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.
Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare?
What king so shining, or what queen so fair?
If ceaseless thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads,
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

§ 38. *The Sluggard.* WATTS.

'TIS the voice of a sluggard—I heard him complain, [again."
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head.
"A little more sleep and a little more slumber." [without number.
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands, [stands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he
I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags; [he begs.
And his money still wastes, till he starves or
I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind; [drinking,
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding, [reading!"
Who taught me betimes to love working and

§ 39. *The Rose.* WATTS.

How fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colors are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 40. *The Rose.* COWPER.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed,
The plentiful moisture incumbered the flower,
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet;
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret,
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner a while,
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

§ 41. *The Ant, or Emmet.* WATTS.

THESE emmets, how little they are in our eyes! [dies,
We tread them to dust and a troop of them
Without our regard or concern:
Yet as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant, [want,
If I take not due care for the things I shall
Nor provide against dangers in time:
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom, [shall come,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness
And pray that my sins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe and obey, [of clay,
That, when death turns me out of this cottage
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

§ 42. *A Summer Evening.* WATTS.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun.
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays all are gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.
Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins, [shines,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and
And travels his heavenly way:
But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array!

§ 43. *Cupio dissolvi.* HABINGTON.

THE soul, which doth with God unite,
Those gaieties how doth she slight
Which o'er opinion sway!
Like sacred virgin wax, which shines
On altars, or on martyrs' shrines,
How doth she burn away!

How violent are her throes, till she
From envious earth deliver'd be,
Which doth her flight restrain!
How doth she dote on whips and racks,
On fires, and the so dreaded axe,
And ev'ry murd'ring pain!

How soon she leaves the pride of wealth,
The flatteries of youth and health,
And fame's more precious breath;
And ev'ry gaudy circumstance,
That doth the pomp of life advance,
At the approach of death?

The cunning of astrologers
Observes each motion of the stars,

Placing all knowledge there:
And lovers in their mistress' eyes
Contract those wonders of the skies,
And seek no higher sphere.

The wand'ring pilot sweats to find
The causes that produce the wind
Still gazing on the pole:
The politician scorns all art,
But what doth pride and pow'r impart,
And swells th' ambitious soul.

But he whom heavenly fire doth warm,
And 'gainst these potent follies arm,
Doth soberly disdain
All these fond human mysteries,
As the deceitful and unwise
Distempers of our brain.

He, as a burden, bears his clay,
Yet vainly throws it not away
On ev'ry idle cause:
But with the same untroubled eye
Can or resolve to live or die,
Regardless of th' applause.

My God! if 'tis thy great decree
That this must the last moment be
Wherein I breathe this air;
My heart obeys, joy'd to retreat
From the false favours of the great
And treach'ry of the fair.

When thou shalt please this soul t' enthrone
Above impure corruption;
What should I grieve or fear,
To think this breathless body must
Become a loathsome heap of dust,
And ne'er again appear?

For in the fire when ore is tried,
And by that torment purified,
Do we deplore the loss?
And when thou shalt my soul refine,
That it thereby may purer shine,
Shall I grieve for the dross?

§ 44. *Meditation on Death.* LANSDOWNE.

ENOUGH, enough, my soul, of worldly noise,
Of airy pomps, and fleeting joys;
What doth this busy world provide at best
But brittle goods, that break like glass,
But poison'd sweets, a troubled feast,
And pleasures like the winds, that in a moment pass?
Thy thoughts to nobler meditations give,
And study how to die, not how to live.

How frail is beauty! Ah, how vain,
And how short-liv'd those glories are,
That vex our nights and days with pain,
And break our hearts with care!
In dust we no distinction see,
Such Helen is; such, Myra, thou must be.

How short is life! why will vain courtiers toil,
And crowd a vainer monarch, for a smile?
What is that monarch, but a mortal man,
His crown a pageant, and his life a span?
With all his guards, and his dominions, he
Must sicken too, and die as well as we.

Those boasted names of conquerors and kings
Are swallow'd and become forgotten things;
One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave:
The prince and parasite together lie,
No fortune can exalt, but death will climb as high.

§ 45. *The Nunc Dimittis.* MERRICK.

'TIS enough—the hour is come:
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and steadfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day spring from on high,
Sun of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams intensely shed,
Shine o'er Sion's favor'd head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth and God of love!

§ 46. *The Benedicite paraphrased.* MERRICK.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd the Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praise,
Again your thankful voices raise,
And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye blest ethereal plains,
Where, in full majesty, he deigns
To fix his awful throne:
Ye waters that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
O make his praises known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful songs with ours;
With us your voices raise!

From age to age extend the lay,
To Heaven's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb! whose powerful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own;
Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
With him the song pursue;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed
Calls into life the op'ning seed,
To him your praises yield,
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God;
See thro' the heav'ns the King of kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Come flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow
To his superior pow'r,
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
And gives its strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat, and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praise him who gave the sun and moon
To lead the various seasons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
Pursue the heav'nly theme;
Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,
Praise him, whose never varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings
Involve the dusky globe;
Praise him who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the sky,
And red with wrath divine;
Praise him, ye clouds that wand'ring stray,
Or, fix'd by him, in close array
Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O earth! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants that form the spring
With annual verdure bloom;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain,
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And bless thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled;
When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
And own'd the approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er the enamell'd green
In native beauty reign;
O praise the ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murm'ring rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale;
Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praise him, ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore;
Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside;
Ye floods within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praise him by whom ye all are fed;
Praise him, without whose heavenly aid,
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt our Maker's name;
Begin, and with th' important theme
Your artless lays improve;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let music sound on ev'ry spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the salutary gloom,
Th' expected prey to seize;
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your wearied knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move;
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attention down,

Let wonder seize the heavenly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the bless'd abode,
To heavenly mansions soar;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heaven itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more!

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze;
While thus we triumph in the flame.
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

§ 47. *A Funeral Hymn.* MALLET.

YE midnight shades, o'er nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honor of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrors pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train drew near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musing wrapt the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mould'ring bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow;
Now let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul:

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
Who first inform'd our frame with breath;
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to death.
No King of Fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes.
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One, supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair spring at last
Receives him on her flow'ry shore!
Where pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more!

§ 48. *Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased.* DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come visit ev'ry pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind.
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.
O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
And crown thy gift with eloquence!
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts.
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.
Make us eternal truth receive,
And practise all that we believe:
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father, and the Son, by thee.
Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name:
Thy Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

§ 49. *A Night Piece.* MISS CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
And calm reflection sooths the pensive soul,
While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colors fade away;
To thee! all-conscious Presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought;

Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of sacred silence thine!
If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are centred in thy love.
Depriv'd of this can life one joy afford?
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.
But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft when thy better Spirit's guardian care,
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid repress'd,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Still'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires. [dust,
With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the
Shouldst thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
But, oh! thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair!
From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!
All pow'rful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile inconstant heart!
Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
Oh rather, while thy hopes and fears control,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo through creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The opening splendors of eternal day.

§ 50. *Written at Midnight in a Thunder Storm.* CARTER.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid fear,
To shelt'ring caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightning's lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Through Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursued,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good:

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend!

When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul;

Unmov'd mayst thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day!

§ 51. *The Vanity of Human Wishes.* JOHNSON.

In Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal.

LET* observation with extensive view
Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life:
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate, [pride
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice:
How nations sink by darling schemes opprest,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows;
Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. [bold
But,† scarce observ'd, the knowing and the
Fall in the general massacre of gold:
Wide-wasting pest, that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind!
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;

* Ver. 1—11. † Ver. 12—22.

Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.
Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madden'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord:
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.
The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy;
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy.
New fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling break alarms, and quiv'ring shade;
Nor light nor darkness brings his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.
Yet* still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
Once† more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings drest,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe;
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.
Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.
‡ Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies:
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smok'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine;
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rides th' indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal? [rings,
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance
Degrading nobles, and controlling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels, and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.
In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine;
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows:
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r;
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state [hate.
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to
Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly:
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.
Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine, [thine?
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink, beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruins to the gulphs below?
What§ gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?

* Ver. 23—27. † Ver. 28—55. ‡ Ver. 56—107. § Ver. 108—113.

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep or to resign?
When* first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame:
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And† Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day:
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from learning, to be wise:
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life,‡ and Galileo's end.
Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
From meaner mines, tho' smaller fines content,
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.
The§ festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd;
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name.
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt; [convey,
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.
On‖ what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain; [remain,
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, till nought
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want or cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands,
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
All¶ times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,

* Ver. 114—132.

† There is a tradition, that the study of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it.

‡ A very learned divine and mathematician, fellow of New College, Oxford, and rector of Okerton near Banbury. He wrote, among many others, a Latin treatise, De Natura Cœli, &c. in which he attacked the sentiments of Scaliger and Aristotle; not bearing to hear it urged that some things are true in philosophy and false in divinity. He made above six hundred sermons on the harmony of the Evangelists. Being unsuccessful in publishing his works, he lay in the prison of Bocardo at Oxford, and the king's-bench, till bishop Usher, Dr. Laud, Sir William Boswell, and Dr. Pink, released him by paying his debts. He petitioned king Charles I. to be sent into Ethiopia, &c. to procure MSS. Having spoken in favour of monarchy and bishops, he was plundered by the parliament forces, and twice carried away prisoner from his rectory; and he died very poor in 1646.

§ Ver. 133—146. ‖ Ver. 147—167. ¶ Ver. 168—187.

Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains:
Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honor's flatt'ring bloom,
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom;
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.
'Enlarge* my life with multitude of days;'
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy:
In vain their gifts their bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r—
With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain: [ear,
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend:
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, or ling'ring jest,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.
Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Blest with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search de-
By Solon caution'd to regard his end, [scend,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!
From Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.
The† teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring!
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules your heedless charms shall save, [slave?
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your
Against your fame with fondness hate com-
The rival batters, and the lover mines. [bines,
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls; [rein,
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.

* Ver. 188—288.

† Ver. 289—345.

In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd;
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distrest,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.
Where* then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain [vain;
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice,
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r,
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain, [gain;
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the Happiness she does not find.

§ 52. *Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry. Written in* 1760. MASON.

THE midnight clock has toll'd—and, hark the bell [found?
Of death beats slow! heard ye the note pro-
It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes—Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters of Albion: ye that, light as air,
So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For she was fair beyond your brightest bloom,
(This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled;)
Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! It tells us what she is;
On what she was, no more the strain pro long;
Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that sable bier,
Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her head;
In still small whispers to reflection's ear
She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool rever'd,
Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as ye hear,
While, high with health, your hearts exulting leap;
E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
The mental monitor shall wake and weep!

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
What brighter planet on your births arose?
Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
In life to lavish, or by death to lose?

Early to lose! While, borne on busy wing,
Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
Nor fear while basking in the beams of spring,
The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to the tomb;

Think of her fate! revere the heavenly hand
That led her hence, tho' soon by steps so slow;
Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow.

To give reflection time, with lenient art,
Each fond delusion from her soul to steal!
Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are you sure his mercy shall extend
To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh!
Make then, while yet ye may, your God your friend,
And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
Contracts with bigot frown her sullen brow;
Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear,
Or shades with horrors what with smiles should glow.

No—she would warn you with seraphic fire,
Heirs as ye are of heaven's eternal day;
Would bid you boldly to that heaven aspire,
Nor sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
Force then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
The sting from death, the vict'ry from the grave!

* Ver. 346—366.

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain!
Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dullness steep:
Go sooth your souls in sickness, grief, or pain,
With the sad solace of eternal sleep!

Yet will I praise you, triflers as you are,
More than those preachers of your fav'rite creed,
Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
Who from the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,

Nor wish for more; who conquer but to die.
Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!
Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
The breeze of bliss, that fills your silken sail:

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore;
They dare the storm, and thro' th' inclement year [roar.
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's

Is it for glory? That just Fate denies;
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud, [cents rise
Ere from her trump the heaven-breath'd ac-
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd!

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all,
(If life be all), why desolation low'r
With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,
That thou mayst flame the meteor of an [hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away, [high?
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay, [die!
And live your moment, since the next ye

Yet know, vain sceptics! know, th' Almighty Mind,
Who breath'd on man a portion of his fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd
By vain philosophy be e'er destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

§ 53. *Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the University.* MASON.

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale, [quire,
Where Science call'd thee to her studious
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;

O let thy friend (and may he boast the name!)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay:
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all those virtues, op'ning now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath [to bear;
There, if ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they [blow;
If mimic hues, by art or fashion spread, [ply;
Their genuine simple colouring should sup-
O may with them these laureate honors fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendship die!

Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing;

Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the shade of Pope from that blest bow'r,
Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful sage;
Ask, if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's [page.
Ask, if the wretch who dar'd his mem'ry stain;
Ask if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain;
The deathless meed he only could bestow;

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
Ev'n now repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.

If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden—hark, whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings!

See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
His glitt'ring stores the tuneful spendthrift throws:
Where fear or int'rest bids, behold they shine;
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's [brows.
Born with too gen'rous or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent;
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art:
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.

The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false or venal praise,
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be [mine.
Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausive string;
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be what the purest Muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pur-
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth; [sue;
And all thy virtue dictates dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution low'r;
And teach the diffident, discreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.

So, round thy brow when age's honors spread,
When death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:

He to the amplest bounds of time's domain
On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly; [strain,
For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine
"The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

§ 54. *The Choice of Hercules: from the Greek of Prodicus.* BP. LOWTH.

Now had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the way.
In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous root;
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears
By just degrees, fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides sought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding thought;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursued
His walk, and lost in meditation stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay,
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry way.

Much did the view divide his wav'ring mind;
Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of fame;
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:
When, lo! far off two female forms he spies:
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear:
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with different grace, they move; [love.
This striking sacred awe; that, softer, winning

The first in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest more white than new-fall'n snow she wore:
August she trod, yet modest was her air;
Serene her eye, yet darting heavenly fire;
Still she drew near, and nearer still more fair,
More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd even of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim,
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Through the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade;
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin,
Her stature show'd more tall, more snowy white her skin.

Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid,
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth address'd;
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting tongue;

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy mind?
Securely follow where I lead the way,
And range through wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.
With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease;
Rough is the road to fame, through blood and war; [peace.
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are
With me retire, from toils and perils free;
Leave honor to the wretch! pleasures were made for thee.

"Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy sight;
All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's sound,
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love,
Rich odors, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove; [head:
Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth thy bed.

"These will I freely, constantly supply; [woe;
Pleasure's not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with

Far from thy rest repining want shall fly,
Nor labor bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
Let the laborious hind subdue the soil;
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,
New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd and listen'd; then her name besought: [said.
"My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she
"Well can my friends this envied truth maintain; [praise:
They share my bliss, they best can speak my
Though Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!),
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says;
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest name."

By this arriv'd the fair majestic maid; [pace,
She all the while with the same modest
Compos'd advanc'd: "Know Hercules," she said [race:
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly
Thy tender age, that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise; [choice,
When manhood should confirm thy glorious
Now expectation waits to see thee rise.
Rise, youth! exalt thyself and me; approve
Thy high descent from Heaven, and dare be worthy Jove.

"But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not disguise:
The steep ascent must be with toil subdued;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heaven—true bliss and real good,
Honor rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place.
Who seeks her, must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labor, and care, and pain.

"Wouldst thou engage the gods' peculiar care,
O Hercules, th' immortal pow'rs adore!
With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r,
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.
Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd?
Be thou the bold asserter of her cause;
Her voice in counsel, in the fight her sword:
In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good;
For her, bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th' oppress,
In arts of war and matchless strength excel?
First conquer thou thyself: to ease, to rest,
To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.
The night alternate, due to sweet repose,
In watches waste; in painful march, the day:
Congeal'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,
Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray,
Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might:
Vigor shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

"Hears't thou what monsters then thou must engage? [prove?
What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee
(Abrupt says Sloth)—'Ill fit thy tender age
Tumult and wars, fit age for joy and love.
Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love, and joy!
To these I lead: no monsters here shall stay
Thine easy course; no cares thy peace annoy;
I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way;
Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain;
Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures reign.'

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine?" [ease
(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep'st in
Insensate; whose soft limbs the toil decline
That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please;
Draining the copious bowl, ere thirst require;
Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite;
Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,
Whom luxury supplies with appetite:
Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain
Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

"The sparkling nectar cool'd with summer snows,
The dainty board with choicest viands spread,
To thee are tasteless all! sincere repose
Flies from thy flow'ry couch, and downy bed.
For thou art only tired with indolence;
Nor is thy sleep with toil and labor bought,
Th' imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense
In dull oblivious interval of thought;
That kindly steal th' inactive hours away
From the long ling'ring space, that lengthens out the day.

"From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores
Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights;
Averse to her, you waste the joyless hours;
Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.
Immortal though thou art, indignant Jove
Hurl'd thee from heav'n, th' immortals' blissful place,
For ever banish'd from the realms above,
To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race:
Fitter abode! on earth alike disgrac'd;
Rejected by the wise, and by the fool embrac'd.

"Fond wretch, that vainly weenest all delight
To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee!
Yet the most pleasing object to the sight.
Thine own fair action never didst thou see,
Though lulled with softest sounds thou liest along,
Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays,
Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest song
Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy No—to thy revels let the fool repair; [praise!
To such go smooth thy speech, and spread thy tempting snare.

"Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies!
A youth of follies, an old age of cares;
Young yet inervate, old, yet never wise,
Vice wastes their vigor, and their mind impairs.
Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,
Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend;
All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,
With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.
Griev'd with the present, of the past asham'd,
They live, and are despis'd; they die, nor more are nam'd.

"But with the gods, and godlike men I dwell;
Me, his supreme delight, th' Almighty Sire
Regards well pleas'd: whatever works excel,
All, or divine or human, I inspire.
Counsel with strength, and industry with art,
In union meet conjoin'd with me reside:
My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart,
The surest policy, the wisest guide. [bind
With me true friendship dwells: she deigns to
Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

"Nor need my friends the various costly feast,
Hunger to them th' effects of art supplies;
Labor prepares their weary limbs to rest;
Sweet is their sleep; light, cheerful, strong, they rise. [and renown
Through health, through joy, through pleasure
They tread my paths: and by a soft descent
At length to age all gently sinking down,
Look back with transport at a life well spent,
In which no hour flew unimprov'd away;
In which some gen'rous deed distinguish'd ev'ry day.

"And when the destin'd term at length's complete,
Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame
Sounds wide their praise: triumphant over fate,
In sacred song for ever lives their name.
This, Hercules, is happiness! obey
My voice, and live; let thy celestial birth
Lift and enlarge thy thoughts: behold the way
That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth,
Immortal! Lo, I guide thy steps, Arise,
Pursue the glorious path and claim thy native skies."

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart
New vigor to his soul, that sudden caught
The generous flame; with great intent his heart
Swells full, and labors with exalted thought.
The mist of errors from his eyes dispell'd,
Thro' all her fraudful arts, in clearest light,
Sloth in her native form he now beheld;
Unveil'd she stood confest before his sight;
False Siren!—All her vaunted charms, that shone [and gone.
So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale,

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
Masks her dissembled looks; each borrow'd grace [her eyes
Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds
Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has a while display'd
Her wat'ry arch with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colors fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away;
Where shone the beauteous phantom, erst so bright, [the sight.
Now low'rs the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to

But Virtue more engaging, all the while
Disclos'd new charms, more lovely, more serene;
Beaming sweet influence, a milder smile
Soften'd the terrors of her lofty mien.
"Lead, goddess; I am thine!" transported cried
Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:
From thee oh never, never let me stray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his breast.

The heav'nly maid with strength divine endued
His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprize,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her powerful aid,
He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.
'Twas Virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

§ 55. *The Hermit.* PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell;
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:

His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colors glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before!
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cried:
And "Hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire replied.
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose;
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown, [down.
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste. [they go:
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe;
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize,
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart, [part:
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarser sort with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine:
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pond'ring Hermit
In one so rich a life so poor and rude; [view'd,
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon took
In ev'ry settling feature of his face, [place
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before:
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:

The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice; and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie:
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great,
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears and thus replies;
"Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair, [pray'r.
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with
At length the world renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose.
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept,
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride, [died.
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and
Horror of horrors! what! his only son?
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies; but trembling, fails to fly with speed,
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way;
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending branches glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
Plunging he falls; and rising lifts his head;
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes:
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—But scarce his speech began, [man.
When the strange partner seem'd no longer
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odors breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke):
"Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind:
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.
"Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
"The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high;
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
"What strange events can strike with more surprise, [eyes?
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just;
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
"The great vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
"The mean suspicious wretch whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross, the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.

To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go!
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
"But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail! [Thus
Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun;
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done.
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

§ 56. *A Night-Piece, on Death.* PARNELL.

By the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point at best the longest way,
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.
How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While through their ranks in silver pride
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time was, like thee, they life possess'd;
And time shall be when thou shalt rest."
Those, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel, slender help to fame,
(Which ere our set of friends decay
Their frequent steps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades:
All slow, and wan, and wrap'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds,
And all with sober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die!"
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:—
"When men my scythe and dart supply,
How great a King of Fears am I?
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my sceptered form appears.
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.
"Why then thy flowing sable stoles,
Deep pendent cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearses, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?
"Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of wo
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suffering years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering Sun:
Such joy, though far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years, they waste:
But when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scenes unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tower away,
And mingle with the blaze of day."

§ 57. *Piety; or, The Vision.* PARNELL.

'Twas when the night in silent sable fled,
When cheerful morning sprung with rising red,
When dreams and vapors leave to crowd the brain,
And best the vision draws its heavenly scene;
'Twas then, as slumbering on my couch I lay,
A sudden splendor seem'd to kindle day;
A breeze came breathing in a sweet perfume,
Blown from eternal gardens, fill'd the room;
And in a void of blue, that clouds invest,
Appear'd a daughter of the realms of rest;
Her head a ring of golden glory wore,
Her honor'd hand the sacred volume bore;

Her raiment glittering seem'd a silver white,
And all her sweet companions, sons of light.
Straight as I gaz'd, my fear and wonder grew, [view;
Fear barr'd my voice, and wonder fix'd my
When lo! a cherub of the shining crowd
That sail'd as guardian in her azure cloud,
Fann'd the soft air, and downward seem'd to glide,
And to my lips a living coal applied.
Then while the warmth o'er all my pulses ran
Diffusing comfort, thus the maid began:
"Where glorious mansions are prepar'd above,
The seats of music, and the seats of love,
Thence I descend, and Piety my name,
To warm thy bosom with celestial flame,
To teach thee praises mix'd with humble pray'rs,
And tune thy soul to sing seraphic airs:
Be thou my bard." A vial here she caught,
(An angel's hand the crystal vial brought)
And, as with awful sound the word was said,
She pour'd a sacred unction on my head;
Then thus proceeded:—"Be thy muse thy zeal;
Dare to be good, and all my joys reveal.
While other pencils flattering forms create,
And paint the gaudy plumes that deck the great;
While other pens exalt the vain delight,
Whose wasteful revel wakes the depth of night;
Or others softly sing in idle lines
How Damon courts, or Amaryllis shines;
More wisely thou select a theme divine,
Fame is their recompense, 'tis Heaven is thine!
"Despise the raptures of discorded fire,
Where wine, or passion, or applause inspire
Low restless life, and ravings born of earth,
Whose meaner subjects speak their humble birth; [blow,
Like working seas, that when loud winters
Not made for rising, only rage below.
Mine is a warm and yet a lambent heat,
More lasting still, as more intensely great,
Produc'd where prayer, and praise, and pleasure breathe,
And ever mounting where it shot beneath.
Unpaint the love, that, hovering over beds,
From glittering pinions guilty pleasure sheds;
Restore the color to the golden mines
With which behind the feather'd idol shines;
To flow'ring greens give back their native care,
The rose and lily, never his to wear;
To sweet Arabia send the balmy breath;
Strip their fair flesh, and call the phantom, Death;
His bow be sabled o'er, his shafts the same,
And fork and point them with eternal flame.
"But urge thy powers, thine utmost voice advance,
Make the loud strings against thy fingers dance;
'Tis love that angels praise and men adore,
'Tis love divine, that asks it all, and more.
Fling back the gates of ever-blazing day,
Pour floods of liquid light to gild the way;
And all, in glory wrap, through paths untrod,
Pursue the great unseen descent of God:
Hail the meek Virgin, bid the child appear,
The child is GOD! and call him JESUS here.
He comes, but where to rest? A manger's nigh,
Make the great Being in a manger lie;
Fill the wide sky with angels on the wing,
Make thousands gaze, and make ten thousand sing;
Let men afflict him, men he came to save,
And still afflict him till he reach the grave;
Make him resign'd, his loads of sorrow meet;
And me, like Mary, weep beneath his feet;
I'll bathe my tresses there, my prayers rehearse,
And glide in flames of love along thy verse.
"Ah! while I speak, I feel my bosom swell,
My raptures smother what I long to tell. [air
'Tis GOD! a present God! Through cleaving
I see the throne, and see the JESUS there,
Plac'd on the right. He shows the wounds he bore,
(My fervors oft have won him thus before)
How pleas'd he looks! my words have reach'd his ear;
He bids the gates unbar, and calls me near."
She ceas'd. The cloud on which she seem'd to tread,
Its curls unfolded, and around her spread;
Bright angels waft their wings to raise the cloud,
And sweep their ivory lutes, and sing aloud;
The scene moves off, while all its ambient sky
Is turn'd to wondrous music as they fly;
And soft the swelling sounds of music grow,
And faint their softness, till they fail below.
My downy sleep the warmth of Phœbus broke, [spoke:
And, while my thoughts were setting, thus I
"Thou beauteous Vision! on my soul impress'd,
When most my reason would appear to rest,
'Twas sure with pencils dipt in various lights
Some curious Angel limn'd thy sacred sights;
From blazing suns his radiant gold he drew,
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue.
I'll mount the roving winds' expanded wing,
And seek the sacred hill, and light to sing;
('Tis known in Jewry well) I'll make my lays,
Obedient to thy summons, sound with praise.
"But still I fear, unwarm'd with holy flame,
I take for truth the flatteries of a dream;
And barely wish the wondrous gift I boast,
And faintly practise what deserves it most.
"Indulgent LORD! whose gracious love displays
Joy in the light, and fills the dark with ease!
Be this, to bless my days, no dream of bliss;
Or be, to bless the nights, my dreams like this."

§ 58. *The Fire-Side.* COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance:

Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day,
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish, with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleas'd with favors given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter's life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful, from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

FABLES BY THE LATE MR. GAY.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES. PART THE FIRST.

§ 59. *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labor flew,
Nor envy or ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:—
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd?
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?
The Shepherd modestly replied:—
I ne'er the path of learning tried:
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labors of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule:
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear:
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn hour despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much must talk in vain:
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chatt'ring pie?
Nor would I, with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right:
Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is just, the Sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise.

§ 60. FABLE I. *The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.*

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing
To hear the mandates of his king.
Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal!
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.
Hard is my lot, the Hound replies:
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.
When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure!
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart;
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valor priz'd;
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The bird of Heaven then cried aloud:
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd;
The God objects your idle prayers;
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envied creature?
What! silent all, and none consent?
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

§ 61. FABLE II. *The Miser and Plutus.*

THE wind was high, the window shakes;
With sudden start the Miser wakes
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
And ev'ry creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:
Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold! Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banish'd honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant ?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind !
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?
E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloke to carry on the trade ;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression ;
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast ;
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside :
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses like the dews of heaven ;
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?
Let bravoes then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

§ 62. FABLE III. *The Lady and the Wasp.*

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear !
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear !
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might soon dislike :
Forbidding airs might thin the place ;
The slightest flap a fly can chase.
But who can drive the num'rous breed !
Chase one, another will succeed ;
Who knows a fool must know his brother,
One fop will recommend another :
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.
As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms ;
Swift he returns, again alarms ;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipp'd the dew.
She frowns, she frets. Good gods ! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies !
Of all the plagues that heaven hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.
The hov'ring insect thus complain'd :
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd ?
Can such offence your anger wake ?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.
Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies :
For though he's free, (to do him right,)
The creature's civil and polite.
In ecstasies away he posts ;
Where'er he came the favor boasts ;
Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew :
Sure of success, away they flew.
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play ;
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

§ 63. FABLE IV. *The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight :
What stranger wonders does he write !
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew :
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange, yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd ?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts ;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees :
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort ;
How learn'd was that sagacious breed !
Who now like them the Greek can read !
As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er ;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding ;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where with exactest care and pains
Were ev'ry beast and bird portray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd.
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read :
Man with strong reason is endow'd ;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.
But let this author's work be tried :
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own ?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn !
Did man from him first learn to fawn ?
A dog proficient in the trade !
He the chief flatt'rer nature made !
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.

How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtier tricks, and lawyers' arts,
The Fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.
The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found?
Then thus address'd with bow profound:—
Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.
When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wise!
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 64. FABLE V. *Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser pow'rs of love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string;
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the god:—Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes;
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy;
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction,
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits:
He this way tugs, she t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause:
Nothing can save him but divorce:
And here the wife complies of course.
When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's feed;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.
Plutus appear'd, and said—'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They seek no beauty, wit, or sense;
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.
Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

§ 65. FABLE VI. *The Monkey who had seen the World.*

A MONKEY to reform the times,
Resolved to visit foreign climes:
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies;
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. How envied was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favor gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal
To civilize the Monkey weal:
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve; and others gloat
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending:
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost or fleecy snow;
But all with envy and desire
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth, support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive?—in flatt'ry deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.

Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite.
He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.
Thus the dull Lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts;
For vice is fitted to his parts.

§ 66. FABLE VII. *The Philosopher and the Pheasants.*

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he pass'd he terror threw;
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.
Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature?
As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents taught;
With cautious steps he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view;
High on the branch a Pheasant stood;
Around her all her list'ning brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd:
No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than Man, of animals the worst;
In him ingratitude you find;
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dyed
To guard his health and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill;
In vain whole summer days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways;
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

§ 67. FABLE VIII. *The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.*

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted:
But flatt'ry never seems absurd,
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colors laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength,
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two busts, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please
Whoever sat, he drew from these;
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and, seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work. My Lord replied,
Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.
Oh pardon me! the artist cried
In this the painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike;
I warrant it extremely like.
My Lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace,
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!

To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

§ 68. FABLE IX. *The Sick Man and the Angel.*

Is there no hope? the sick man said;
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gasping breath;
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown.
An Angel came. Ah! friend, he cried,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action 's in thy pow'r,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want and you abound.
But why such haste? the sick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum and more are in my will.
Fool! says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain.
From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
While there is life, there's hope, he cried;
Then why such haste? So groan'd, and died.

§ 69. FABLE X. *The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.*

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the god inspires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite;
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.
As prostrate to the God of day,
With heart devout a Persian lay,
His invocation thus began:—
Parent of light, all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence!
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year!
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:
Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know!
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.
With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
It was that god, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.
The gale arose; the vapour, tost
(The sport of winds) in air, was lost.
The glorious orb the day refines;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

§ 70. FABLE XI. *The Fox at the Point of Death.*

A Fox in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:—
Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?
The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.
Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here:
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.
O gluttons! says the drooping sire,
Restrain inordinate desire;
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?

Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem.
The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son:
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd;
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.
Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks!)
Go, but be moderate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

§ 71. FABLE XII. *The Universal Apparition.*

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigor fails;
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As twing'd with pain he pensive sits;
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits;
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
My name perhaps hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
Nor love nor honor, wealth nor pow'r,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
Thus said, the phantom disappears;
The wary counsel wak'd his fears;
He now from all excess abstains;
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the Sprite ascends:
Where'er he walks his ear attends;
Insinuates that beauty's frail;
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew:
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dream, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
To pow'r he rose; again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of ambition's tott'ring seat,
How envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
But Care again his steps pursues;
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring insects, snails and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labor'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost address'd;
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right should go before.

§ 72. FABLE XIII. *Pythagoras and the Countryman.*

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A peasant stood: the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labor there?
The Clown, with surly voice, replies:
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd;
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed.
Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murd'rer dies.
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe;
Think how the glutton man devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!
Hold! cried the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.
Thus tyrants boast, the sage replied,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own, then, this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain;

For " petty rogues submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state."

§ 73. FABLE XIV. *The Father and Jupiter.*

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd
He begg'd a wife; his pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.
Once more he cries, Accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire:
May favor teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father's blest:
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.
The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancied want (a wretch complete!)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honors grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.
Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heaven and fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god: By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek virtue: and, of that possest,
To providence resign the rest.

§ 74. FABLE XV. *The Jugglers.*

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown:
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defied the man of art aloud:
Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.
Provok'd, the Juggler cried, 'Tis done;
In science I submit to none.
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd,
By turns this here, that there, convey'd;
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain;
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with show'rs of gold:
And now his iv'ry eggs are told;
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
Vice now stepp'd forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.
Next, to a senator addressing,
See this bank-note; observe the blessing:
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'tis gone;
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear;
And now, two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows:
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake address'd:
This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes:
Hold her, and have her. With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter in a miser's hand
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take ev'ry shape, but Charity:
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art:
Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
How practise hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

§ 75. FABLE XVI. *The Council of Horses.*

Upon a time, a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stepp'd forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-share through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes;
And to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain;
When I had health and strength like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains:
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labors of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's grain;
We share the toil, and share the gain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted;
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

§ 76. FABLE XVII. *The Poet and the Rose.*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride:
With both all rivals are decried.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind Flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Rose inspired:
Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there;
I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.
Spare your comparisons, replied
An angry Rose who grew beside:
Of all mankind you should not flout us?
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you color and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 77. FABLE XVIII. *The Man and the Flea.*

WHETHER in earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls survey
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?
When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands;
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!
When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries all these were made for me!
What dignity's in human nature!
Says Man, the most conceited creature,

As from a clift he cast his eyes,
And view'd the sea and arched skies:
The sun was sunk beneath the main;
The moon and all the starry train,
Hung the vast vault of heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:
When I behold this glorious show,
And this wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heaven design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!
Not of th' importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind,
What, heaven and earth for thee design'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

§ 78. FABLE XIX. *The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who in a civil way
Complied with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was, never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear, she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.
The Horse replied, Poor honest Puss!
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the stately Bull implor'd,
And thus replied the mighty lord;
Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence! a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.
The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by:
How strong are those? how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

§ 79. NIGHT I. *Sleep.*

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays [sakes:
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he for-
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose
I wake: How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding
From wave to wave of fancy'd misery [thought,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
A bitter change; severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress! and night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine, to the color of my fate.

§ 80. *Night.*

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world:
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how pro-
found!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause:
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain: I can lose no more.

§ 81. *Invocation to Silence and Darkness.*

SILENCE and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender
thought

To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: There this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye? Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck [soul.
That spark, the sun; strike wisdom from my
My soul which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer: O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe) [Death,
Lead it through various scenes of Life and
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Nor let the vial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

§ 82. *Time.*

THE bell strikes one: We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours;
Where are they? With the years beyond the Flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch;
How much is to be done! my hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

§ 83. *Man.*

How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
How complicate! how wonderful is Man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal sullied, and absorb'd!
Though sullied, and dishonor'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself;
And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distress'd, what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 84. *Dreams.*

'TIS past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs Sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall:
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events,
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

§ 85. *Vanity of Lamentation over the Dead.*

WHY then their loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness, let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous! how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

§ 86. *Life and Eternity.*

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods—O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,

Here pinions all his wishes: wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust!
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself.
How was my heart encrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd Reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Our waking dreams are fatal: how I dreamt
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone!
Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture!
The cobweb'd cottage with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's thread is cable to man's tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

§ 87. *Time and Death.*

O YE blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres,
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate:
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep [plies
Strikes empires from the root; each moment
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss! proud words and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air!
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars:
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain; [horn.
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? grieve, to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace,
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Strays, wretched rover! o'er the pleasing past,
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys, a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate; [sigh:
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters make me
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why complain? or why complain for one?
I mourn for millions; 'tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

§ 88. NIGHT II. *Avarice of Time recommended.*

HE mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of Time,
(Blest av'rice) which the thought of death inspires.
O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid?
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious death! should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain [rear.
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full ar-
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
For what calls thy disease? For moral aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time; it may be, poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;

And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come.
Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain?
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? Amusement reigns
Man's great demand: to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?—
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight?
(As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there)
Will toys amuse?—no: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time?—its loss we dearly buy:
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads time's numerous blanks; he loudly pleads
The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.
From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee?
No blank, no trifle, nature made or meant:
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine:
This cancels thy complaint at once; this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all!
This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute, from the poorest hours:
Immense revenue! every moment pays.
If nothing more than purpose in thy power,
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint;
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer:
Guard well thy thoughts; our thoughts are heard in heaven.
On all important time, through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour.
"I've lost a day"—the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so reason speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly,
For rescue from the blessings we possess?
Time, the supreme!—Time is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give,
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only not ador'd.

§ 89. *Inconsistency of Man.*

Ah! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer,
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death. [ful made.
Death, most our dread, death thus more dread-
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain! takes off our chariot wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement:
Yet when Death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink.
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

§ 90. *Waste of Time.*

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills:
To nature just, their cause and cure explore;
No niggard, nature; men are prodigals.
We throw away our suns, as made for sport;
We waste, not use our time: we breathe, not live;
And barely breathing, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous wait.
And why? Since time was giv'n for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure; waste, a pain;
That man might feel his error, if unseen;
And, feeling, fly to labor for his cure.
Life's cares are comforts; such by Heav'n design'd; [wretched.
He that has none, must make them or be
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack, the rack of rest;
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
Here, then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds; [fool.
Then time turns torment, when man turns a
We rave, we wrestle with great nature's plan;
We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrel with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom broil.
We push time from us; and we wish him back;
Life we think long, and short; death seek, and shun.

Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of ev'ry Day deceas'd,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delights us. If time past,
And time possest, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours,
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace. [next
Our error's cause, and cure, are seen: see
Time's nature, origin, importance, speed,
And thy great gain from urging his career.—
He looks on time as nothing: Nothing else
Is truly man's: what wonders can he do?
And will: to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was time (heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
When the dread sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then time was born),
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds: [ven,
Not on those terms, from the great days of hea-
From old eternity's mysterious orb,
Was time cut off; and cast beneath the skies:
The skies which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres:
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play
Like numerous wings, around him, as he flies:
Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew eternity his sire; [unhing'd
When worlds, that count his circles now,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night, and chaos, whence they rose.
Why spur the speedy? why with levities
New-wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight? [too soon
Man flies from time, and time from man:
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then,
Thy sports? thy pomp?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the ruffled shroud,
Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.
Has death his fopperies? Then well may life
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

§ 91. *Death of the Good Man.*

So sung Philander, O! the cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in the soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling, as they rise!
On earth how lost! Philander is no more.
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took. It were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange, the theme most affecting, most sublime, [sung!
Momentous most to man, should sleep unMan's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand; it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever there;
There, on a post of honor, and of joy.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane! or else draw near with awe,
For here resistless demonstration dwells;
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven:
Heaven waits not the last moment, owns its friends [men;
On this side death; and points them out to
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign pow'r,
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace!
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
"No warning given! unceremonious fate!
A sudden rush from life's meridian joys!
A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
Beyond conjecture! feeble nature's dread!
Strong reason shudders at the dark unknown!
A sun extinguish'd! a just-opening grave!
And oh! the last, last: what? (can words express? [friend!"
Thought reach it?) the last—silence of a
Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies, [gloom.
Like the stars struggling through this midnight
What gleams of joy, what more than human peace!
Where the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, gives, not yields
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene! [man!
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory heaven vouchsafes to call its own.
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and infidels believe.
At that black hour, which general horror sheds
On the low level of the inglorious throng,
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble
Divinely beam on his exalted soul; [joy,

Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies.
Life, take thy chance; but oh for such an end!

§ 92. NIGHT III. *Picture of Narcissa, Description of her Funeral, and a Reflection upon Man.*

SWEET harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high,
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! all its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy! this group
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of Paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies! as all
We guess of heaven; and these were all her own: [blest!
And she was mine; and I was—was!—most
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel, pity me.
Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw, (and who could cease to gaze
That once had seen?)—with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which black Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun; which gives your cheeks to glow;
And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropp'd your odors, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must soon or late with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While here, presuming on the rights of heaven.
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expense be wise;
Lean not on earth, 'twill pierce thee to the heart:
A broken reed at best, but oft a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires. [thought repell'd
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—
Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime, and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover smil'd!
And when high-flavor'd thy fresh op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
While nature melted, superstition rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead, and *this* denied a grave. [will!
Their sighs incens'd, sighs foreign to the
Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For, oh! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal!
While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd
In blind infallibility's embrace,
The sainted spirit petrified the breast;
Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? what succour? what resource?
With pious sacrilege a grave I stole,
With impious piety that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty, coward in my grief!
More like her murderer than friend, I crept
With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
I whisper'd what should echo through their realms; [the skies.
Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce
Presumptuous fear! how durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my pray'r
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the curs'd soil; and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.
Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt

Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heaven-labor'd form, erect, divine;
This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
When every passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then, spleen to dust? the dust of innocence?
An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends:
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
Far less than this is shocking, in a race
Most wretched but from streams of mutual love,
And uncreated but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment lost,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favors he confers,
And contumelious his humanity: [stars!
What then his vengeance? hear it not, ye
And thou, pale moon, turn paler at the sound!
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart!

§ 93. NIGHT IV. *Address to the Deity.*

O THOU great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and couldst know
No motive but my bliss; with Abraham's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!

§ 94. *Fears of Death extinguished by Man's Redemption.*

THOUGH nature's terrors, thus, may be repress'd
Still frowns grim death; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high!
On high?—What means my phrensy? I blaspheme.
Alas! how low! how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds:
Draw the dire steel—ah no!—the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego?
There hangs all human hope: that nail supports
Our falling universe: that gone, we drop:
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth.
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust,
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne!
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! A groan not his.
He seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds so bought, were bought too dear.
Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise!
Suspend their song; and silence is in heaven.
O for their song to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, Night, with all thy tuneful spheres!
Much rather, Thou! who dost those spheres inspire;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous, power!
Still more tremendous for thy wondrous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands,
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!
O'er guilt (how mountainous!), with outstretch'd arms
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost.
What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labor such expedient from despair,
And rescue both? Both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the deed!
A wonder in omnipotence itself!
A mystery, no less to gods than men!
Not, thus our infidels th' Eternal draw;
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full-orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete;
They set at odds heaven's jarring attributes;
And with one excellence another wound;
Maim heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;
A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits, ye baptiz'd infidels,
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heaven
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,
For ever hides, and glows in the supreme.
And was the ransom paid? It was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for you.
The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veil'd his face
Not such as this; not such as nature makes;
A midnight, nature shudder'd to behold;
A midnight new, from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt,
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his cross; [womb,
Made groan the centre; burst earth's marble
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead? [tear;
Hell howl'd; and heav'n, that hour let fall a
Heav'n wept, that man might smile! heav'n
Might never die— [bled, that man
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these? [mount
Such contemplations mount us; and should
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man,
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd; where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? How my soul is caught!
Heav'n's sov'reign blessings clust'ring from the cross,
Rush on her in a throng, and close her round,
The prisoner of amaze!—In his blest life,
I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear, it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death;
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And give the king of glory to come in!
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain? [throne!
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd
Last gasp of vanquish'd death. Shout, earth and heaven,
This sum of good to man: whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose; then first humanity
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
And seiz'd eternal youth. Mortality
Was then transferr'd to death; and heaven's duration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory! man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount?—Alas! small cause for
What if to pain, immortal? if extent [joy!
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd.
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

§ 95. *Inability of sufficiently praising God.*

Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: if, on tow'ring wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars;
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to thee,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King?
If to those conscious stars thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
I ask their strain; they want it, more they
Languid their energy, their ardor cold, [want;
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone:
Their vast appointments reach it not; they see
On earth a bounty, not indulg'd on high;
And downward look for heaven's superior praise!
First-born of ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
You sung creation (for in that you shar'd);
How rose in melody, the child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is redemption; eternize the song!
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labor of the skies;
Far more than labor—It was death in heaven.
Here pause and ponder; was there death in heaven? [blow?
What then on earth? on earth which struck the
Who struck it? Who?—O how is man enlarg'd, [tow'rs!
Seen through this medium! How the pigmy
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!

How counterpois'd to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!
How this demonstrates through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of heav'n!
The double son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall heav'n's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy him.
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd all;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace:
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
O ye, who from this Rock of Ages leap
Disdainful, plunging headlong in th' abyss!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our interest in the master of the storm?
Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins smile;
While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

§ 96. *Man.*

MAN! know thyself; all wisdom centres there.
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degenerate mortal! and unread by thee?
The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there;
What high contents! illustrious faculties!
But the grand comment which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the cross!
Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life!
I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire! eternity! at thee.
He, the great father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain: pour'd himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream
Profuse, or frugal of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded: and when past
Their various trials in their various spheres,
If they continue rational as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again; [crown.
His throne their centre, and his smile their
Why doubt we then the glorious truth to sing?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep;
Yet summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.

§ 97. *Religion.*

RELIGION'S all. Descending from its sire
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right, the next:
Religion! the sole voucher man is man:
Supporter sole of man above himself.
Religion! providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock;
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And groaning Calvary of thee! There shine
The noble truths; there strongest motives sting!
Can love allure us? or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.
If, in his love, so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Can prayer, can praise avert it?—Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth! my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity too short to speak thy praise,
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!

§ 98. *The mere Man of the World.*

YE sold to sense, ye citizens of earth,
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on,
Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free:
A freedom far less welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, so late, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulph of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possest, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: Eternity is all;
And whose eternity? Who triumphs there,
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss,
For ever basking in the Deity?
Conscience, reply: O give it leave to speak;
For it will speak ere long. Oh hear it now:
While useful its advice, its accents mild.

Truth is deposited with man's last hour;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust—
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council when he made the worlds,
Nor less when he shall judge the worlds he made:
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
That Heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
Than from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
The goddess bursts in thunder and in flame:
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

§ 99. NIGHT V. *Midnight.*

THIS sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half believes a God.
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend;
The conscious moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to Wisdom, and let fall
On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time; auspicious midnight, hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heav'n;
Here the soul sits in council, ponders past,
Predestines future actions; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life; and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

§ 100. *Reflections in a Church-yard.*

SAY, on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
Why men decline it; Suicide's foul birth;
The various kinds of grief; the faults of age:
And Death's dread character—invite my song."
And first, th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief;
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal too soon.
Are they more kind than HE who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back a true and endless peace?
Calamities are friends: as glaring day
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man.
The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favorite walk
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo, read with me Narcissa's stone;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can strike, and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life?
Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep;
And ill-foreboding is our strongest guard.
See from her tomb, Truth sallies on my soul,
And puts Delusion's dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,
And shows the real estimate of things,
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from Virtue's rising charms;
Detects Temptation in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as autumn's leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign as the joys possest,
Nought so much his as those beyond the grave.
No folly keeps its color in her sight:
Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms.
How differ worldly wisdom, and divine?
Just as the waning and the waxing moon;
More empty worldly wisdom every day;
And every day more fair her rival shines.
But soon our term for wisdom is expir'd,
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.
What grave prescribes the best?—a friend's; and yet
From a friend's grave how soon we disengage,
Even to the dearest, as his marble, cold!
Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief aim of life;
Though well to ponder it is life's chief end.

§ 101. *Life compared to a Stream.*

Is it, that life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it that time steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream?
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;

Nor mark the much irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of time descend, but not on time intent,
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; our bark is burst.
Is this the cause death flies all human thought?
Or is it judgment by the will struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By nature conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, man on each pique of pride,
Or gloom of humor, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.

§ 102. *Tears.*

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
Or studied the philosophy of tears?
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.
Our funeral tears from diff'rent causes rise:
Of various kinds they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the public eye, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear: [share.
They dwell on praises, which they think they
Some mourn in proof that something they could love.
They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek.
By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest; and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while reason
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd; [sleeps,
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm.
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel grief soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale!
Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No gain of wisdom pays them for their woe.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning there her true support,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life.

§ 103. *The Caprice and universal Power of Death.*

LIKE other tyrants, Death delights to smite,
What smitten most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb; [date?
Me thine, Narcissa!—what though short thy
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name:
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die,
O how misdated on their flattering tombs!
All more than common menaces an end:
A blaze betokens brevity of life.
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end, [but so
Thus runs Death's dread commission; "Strike,
As most alarms the living by the dead."
Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim,
And where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.
What are his arts to lay our fears asleep!
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, Death assumes
The name and look of life, and dwells among
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk, [us.
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Most happy they whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.
Where is not death? sure as night follows day, [world,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the
When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns,
When against reason riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense.
Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,

When fear is banish'd, and triumphant thought
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key: and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire!
Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than simple conquest in the fiend?
And now, gay trifler, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is death uncertain? therefore thou be fix'd;
Fix'd as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die;
Nor let life's period hidden (as from most),
Hide too from thee the precious use of life.
Does wealth with youth and gaiety conspire
To weave a triple wreath of happiness?
That shining mark invites the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of Death's ambition
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honors, bloom'd with every bliss;
Set up in ostentation, made to gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye;
When fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropp'd at once,
Our morning's envy, and our ev'ning's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

§ 104. NIGHT VI. *Reflections on Man and Immortality.*

THY nature, Immortality, who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter color spun,
And spun for ever; black and brittle here!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! our highest joys,
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of Reason, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens
Of universal Nature! to lay hold
By more than feeble faith on the Supreme!
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
Our own! to rise in science as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow blown remote; and leave
No mystery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's Aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene!
Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair.
These are the thoughts that aggrandize the [great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod we tread; soon trodden by our sons)—
How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage;
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities! [scends!
To gaze in thought on what all thought tran-
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys,
As far beyond conception as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers and the tale!
When mount we? when these shackles cast? when quit
This cell of the creation? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
Fine-spun to sense, but gross and feculent
To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore.
In an eternity what scenes shall strike!
What webs of wonder shall unravel there!
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full our banquet here!
Here, not the moral world alone unfolds;
The world material lately seen in shades,
And in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the laboring eye,
Unbroken, now, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure

In endless voyage, without port! the least
Of these disseminated orbs how great!
Yet what are these to the stupendous whole?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd.
If admiration is a source of joy, [heaven.
What transport hence! Yet this the least in
What this to that illustrious robe He wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power!
'Tis, to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of heaven!
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest!
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy!
The bare ideas! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below!
And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field, and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly?
The momentary buzz of vain renown!
A name, a mortal immortality.

§ 105. *Immortality.*

IMMORTAL! ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning still, where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a Deity!
'Tis the description of the meanest slave.
Immortal! what can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul? it thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; gratitude o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick-kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.
Immortal! was but one immortal, how
Would others envy! how would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!
O vain, vain, vain! all else: eternity!
A glorious, and a needful refuge that,
From vile imprisonment in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amidst life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
Eternity depending covers all;
Sets earth at distance, casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man
Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost.
Doubt you this truth? why labors your belief?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Was seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,
And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.
To that stupendous view when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and equal all below.

§ 106. *Man's Immortality proved by Nature.*

NATURE, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the great Immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all.
All change, no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See the summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flow'rs,
Droops into pallid autumn; winter grey,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn, and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the spring; soft spring with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances; both
Eternal; that a circle, this a line.
That gravitates, this soars. Th' aspiring soul
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame ascends;
Zeal, and humility, her wings to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being lost, [High.
With change of counsel charges the Most
Matter, immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, from whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd?

§ 107. NIGHT VII. *The Madness of Infidelity.*

SINCE virtue's recompense is doubtful, here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd?
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd?
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers nature lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why reason made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the wisest, loudest in her praise?
Can man by reason's beam be laid astray?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or, both are true, or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death,—because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost;
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valor, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for worth, whose noontide beam
Mends our ideas of ethereal pow'rs;
Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The mind almighty? could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
Should snatch the draught, and blot it out for ever?
Shall we, this moment, gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man mistakes;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw!
Wisdom, and worth, how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and worth are sacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deified!
Why not compassion'd too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both
To make us but more wretched; wisdom's eye,
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And worth, so recompens'd, new points their stings.
Or man the grave surmounts, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock diadem, in savage sport,
Rank insult of our pompous poverty, [fair?
Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so
In future age lies no redress? and shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint! [made?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals
The worst to wallow, and the best to weep.
Can we conceive a disregard in Heaven,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure?
This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless pow'r;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, pow'rs, appetites, heav'n suits in all;
Nor, nature through, e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
Man is a monster, the reproach of heaven,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her lord.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty! go, man,
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
Through every scene of sense superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unimbitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs,
Mankind's peculiar! reason's precious dow'r!
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes,
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar:
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd;
They find a paradise in ev'ry field,
On boughs forbidden, where no curses hang;
Their ill no more than strikes the sense, unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear;
When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins and ends their woe: they die but once;
Blest, incommunicable privilege! [stars,
For which who rules the globe, and reads the
Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes:
No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole and sweet solution! that unties
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright order; casts the brute beneath;
And re-inthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n here: admit immortal life,
And virtue is knight-errantry no more:
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dow'r,
Far richer in reversion: hope exults;
And, though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heav'n.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Heav'n our reward—for heav'n enjoy'd below.
Still unsubdu'd thy stubborn heart? For there
The traitor lurks, who doubts the truth I sing:
Reason is guiltless; will alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?

Ambition, and the fateless love of gain! [soul
Canst thou suspect that these, which make the
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heav'n?
Canst thou suspect, what makes us disbelieve
Our immortality, should prove it sure?

§ 108. *Ambition and Fame.*

FIRST, then, ambition summon to the bar;
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak:
Each much deposes: hear them in their turn.
Thy soul how passionately fond of fame!
How anxious that fond passion to conceal!
We blush detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men:
And why? because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul:
Heav'n kindly gives our blood a moral flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit
Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.
Ambition's boundless appetite out-speaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn resound:
We wish our names eternally to live:
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter;
But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow; soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious; 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast between
The passion, and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown:
And why? because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls.
And can ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three.
Though disappointments in ambition pain,
And though success disgusts, yet still we strive
In vain to pluck it from us: man must soar:
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring will toss him up,
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too:
No Sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? because immortal as their lord:
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heav'n.

109. *Avarice.*

THUS far ambition. What says avarice?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine: [it.
"The wise and wealthy are the same." I grant
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, this his highest praise:
To this great end keen instinct stings him on;
To guide that instinct, reason! is thy charge;
'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies:
But reason failing to discharge her trust,
A blunder follows, and blind industry
O'erloading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the present hour,
Provides for an eternity below.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Man, if not meant by worth to reach the skies,
Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
Sour grapes I grant ambition, avarice;
Yet still their root is immortality.
These its wild growths religion can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

§ 110. *Misery of Unbelief.*

COULDST thou persuade me, the next life would fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,
Abhorr'd Annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe,
Could I believe Lorenzo's doctrine true!
In this black channel would my ravings run:
"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, erewhile.
The future vanish'd, and the present pain'd!
Fall, how profound! hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe?
O for delusion! O for error still! [plant
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over-rich before, now beggar'd quite;
More curst than at the fall? The sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! what thorns in ev'ry thought!
Why sense of better? it imbitters worse:
Why sense? why life? if but to sigh, then sink
To what I was? twice nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from heaven's bounties! woe, from what was wont
To flatter most, high intellectual powers.

"Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by thy scheme,
All poison'd into pains: First knowledge, once
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself, true wisdom?—no, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror; if I see, I die.
"Know my Creator! Climb his blest abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe
Obtruding life, withholding happiness?
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more!
Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night;
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source and soul of joy!
"Know his achievements! study his renown!
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand with miracles replete!
For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of misery!
To find the being, which alone can know,
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise!
Through nature's ample range, in thought to stray
And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death! [share
"Knowing is suff'ring: and shall virtue
The sigh of knowledge? virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of excellent,
By battles fought, and from temptation won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled, in the dark
With ev'ry vice, and swept to brutal dust?
"Duty! Religion! these, our duty done,
Imply reward. Religion is mistake:
Duty! there's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away; ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies:
Ye tow'ring hopes! abortive energies!
That toss and tumble in my lying breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumption there,
As I were heir of an eternity:
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, wisdom is a fool;
Sense! take the rein; blind passion! drive us
And, ignorance! befriend us on our way; [on;
Yes; give the pulse full empire; live the brute,
Since, as the brute, we die: the sum of man,
Of godlike man! to revel, and to rot.
"But not on equal terms with other brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too; they never poisons choose.
Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome meals,
And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For sensual life they best philosophise;
Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain:
'Tis man alone expostulates with heaven;
His, all the pow'r, and all the cause to mourn.
Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears?
And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts?
The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual woe,
Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.
In life so fatally distinguish'd, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd in death?
"And why then have we thought? To toil and eat, [thought.
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no
What superfluities are reas'ning souls!
Oh give eternity! or thought destroy,—
But without thought our curse were half unfelt! [heart;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing
And therefore 'tis bestow'd. I thank thee, reason,
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For me, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for heav'n to make one emmet more?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, untormented into man?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought!
Wretched capacity of dying, life!
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (oh foul revolt!)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
"Death then has chang'd its nature, too; O death,
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heav'n!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promis'd land's ambrosial bow'r?
But why this sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
Why so magnificently lodg'd despair?
At stated periods sure returning, roll,
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labors, and of pains; nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—smiles with flow'rs,
And fruits promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his with'ring joys?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights? blest animals! too wise
To wonder; and too happy to complain!
"Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene;
Why not a dungeon dark for the condemn'd?
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
For man to howl in? why not his abode
Of the same dismal color with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense [ders,
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and ad-
As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;
If from her humble chamber in the dust,

While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
The poor worm calls us for her inmates there;
And round us death's inexorable hand [more.
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no
"Undrawn no more? behind the cloud of death,
Once I beheld a sun; a sun which gilt
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
How the grave's alter'd! fathomless as hell!
Annihilation! how it yawns before me!
Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
The privilege of angels, and of worms,
An outcast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their pow'rs,
For ever is extinguish'd. Horror! death!
Death of that death I fearless once survey'd,
When horror universal shall descend,
And heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous unrefunding tomb,
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!
Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds
Of matter, never dignify'd with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *the sons of heav'n!*
The lords of earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terror, and in pangs expir'd."
And art thou then a shadow? less than shadow?
A nothing? less than nothing? To have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious? why then make the worm
Thine equal? runs thy taste of pleasure high?
Why patronise sure death of every joy?
Charm riches? why choose begg'ry in the grave,
Of ev'ry hope a bankrupt! and for ever!
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on
But a long train of transitory forms, [earth
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic lord, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo,
Destroys thy scheme the whole of human
Kind is fell Lucifer compar'd to thee; [race?
Oh! spare this waste of being half divine;
And vindicate th' economy of heav'n.

§ 111. *Free-thinking.*

THIS is free-thinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man;
To look on truth, unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most examine, most believe.
Parts, like half sentences, confound; the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood,
Who not in fragments writes to human race:
Read his whole volume, sceptic! then reply.
This, this is thinking free, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene; [orbs,
What are earth's kingdoms to yon boundless
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs to godlike man?
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still have room
For ampler orbs, for new creations, there.
Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, or no weight?
It can; it does: the world is such a point;
And of that point how small a part enslaves!
How small a part—of nothing, shall I say?
Why not?—friends, our chief treasure, how they drop!
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this transportation of my friends?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell, [poor.
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so
Eternity's vast ocean lays before thee;
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call ev'ry wind;
Eye thy great Pole-star; make the land of life.

§ 112. NIGHT VIII. *Human Life compared to the Ocean.*

OCEAN! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital! where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
(Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost,)
Wide op'ning, and loud roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
Which nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its event?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright: but the black blast blows hard,

And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
They strike; and, while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, most; some sink outright;
O'er them and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born:
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! Yet ev'n these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength: their numberless escapes
In ruin end; and now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world just made their own! high!
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

§ 113. *Pleasure.*

THOUGH somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries, "Be, then, ambition cast;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay pleasure! proud ambition is her slave;
Who can resist her charms?"—Or, should? Lorenzo!
What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal pow'rs;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of pleasure: that, through ev'ry vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family holds all in chains.
Some most affect the black; and some the fair;
Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark:
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight-lamp,
To which no single sacrifice may fall;
The Stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death:
Thus universal her despotic power.
Patron of pleasure! I thy rival am;
Pleasure, the purpose of my gloomy song:
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name—
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low:
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r.
The love of pleasure is man's eldest born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb:
Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,
Was meant to minister, and not to mar
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

§ 114. *Rise of Pleasure.*

FIRST, pleasure's birth, rise, strength, and grandeur see:
Brought forth by wisdom, nurs'd by discipline,
By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, listed, form her manly guard.
For what are virtues? (formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence of joy?
Great legislator! scarce so great as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice:
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who most obey.

§ 115. *The End of Pleasure.*

OF pleasure, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty purpose, its important end:
Not to turn human brutal, but to build
Divine on human, pleasure came from heav'n:
In aid to reason was the goddess sent,
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure first succours virtue; in return,
Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life natural, civil, and divine?
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God.
Glide then for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows.—

§ 116. *Pleasure consists in Goodness.*

PLEASURE, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of reason, which defies
The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb:
Some joys endear eternity: some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight:
Be good,—and let heav'n answer for the rest.
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant,

In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer. Ev'n the best must own,
Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth: remote from thee,
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learn'd;
To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain,
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss.
Heav'n in reversion, like the sun as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
Now see the man immortal; him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on heav'n,
Leans all that way his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more; though bright, without a soil.
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate and live.

§ 117. *Picture of a Good Man.*

WITH aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all; what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care; the future his:
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals:
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt:
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the true:
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one color, and an even thread;
While party-color'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than theirs; where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity; [kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain:
They things terrestrial worship, as divine;
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound:
Titles and honors (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity:
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse;
He nothing thinks so great in man, as man;
Too dear he holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion's, lives on prey;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heav'n,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace:
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise:
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall:
Their no-joys end, where his full-feast begins;
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss:
To triumph in existence, his alone;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun:
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

§ 118. *The fall of the Good Man.*

BUT nothing charms, Lorenzo, like the firm
Undaunted breast:—And whose is that high praise? [brave,
They yield to pleasure, though they danger
And show no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they show it, 'tis for glory shown;
Nor will that cordial always man their hearts:
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail:
By pleasure unsubdu'd, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that omnipotence he trusts:
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls,
And, when he falls, writes *VICI* on his shield;
From magnanimity, all fear above:
From nobler recompense, above applause.

§ 119. NIGHT IX. *The World a Grave.*

WHAT is the world itself? thy world?—a grave!
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread;
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons:
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel:
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter, through the mighty void, the dry;
Earth re-possesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature wide, our ruins spread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

§ 120. *The Triumphs of Death.*

NOR man alone; his breathing bust expires:
His tomb is mortal; empires die; Where now
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,

That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O Death! I stretch my view; what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whisp'ring faint echoes of the world's applause;
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride.

§ 121. *Deluge and Conflagration.*

But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame; of one departed world
I see the mighty shadow; oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
Deluge and Conflagration, dreadful pow'rs!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Distinct, apart the giant-furies roar;
Apart, or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd:
But not for this ordain'd their boundless rage;
When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes;
These are let loose, alternate; down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

§ 122. *The Last Day.*

Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as, for man, her birth:
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt:
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
But not of waters! At the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire, [play
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings,
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man. [height
Amazing period: when each mountain-
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—while aloft
More than astonishment! if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire:
Far other sun!—A sun, O how unlike
The babe of Bethlem! How unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet, he it is;
That man of sorrows! O how chang'd! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends!
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside:
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous: her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
At midnight, when mankind is wrapp'd in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams,
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more,
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!
All nature struggling in the pangs of death!
Dost thou not hear her? dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone [mayst,
On which we stood!—Lorenzo! while thou
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? how? from whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made; [earth;
For which earth rose from chaos; man from
And an Eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.
Already is begun the grand assize,
In us, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment
Is idle nature laughing at her sons? [pass?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

§ 123. *Thoughtlessness of the last Day.*

Thrice happy they, that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms; but, how rare!
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone?
Who hears intrepid the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and flying, is undone.
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?

O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man and anxious for his fate,
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To disinvolve the moral world, and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate, [thought?
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd ev'ry heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought!
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain, [scarr'd;
And rears his brazen front, with thunder
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes! he curses whom he dreads,
And deems it the first moment of his fall.

§ 124. *Eternity and Time.*

'Tis present to my thought!—And, yet, where is it? [fears!
Say, Thou great close of human hopes and
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end, and great beginning! say, where art Thou?
Art thou in time, or in eternity?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee!
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or un-arriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their pow'rs ally'd
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this vast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head:
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd, calls his sons
From their long slumber, from earth's heaving womb,
To second birth; upstarting from one bed,
He turns them o'er, eternity! to thee:
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls alone;
His greatest foe falls with him; time, and he
Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.
Time was! eternity now reigns alone!
And lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
With banners, streaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and pow'rs,
Of light, of darkness: in a middle field,
Wide as creation! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a
Of ages, rip'ning to this grand result; [length
Ages, as yet unnumber'd but by God;
Who, now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous or ambrosial: What ensues?
The goddess, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep-driving ev'ry bolt, on both their fates:
Then from the crystal battlements of heav'n,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

§ 125. *The Power of God infinite.*

Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing, but quite-impossible, is hard;
He summons into being, with like ease,
A whole creation, and a single grain. [born!—
Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are
A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
And in what space can his great fiat fail?
Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;—
Experience self shall aid thy lame belief:
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
Have they not led us deep in the disclose
Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small;
And, though demonstrated, still ill-conceiv'd?
If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poise?
Stupendous Architect! Thou, Thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of Thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I Am, thy name! existence all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styl'd
"The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."

§ 126. *The World sufficient for Man. Contemplation of the Heavens.*

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man: nor blame them, as too small:
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch from his flaming throne,

Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets, with eternal fires?
Beyond this city, why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;
There dwells a nobler pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud! heard earth around, above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has its wonder, though too proud to praise.
Divine instructor! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal; all in capitals!
In moon and stars (heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight: who runs, may read;
Who reads, can understand: 'tis unconfin'd
To Christian land, or Jewry; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd; yet plain,
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or from its husk strike out the bounding grain!
A language, worthy the great mind that speaks!
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page!
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise!
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee much open'd, I confess, O Night!
Yet more I wish; say, gentle Night! whose beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture, soften'd to the sight;
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds without number, worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—and show
The mighty potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia, pompously display'd?
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made her,
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys: say, goddess! where?
Where blazes his bright court? where burns his throne? [thee, round
Thou know'st: for thou art near him; by
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports,
The sable curtain drawn, if not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells?
A star his dwelling pointed out below:
Say, ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
On which hand must I bend my course to find him?
These courtiers keep the secret of their king;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
In ardent contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out:
How swift I mount; diminish'd earth recedes;
I pass the moon; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain; pause at every planet,
And ask for him, who gives their orbs to roll.
From Saturn's ring, I take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud,
The souls of system!—What behold I now?
A wilderness of wonders burning round;
Where larger suns inherit higher spheres;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.

§ 127. *Death.*

By silence, death's peculiar attribute!
By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom:
By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread!
That draw the curtain round night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene:
By night, and all of awful, night presents
To thought, or sense, by these her trembling fires,
By these bright orators, that prove and praise,
And press thee to revere, the Deity:
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd a while,
To reach his throne; as stages of the soul;
Through which, at different periods, she shall [pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height;
And purging off some dross at every sphere:
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world:
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
From short ambition's zenith set for ever;
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening's knell,
Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye;
And shocks her with a hundred centuries
Round death's black banner throng'd, in human thought:
By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear:
By tombs o'er tombs arising, human earth;
Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
By pompous obsequies, that shun the day,
The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
Boast of our ruin! triumph of our dust!
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead,
More ghastly through the thick-incumbent gloom!
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
The gliding spectre! and the groaning grove!
By groans and graves, and miseries that groan
For the grave's shelter: by desponding men,
Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt:

By guilt's last audit: by yon moon in blood,
The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell!
By second chaos; and eternal night—
Be wise—nor let Philander blame my charm;
But own not ill-discharged my double debt,
Love to the living, duty to the dead.

§ 128. *Reflections on Sleep.*

But oh!—my spirits fail!—sleep's dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lids to soft repose:
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
Whence sorrow never chas'd thee: with thee bring
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play,
The various movements of this nice machine.
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels, [ends.
Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion
When will it end with me!
—Thou only know'st,
Thou, whose broad eye the future and the past
Joins to the present; thou, and thou alone,
All-knowing!—all unknown! and yet well known!
Thee, though invisible, for ever seen!
And seen in all the great and the minute:
Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd, [declare
To the first thought, that asks, from whence?
Their common source, thou fountain running
In rivers of communicated joy! [o'er
Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
Say, by what name shall I presume to call
Him I see burning in these countless suns,
As Moses in the bush? Illustrious mind!
How shall I name Thee?—how my laboring soul [birth!
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for

§ 129. *Address to the Trinity.*

Great system of perfections! mighty cause
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God,
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of matter multiform; mov'd, or at rest:
Father of these bright millions of the night!
Of which the least, full Godhead had proclaim'd.
Father of matter's temporary lords!
Father of spirits! nobler offspring! sparks
Of high, paternal glory; rich-endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of instinct, reason, intuition; beams
More pale, or bright from day divine, that raise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong
Of next approach to Godhead: Father fond
Of intellectual beings; beings blest
With powers to please thee: not of passive ply
To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well-adapted joys; in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons.
Or, oh! indulge, immortal King! indulge
A title, less august indeed, but more
Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears;
Father of immortality to man!
And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was bought;
Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
Were made, and one redeem'd! illustrious light
From light illustrious! Thou, whose regal power,
On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
Inviolably reigns; beneath whose foot,
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter roll
Through the short channels of expiring time,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
In absolute subjection!—and, O Thou,
The glorious third! distinct, not separate,
Beaming from both! incorporate with dust
By condescension, as thy glory, great;
Inshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine [pow'r!
Of heaven with distant earth!—mysterious
Reveal'd,—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light!
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
Tri-une, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God:
Greater than greatest! with soft pity's eye,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
Beyond archangels' unassisted ken;
Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd,
Round various banners of omnipotence,
With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,
All clust'ring at the call, to dwell in thee;
Through this wide waste of worlds—look down
—down—down,
On a poor breathing particle in dust,
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes:
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues too!
Those smaller faults; half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the sun (though night's descending scale
Now weighs up morn) unpity'd and unblest!
In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Gently, ah, gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
My senses, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose;
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul:

Man's sickly soul, though turn'd, and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee;
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy.
Thou God and mortal! thence more God to man!
Thou canst not 'scape uninjur'd from our praise,
Uninjur'd from our praise can he escape,
Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth!
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks!
Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes!
Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
Deputes their suffering brothers to receive!
Injoins it as our duty, to rejoice!
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delights among the sons of men.
What words are these?—And did they come from heav'n?
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
Rich prelibation of consummate joy!

§ 130. *Conclusion.*

THEN, farewell night! of darkness, now no more:
Joy breaks, shines, triumphs; 'tis eternal day!
Shall that which rises out of nought complain,
Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
True taste of life, and constant thought of death;
Thy patron, he, whose diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of heav'n; eternity thy prize.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from earth,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonished, on the ways of men,
Whose life's whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our present privilege is past,
The same astonishment will seize us all.
What then must pain us, would preserve us now!
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise;
That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee:
For, what is hell? full knowledge of the truth,
When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe;
And calls eternity to do her right.
Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whispering truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatterers and foes;
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just;
And just are all, determin'd to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps:
When, like a taper, all these suns expire:
When time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entomb'd;
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

FABLES FOR THE FEMALE SEX, BY MOORE.

§ 131. FABLE I. *The Poet and his Patron.*

WHY, Celia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face
A little water might displace,
As nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, madam, are you married?—Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases;
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made;
Your sister now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But ev'ry woman is the same.
Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humor. Was it dress
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.
In garret high (as stories say)
A poet sung his tuneful lay:
So soft, so smooth, his verse you'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there:
Through all the town his praises rung;
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddess Want her pinions spread,

And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.
A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the stately board!
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines:
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.
Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping Muse,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram, was ready.
With just contempt his Patron saw
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw);
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke:
Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favor shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.

§ 132. FABLE II. *The Farmer, the Spaniel, and the Cat.*

WHY knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead low'rs,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind, because you see.
Survey the garden, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs;
Then tell me where the woodbine grows
That vies in sweetness with the rose;
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays
Before the diamond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say the diamond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the blossom stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, though sweeter you, the rose.
Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.
As at his board a farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd
Till, sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.
The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd, the snarling Cur awoke,
And thus with spiteful envy spoke:
They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields and spring the game;
Or, plunging in the wint'ry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep:
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door:
For this his breast with kindness glows,
For this his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you!
I own (with meekness Puss replied)
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?
The words are just, the farmer cried,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

§ 133. FABLE III. *The Sparrow and the Dove.*

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address and flippant tongue,

Just left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.
The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.
For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill;
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows and dem-me's skill'd to woo
As other pretty fellows do.
Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better:
But these he held as specious arts,
To show his own superior parts;
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.
Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which, like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.
The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cried, Sir?—pray, Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those that may endure ye!—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!
Then off she glided like a swallow,
As saying—you guess where to follow.
To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honor there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain;
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd, licentious, on the joy.
Hist, love! the male companion cried;
Retire a while, I fear we're spied;
Nor was the caution vain: he saw
A Turtle rustling in the straw;
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young:
Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants, and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And like a lion dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wintry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous, cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray;
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!
Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away;
That cancels all that Heaven could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who in the thought already die.
Ye powers whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And e'en the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above;
And, life, what art thou without love!
Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd:
Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure good-nature—
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt that odious thing, call'd Duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;
That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other:
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.
But think ye—tell me without feigning—
Have all these charms no farther meaning!
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame! reject this mean employment,
Enter the world and taste enjoyment,
Where time by circling bliss we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure:
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wise, be happy, and be free.
Kind sir, replied our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be blest,
Is a deep thirst in ev'ry breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not should Heaven give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, sir, your most obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case, I doubt, is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;

That sly decoy; with varied snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband and to wife,
The cure of love, and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heaven's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That lead the carcass still astray,
By dragging each a different way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

Give me frank nature's wild demesne,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range:
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing:
Delights still varied, and divine,
Sweet goddess of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink, you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer—
Come, never study for an answer!
Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.

Soft yet, returned our female fencer;
A question more, or so—and then, sir.
You've rallied me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;
But pray, sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
"No, no." How then? "Why, dare I tell?
What does the bus'ness full as well."
Do you ne'er love? "An hour at leisure."
Have you no friendships? "Yes, for pleasure."
No care for little ones? "We get 'em;
The rest the mothers mind—and let 'em."

Thou wretch, rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life, as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortunes surely must.
In the dread season of dismay,
In that your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-bow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times at no persuasion stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue by folly fed,
That soul of pertness whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest.
No friends, by cordial bonds allied,
Shall seek thy cold unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long-enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course;
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But, torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.
While womb'd in space, primeval clay
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The Source of endless good above
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its sep'rate class
Through many a fair enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the sky
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to sight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd;
Forth came the oak, her first-born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems of various use,
Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;
The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form and hue:
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloth'd the parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardors glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled every joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest,
Resides this beauty of the breast;
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus allied,
And thus in sweet accordance tied
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;

Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty-fold,
Their union, firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade;
But, as the stem and scion stand
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.
A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks and chaste desire,
Fan and support the mutual fire;
Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends;
Like Nile it opens, and descends;
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus, roll'd in one continued tide,
To time's extremest verge they glide;
While kindred streams on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.
Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,
No late-returning brother claim,
No kinsman on thy sight rejoice,
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice;
With partial eyes no parent see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.
In age rejected or declin'd,
An alien e'en among thy kind,
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face;
Each spark unplume thy little pride,
All friendship fly thy faithless side.
Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.
All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life!
Oh hear the parent, hear the wife!
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim, on ev'ry hand;
To those from whom my days I drew,
To these in whom those days renew,
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth as blood allied,
To friends with steely fetters twin'd,
And to the cruel, not unkind!
But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my sire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name—
O spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r!
O give him to my latest hour!
Let me my length of life employ
To give my soul's enjoyment joy.
His love let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight;
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.

When he with graceful action woos,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah! deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own;
And, in my circling wings caress'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose;
Your peace around his temples twine,
And love him with a love like mine.
And, for I know his gen'rous flame
Beyond whate'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled, calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain;
In death, one peaceful grave contain.
While swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart;
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth with eager joy she sprung.
As swift her ent'ring consort flew,
And plum'd, and kindled at the view;
Their wings, their souls, embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat;
Half lost in secret sweets, and bless'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.
Straight to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless bed;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;
Transported, to their sire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round:
In pleasure wrapt the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand,
The sire his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, though won with toil;
While all-collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The fair high heaven of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.
The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little slights disarm'd,
And from himself by virtue charm'd,
When now he saw what only seem'd
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind;
In secret wish a Turtle too,
And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

§ 134. FABLE IV. *The Female Seducers.*

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honor is a woman's life;

Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame;
Which, tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
The traveller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure:
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honor never close.
Though distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore;
Her swifter folly flies before!
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
Are there no offerings to atone
For but a single error?—None.
Though woman is avow'd, of old,
Nay daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more—for sacred stories tell,
That e'en immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endued,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
The stars no fix'd duration know;
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous from her late disgrace;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.
In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew;
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart.
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
'To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The latent stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.
And must weak woman then disown
The change to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone? Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire;
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon Honor charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return?
No more with virgin splendor burn?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore;
And woman falls—to rise no more!
Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies—no matter where;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground:
A stream call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides;
And here, of vice the province lies;
And there the hills of virtue rise.
Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance and Religion nam'd.
A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honors of their line,
But in a little daughter fair
Was centred more than half their care,
For Heaven to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.
As now the maid in stature grew
(A flow'r just op'ning to her view)
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd;
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her to dress the world in white.
But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head
With anxious step their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast
And thus the fears of age express'd:
O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind!
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide, perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.
Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo! there the arduous path's in view
Which Virtue and her sons pursue;

With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant: yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigor, flows;
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.
Hence, as they scale that heavenly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.
At length the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness leading up to light;
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass;
But, sinking, quit th' immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.
Thither, oh thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has given,
For present earth, a future heaven;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss for transient pain.
Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the pathway bends,
And with pernicious ease descends!
There, sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees that delicious poison bear;
For death is vegetable there.
Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew, slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipp'd in the gaily-color'd bow,
Sceptres and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt along the baneful plain,
The idly wise and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd;
Forth from her sacred eyelids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honor, handmaid late assign'd
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heaven-compounded dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And bodied by her native ray.
Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to heaven, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress,
Now melts the frost in ev'ry breast.
The cheek with secret flushing dyes,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.
And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd steps repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And gloried in the height she gain'd.
Outstretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;—
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possest,
The very triumph of the blest.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching sirens sung:

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told:
Taste what ecstasies they give;
Dying raptures taste, and live.
In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.
List not, when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
E'en against the joy they prize.
Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd powers are fainting
With enjoyment past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.
So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O! for that preventing chain
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our Fair One might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hands of busy bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet;
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet;
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of every good possest,
And but in expectation blest.
With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around:
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance, with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel disarm'd;
No safety e'en the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair:
As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar
To shun the much suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling ev'ry bar to sin,
And Heav'n's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant Maid.
Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd;
Till then, with weeping Honor wait,
The servant of her better fate;
With Honor, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring you yourselves are frail.
And now from all-inquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.
As when, with slumb'rous weight opprest,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;
Like Midas, turn the glebe to ore,
And stands all rapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked and despoil'd,
Of that for which his years had toil'd:
So far'd the Nymph, her treasure flown
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd:
And, O thou curst, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cried.
Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;

Officious Shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those in crimes the deepest dyed
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.
What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore?
So trusting, back the Mourner flew;
As fast the train of fiends pursue.
Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left a host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly;
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd and honor lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heaven not daring to complain;
No truce by hostile clamor given,
And from the face of friendship driven,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sat, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine,
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heaven and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.
Through this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appall'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heaven she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil tried;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the flitting streams;
Down, that anchors on the air:
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life! like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon the encumb'ring world shall pass:
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From a universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd;

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swains' autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store;
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.

What though hostile earth despise,
Heaven beholds with gentler eyes;
Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heaven shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest;
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with Virtue at thy side;
Come, be ev'ry bar defied,
Till we gain our native shore;
Sister, come, and turn no more.

§ 135. *The Young Lady and Looking-Glass.* WILKIE.

YE deep philosophers, who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point so nice
As that of off'ring an advice?
To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend:
Though you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good, admit him wise,
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply;
Without a name reprove and warn;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn:
This too must fail; the picture shown,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base;
In conversation none will bear it;
And for the pupil, few come near it;
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By sages found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is, and vice.
Inventing all the various names
On which the moralist declaims:
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise;
Alarm'd his conscience unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons which they meant to give,
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its end when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.

There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame;
Restive, by long indulgence, grown,
No will she minded but her own:
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.

Papa all softer arts had tried,
And sharper remedies applied;
But both were vain; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practise little airs unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen:
On this a deep design she laid
To tame the humor of the maid;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,
Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might show her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humor to her duty.
All this the looking-glass achiev'd;
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The Maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice.
So, when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, Fable to the human kind
Presents an *image* of the mind;
It is a *mirror*, where we spy
At large our own deformity;
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

§ 136. *The Rake and the Hermit.* WILKIE.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ller and his steed;
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches, and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rasher flames;
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ller, as he sat,
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
Of folly govern some folks' brains:
What makes you choose this wild abode?
You'll say, 'Tis to converse with God.
Alas, I fear, 'tis all a whim;
You never saw or spoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And say, it rules us ev'ry hour:
To me all nature seems confusion,
And such weak fancies mere delusion.

Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be such a thing as night;
Which, when the sun has left the skies,
Puts all things in a deep disguise?
If then a trav'ller chance to stray,
The least step from the public way,
He's soon in endless mazes lost,
As I have found it to my cost.
Besides, the gloom which nature wears
Assists imaginary fears,
Of ghosts and goblins from the waves,
Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
All sprung from superstitious seed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which faith suggests when reason fails;
And reason nothing understands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
These subtle essences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lie,
Which says men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out;
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—
Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That Reason still our guide should be;
And will admit her as the test
Of what is true, and what is best;
But Reason sure would blush for shame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of Folly;
Reason with measur'd steps and slow,
To things above from things below,
Ascends, and guides us through her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
And Reason puts us in her hands;
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.
'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
Should miss a God, in viewing nature;
Whose high perfections are display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made.
E'en when we think their traces lost,
When found again, we see them most.
The night itself, which you would blame
As something wrong in nature's frame,
Is but a curtain to invest
Her weary children when at rest;
Like that which mothers draw to keep
The light off from a child asleep.
Besides, the fears which darkness breeds
(At least augments) in vulgar heads,
Are far from useless: when the mind
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd,
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Just rais'd against his neighbor's life;
And in defence of virtue's cause,
Assist each sanction of the laws.
But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
And superstitious dread expels,
The silent majesty of night
Excites to take a nobler flight:
With saints and angels to explore
The wonders of creating pow'r;
And lifts on contemplation's wings
Above the sphere of mortal things.
Walk forth, and tread those dewy plains
Where night in awful silence reigns;
The sky's serene, the air is still,
The woods stand listening on each hill,
To catch the sounds that sink and swell,
Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell;
While foxes howl, and beetles hum,
Sounds which make silence still more dumb;
And try if folly, rash and rude,
Dare on the sacred hour intrude.
Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
Attempt to quote those lights by name
Which shine so thick, and spread so far;
Conceive a sun in ev'ry star,
Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
While comets shoot athwart the whole;
From system still to system ranging,
Their various benefits exchanging,
And shaking from their flaming hair
The things most needed ev'ry where.—
Explore this glorious scene, and say
That night discovers less than day;
That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
That chance disposes, not design.
Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
Him either mad, or else a dunce;
For reason, though 'tis far from strong,
Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
From signs and evidences clear
Of wise contrivance ev'ry where.
The Hermit ended, and the youth
Became a convert to the truth;
At least he yielded, and confess'd
That all was order'd for the best.

§ 137. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*

W. WHITEHEAD.

A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philosophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boast his matchless skill
To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
And as he pass'd the gazing throng
With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they express'd
Was praise and transport to his breast.
At length, quite vain, he needs would show
His master what his art could do;
And bade his slaves the chariot lead
To Academus' sacred shade.
The trembling grove confess'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs started at the sight;

The Muses drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmost shades retire.
Howe'er the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
The lash resounds, the coursers spring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gathering crowds, with eager eyes,
And shouts, pursue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain
The self-same track he marks again;
Pursues with care the nice design,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement seis'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
E'en bearded sages hail'd the boy,
And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cried,
Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd).
With indignation I survey
Such skill and judgment thrown away.
The time profusely squander'd there
On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at less expense,
Had taught thee honor, virtue, sense,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the state.

§ 138. *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow.*
DR. COTTON.

Addressed to Phœbe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School.

My dears, 'tis said, in days of old
That beasts could talk, and birds could scold:
But now, it seems, the human race
Alone engross the speaker's place.
Yet lately, if report be true,
(And much the tale relates to you)
There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
Who reads my page will doubtless grant
That Phe's the wise industrious Ant;
And all with half an eye may see
That Kitty is the busy Bee.
Here then are two—but where's the third?
Go search the school, you'll find the bird.
Your school! I ask your pardon, fair;
I'm sure you'll find no Sparrow there.
Now to my tale—One summer's morn
A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
Nimble from stalk to stalk she flies,
And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
With which the artist builds her comb,
And keeps all tight and warm at home;
Or from the cowslip's golden bells
Sucks honey, to enrich her cells:
Or ev'ry tempting rose pursues,
Or sips the lily's fragrant dews;
Yet never robs the shining bloom
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in ev'ry way
The various duties of the day.
It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was wrinkled o'er by care;
A great economist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee;
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth attends;
On poverty the loss of friends;
Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.
The active Bee with pleasure saw
The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
Ah! sister laborer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labor flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Doth not the sun, with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
Renew their courses ev'ry night?
Doth not the ox obedient bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the gen'rous steed
Withhold his labor or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man.
A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their fav'rite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breast;
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
And hopp'd and hopp'd to snatch the prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill,
Ask'd her from what her anger rose,
And why she treated Ants as foes?

The Sparrow her reply began,
And thus the conversation ran :
Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine ;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And ev'ry insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet-brood
(For emmets are delicious food),
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day.
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.
Oh ! fie ! the honest Bee replied,
I fear you make base men your guide,
Of ev'ry creature sure the worst,
Though in creation's scale the first !
Ungrateful man ! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives !
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the eagle from the wren !
Oh ! do not men's example take,
Who mischief do for mischief's sake ;
But spare the Ant—her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind, with ev'ry virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast.
Virtue ! rejoin'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word ?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the ancients' claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name ;
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.
Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen ;
But what's a queen without the pow'r,
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r ?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At best 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides :
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,
I've copied men from earliest youth ;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule ;
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.
A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes :
Near and more near Grimalkin draws ;
She wags her tail, protends her paws ;
Then, springing on her thoughtless prey
She bore the vicious bird away.
Thus in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked, wanton Sparrow died.

§ 139. *The Monkeys. A Tale.* MERRICK.

WHOE'ER, with curious eye, has rang'd
Through Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon, th' offending race
Entreat the injur'd pow'r
To give them back the human face,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r ;
But t'other half he bade the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod
That shook the vaulted skies,
With haughtier air the creatures strode,
And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples spread ;
The tail, that whilom hung below,
Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face ;
It still retains its native grin,
And all its old grimace.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place
(Restoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow ;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a beau.

§ 140. *Know Thyself.* ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I ? how produc'd ? and for what end ?
Whence drew I being ? to what period tend ?
Am I th' abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance ?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance, born with thought ?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws ?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood ?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood ?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common [tides ;
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they :
This frame, compacted with transcendent skill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes ; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains :
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains ;
And from the fleeting stream repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.
What am I then ? sure of a noble birth ;
By parents' right, I own, as mother, Earth ;
But claim superior lineage by my sire,
Who warm'd th' unthinking clod with heavenly fire ;

Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd,
By double nature, double instinct sway'd:
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas! in vain,
Tied to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll:
What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide [less void!
Through the same trackless paths of bound-
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale;
These godlike thoughts while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind:
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heavenly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
And barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views, of various ways,
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.
Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss and endless rest.
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.
"Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command,
Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand.
Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
Or break into my soul with perfect day!"
This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller, that strays
Through doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays:
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfolds the fields and vaulted blue.
"O truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
Thou clear'dst the secret of my high descent,
And told'st me what those mystic tokens meant;
Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
Too hard for worldly sages to explain.
Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide,
One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile."
Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree, [be,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;
Faultless thou dropp'dst from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love,
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy flight,
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light;
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Though by foul guilt thy heavenly form defac'd, [chas'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;
Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.
The creatures now withdraw their kindly use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;
Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes:
Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd or indulg'd, or balk'd or gratified,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd;
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy!
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise:
Let humble thoughts thy weary footsteps guide;
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

§ 141. *Lessons of Wisdom.* ARMSTRONG.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man; and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick, [plain
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly com-
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, he
Who has not virtue, is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis e'en vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity;
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy and all-sapping Time.
The gaudy gloss of Fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied).
This noble end is, to produce the soul,
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.—
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

§ 142. *Hymn to Cheerfulness—The Author being sick.* DR. AKENSIDE.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire!
—Alas, in vain I try within
To raise the dull, dejected scene;
While rous'd by grief, these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horror shakes the room.
Is there in Nature no kind power
To soothe affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire disease,
And teach these wintry shades to please?
Come, CHEERFULNESS, triumphant fair,
Shine through the painful cloud of care:
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen!
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Attune my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.
As once ('twas in Astrea's reign)
The vernal pow'rs renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye,
The year's returning pomp to spy:

He saw the radiant God of day
Lead round the globe the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
All gay with smiles, to see below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And fields, and flocks, and swains rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
The pleasing Cheerfulness was born.

Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heav'n design'd
To rule the pulse that moves the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever chance or nature brings
To strain the tuneful poize within,
And disarrange the sweet machine;
Thou, Goddess, with a master-hand
Dost each attemper'd key command,
Refine the soft and swell the strong
Till all is concord, all is song.

Fair guardian of domestic life,
Best banisher of home-bred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deform the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
That bound his joys to female pow'r:
No pining mother weeps the cares
That parents waste on hopeless heirs:
Th' officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother rises to the friend!
By thee their board with flowers is crown'd,
By thee with songs their walks resound,
By thee their sprightly mornings shine,
And evening-hours in peace decline.

Behold the youth, whose trembling heart
Beats high with Love's unpitied smart;
Though now he strays by rills and bowers,
And weeping wears the lonely hours;
Or, if the nymph her audience deign,
Shames the soft story of his pain,
With slavish looks, discolor'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier hearts to please,
Exalt his mien to manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with nobler arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

Friend to the Muse and all her train,
For thee I court the Muse again;
And may the votive lay disclose
How much to thy fair aid she owes!
See when thy touch reveals her mine,
How pure the stores of fancy shine;
Hark! when thy breath her song impels,
How full the tuneful current swells.
Let Melancholy's plaintive tongue
Instruct the nightly strains of Y———;
But thine was Homer's ancient might,
And thine victorious Pindar's flight:
Thy myrtles crown'd the * Lesbian meads:
Thy voice awak'd † Sicilian reeds;
Thy breath perfumes the ‡ Teian rose,
And Tiber's vine spontaneous flows;
While Horace wantons in thy quire;
The gods and heroes of the lyre.

See where the pale, the sick'ning sage,
(A prey perhaps to fortune's rage,
Perhaps by tender griefs opprest,
Or glooms congenial to his breast)
Retires in desert scenes to dwell,
And bids the joyless world farewell.
Alone he treads th' autumnal shade,
Alone beneath the mountain laid,
He sees the nightly damps arise,
And gathering storms involve the skies;
He hears the neighb'ring surges roll,
And raging thunders shake the pole;
Then, struck by every object round,
And stunn'd by ev'ry horrid sound,
He pants to traverse nature's ways:
His evils haunt him through the maze:
He views ten thousand demons rise,
To wield the empire of the skies,
And Chance and Fate assume the rod,
And Malice blots the throne of GOD.
—O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
Thy lenient influence hither bring;
Compose the storm, dispel the gloom
Till Nature wears her wonted bloom,
Till fields and shades their sweets exhale,
And music swell each opening gale:
Then o'er his breast thy softness pour,
And let him learn the timely hour
To trace the world's benignant laws,
And judge of that presiding cause
Who founds in discord beauty's reign,
Converts to pleasure every pain,
Subdues the hostile forms to rest,
And bids the universe be blest.

O Thou, whose pleasing power I sing!
If right I touch the votive string,
If equal praise I yield thy name,
Still govern thou thy poet's flame;
Still with the Muse my bosom share,
And soothe to peace corroding care.
But most exert thy genial power
On friendship's consecrated hour:
And while my Agis leads the road
To fearless wisdom's high abode;
Or, warm in freedom's sacred cause,
Pursues the light of Grecian laws;
Attend, and grace our gen'rous toils
With all thy garlands, all thy smiles.
But if, by fortune's stubborn sway,
From him and friendship torn away,
I court the Muses' healing spell
For griefs that still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent, tender themes
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear;

* Alcæus and Sappho. † Theocritus. ‡ Anacreon.

Yet leave that charming sense of woe,
Which none but friends and lovers know.

§ 143. *The Pain arising from virtuous Emotions attended with Pleasure.* AKENSIDE.

BEHOLD the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent and wise:
That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some hapless bark; while sacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud, [arms
As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous
For succor, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social pow'rs,
To this their proper action and their end?—
Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour, [eye
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing
Led by the glimm'ring taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present pow'r
Of heaven and earth surveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father's blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son; if then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame: [view;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curs'd Ambition; when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore;—when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee;—when honor'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward race
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins! when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom, wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prav'r;—
When ruthless rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow,
To sweep the works of glory from their base,
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd, [thrills
Thus widely mournful, when the prospect
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows, for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, "I am a king,
And wherefore should the clam'rous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?" The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Bless'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honors of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.

§ 144. *A Paraphrase on Psalm* LXXIV. 16, 17. MISS WILLIAMS.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.
"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth; thou hast made summer and winter."

MY God! all nature owns thy sway,
Thou giv'st the night, and thou the day

When all thy lov'd creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the op'ning flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to Thee belong!
Or when, in paler tints array'd,
The evening slowly spreads her shade;
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
Can, more than day's enliv'ning bloom,
Still ev'ry fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire;
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the soften'd heart to Thee.
In ev'ry scene thy hands have dress'd,
In ev'ry form by Thee impress'd,
Upon the mountain's awful head,
Or where the shelt'ring woods are spread;
In ev'ry note that swells the gale,
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale;
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,
A voice is heard of praise, and love.
As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
Oh never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain!
But oft, as on the charm we gaze,
Attune the wond'ring soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize
The joys that from thy favor rise!

§ 145. *Reflection on a Future State, from a Review of Winter.* THOMSON.

'Tis done! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life: pass some few years, [strength,
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent
The sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled [hopes
Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid
Of happiness? those longings after fame?
Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? [thoughts
Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
All now are vanish'd! Virtue sole survives
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
Of heav'n and earth! awak'ning nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the prospect wider spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r
And Wisdom oft arraign'd; see now the cause
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And died neglected: why the good man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants; why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more;
The storms of Wintry Time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

§ 146. *The Immortality of the Soul implied from its Motion.* SIR J. DAVIES.

THE soul which, in this earthly mould,
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear
And doth embrace the world and worldly things:
She flies close by the world and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings.

Yet under heav'n she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wish, when he had health?
Or having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

With this desire, she hath a native might
To find out every truth, if she had time;
Th' innumerable effects to sort aright,
And by degree from cause to cause to climb.

But since our life so fast away doth slide,
As doth a hungry eagle through the wind,
Or as a ship transported with the tide, [hind;
Which in their passage leave no print be-

Of which swift little time so much we spend,
While some few things we through the sense do strain,
That our short race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principle of skill attain.

§ 147. *A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.* BURNS.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun,

As something loudly in my breast
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their 'witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stepp'd aside,
Do Thou, All-Good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

§ 148. *Part of the Ninetieth Psalm.* BURNS.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend,
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
Return ye into nought!"

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish, like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

§ 149. *A Prayer written, and left, in the Room in which the Author slept for a night at the House of a Friend.** BURNS.

O THOU dread Power, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,

O, bless her with a mother's joys,
And spare a mother's tears!

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

The beauteous, seraph, sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on every hand,
Guide thou their steps alway.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

§ 150. *A Prayer, under the Pressure of violent Anguish.* BURNS.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath:
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine.

§ 151. *The Complaint of Nature.* LOGAN.

"Few are thy days and full of wo,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

"Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

"Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

"Gay is thy morning; flattering Hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

"Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light:
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

"Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

* Dr. Laurie, then minister of the parish of Loudon.

"When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies;
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

"Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

"The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again:

"But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

"Th' inexorable doors of Death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

"The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recal
From that abyss again.

"The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
Back to the gates of light.

"So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

"Where are our fathers? Whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?

"Gone to the resting place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come."

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of wo,
And urg'd her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,
His voice in mercy flows.

"When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight,
To never-setting day.

"Prepar'd of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies."

§ 152. *Death.* EMILY.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-eyed joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
Of unsuspicious youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning aisles,
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.

Permit me, with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabor'd numbers apt, your silence drear
Blameless to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
Fitly attemper'd, soothe the merciless ear
Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway
Great nature owns through all her wide domain:
All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
Through the green bosom of the spawny main;
And those that to the streaming ether spread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
And those that creep, and those that statelier tread,
That roam o'er forest, hill, or browsy dale;
The victims each of ruthless fate must fall;
E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of all.

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That startle from the sleepful lid of light
The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
These many-window'd aisles her glimmering beam;
Know, that or ere its starr'd career along
Thrice shall have roll'd her silver-wheeled team,
Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh
To the slow pauses of the funeral knell;
E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl;
E'en now in rosy-crowned pleasure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all unsuspected Death.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
Some few, some short-liv'd years, and all is past;
A future bard these awful domes may see,
Muse o'er the present age, as I the last
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were seen to tread,
Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
As custom urg'd, or wilful nature led:
Mix'd with the various crowd's inglorious clay,
The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heaven-born ray,
No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own,
And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
Chisel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start
The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that thought?
Cold are the fingers that in stone-fix't trance
The mute attention riveting, to the lyre
Struck language; dimm'd the poet's quick-eyed glance, [fire;
All in wild raptures flashing heaven's own
Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung
The warrior arm. Where sleeps the patriot breast [tongue
Whilom that heav'd impassion'd? where the
That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring
Of sceptred insolence, and overthrew [crest
Giant Oppression, leagued with all her earth-born crew!

These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Pursue, with glory wing'd, your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day,
When, wrapt in shrouded clay, their warmest friend
The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
For soon must thou, too soon! who spread'st abroad
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd,
Doom'd like some better angel sent of God
To scatter blessings over human kind,
Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
And tread these dreadful paths a Faulkland trod before.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep discontinuous o'er th' ethereal plain!
Another still upon another crowds,
All hastening downward to their native main:
Thus passes o'er, through varied life's career,
Man's fleeting age; the seasons, as they fly,
Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
Some sweet connexion, some endearing tie,
The parent, ever-honor'd, ever-dear,
Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom
Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the tomb.

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot
Shall heav'n to me the drear abode assign?
How soon the past irrevocable lot
Of these that rest beneath me shall be mine?
Haply when Zephyr to thy native bourn
Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian wave,
Thy gentle breast, my Tavistock, shall mourn
To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.
No more the social leisure to divide,
In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
Blithe, or of graver brow: no more to chide

The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display,
Full-blossom'd, their bright honors to the gazing day.

Ah, dearest youth! these vows, perhaps unheard, [main
The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy
These prayers at friendship's holy shrine preferr'd,
May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.
Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
And I survive to grave upon thy tomb
The mournful tribute of memorial verse.
That leave to heaven's decision—be it thine
Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
With self-earn'd honors, eager to pursue
Where glory, with her clear unsullied rays,
The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest praise.

'Twas she thy godlike Russel's bosom steel'd
With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
Wolfe's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
Emulous to pluck fresh wreaths of well-earn'd fame [war.
From the grim-frowning brow of laurell'd
'Twas she that, on the morn of direful birth,
Bar'd thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
Lamented Armytage!—the bleeding youth!
O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
Ye Nereids! and ye Nymphs of Camus hoar,
Weep—for ye oft have seen him on your haunted shore.

Better to die with glory, than recline
On the soft lap of ignominious peace!
Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
In monkish apathy and gowned ease.
Better employ'd in honor's bright career
The least division on the dial's round,
Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground;
Than tug with sweating toil the slavish oar
Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
The fev'rous rage of fierce diseases sore
Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
Hang ever through the thick circumfluous air,
All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt sphere.

Thick in the many-beaten road of life
A thousand maladies are posted round,
With wretched man to wage eternal strife
Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound: [rheum,
There the swoln hydrop stands, the wat'ry
The northern scurvy, blotch with leprous scale;

And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom
Of learned sloth, and bookish asthma pale;
And the shunn'd hag unsightly, that (ordain'd
On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd)
O'er dog-eyed lust the tort'ring scourge abhorr'd [her flight
Shakes threat'ning, since the while she wing'd
From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-clad height.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
The chatt'ring ague chill; the writhing stone;
And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear
Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning moan,
Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
Of nerveless palsy; there, on purpose fell
Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
Grim Suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight, *
The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;
Self-wasting melancholy, black as night
Low'ring; and foaming fierce with hideous howl,
The dog hydrophoby; and near allied,
Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eye-balls staring wide.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky mine †; [ing fires:
With boiling sulphur fraught, and moulder-
He, the dread delegate of wrath divine,
Ere while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires [wand,
Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking
Powerful as that the son of Amram bore,
And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his hand.
He struck—the rocky ground, with thunderous roar, [and there
Yawn'd! Here from street to street hurries,
Now runs, now stops, then shrieks, and scours amain,
Staring distraction: many a palace fair
With millions sinks ingulph'd, and pillar'd fane.
Old ocean's farthest waves confess the shock:
E'en Albion trembled conscious on his stedfast rock.

The meagre famine there, and, drunk with blood, [of yore
Stern war; and the loath'd monster, whom
The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood
Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
Foul pestilence; that on the wide-stretch'd wings [bay
Of commerce speeds from Cairo's swarthy

His westering flight; and through the sick air flings
Spotted contagion; at his heels dismay
And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
Of Paran came unwreath'd the mightiest, shook [black night
Earth's firm-fixt base tott'ring; through the
Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof abroad
Thunder'd; and universal nature felt its God.

Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
Of roused indignation, shall withstand
Th' Almighty, when he meditates to show'r
The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land?
Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
Tongue-doubty miscreant, who but now didst gore
With more than Hebrew rage th' innocent side
Of agonizing mercy, bleeding sore—
Canst thou confront, with stedfast eye unaw'd,
The sworded judgment stalking far and near?
Well mayst thou tremble, when an injur'd God
Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
Loud whirlwinds howl in Zephyr's softest breath, [death.
And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd

The good alone are fearless; they alone,
Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
The wreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down [grave:
On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous
Thrice happy who, the blameless road along
Of honest praise, hath reach'd the vale of death!
Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
His better actions, to the parting breath
Singing their best requiems; he the while
Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
Breathes out his benisons; then with a smile
Of soft complacence lays him down to rest,
Calm as the slumb'ring infant; from the goal
Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.

Whether some delegated charge below,
Some much-lov'd friend its hovering care may claim;
Whether it heavenward soars again to know
That long-forgotten country, whence it came;
Conjecture ever, the mis-featur'd child
Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
Through speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
And all to end at last where it begun.
Fain would we trace with reason's erring clue,
The darksome paths of destiny aright:
In vain; the task were easier to pursue
The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds,
Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient clouds.

* Placed. † Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon, November 1, 1755.

§ 153. *Thanatopsis.* BRYANT.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and pour'd round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregan, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnotic'd by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The bow'd with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustain'd and sooth'd
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

POETICAL.

BOOK THE SECOND.

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PATHETIC.

§ 1. *The Deserted Village.* GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain, [swain;
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd!
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill, [hill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighb'ring
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd:
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove— [like these,
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please; [ence shed,
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influ-
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage tints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade;
A breath can make them as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury allied,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green:
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess'd the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew;
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my grief, (and God has given my share,)
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill;
Around my fire, an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place, from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.
O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreat from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron! forc'd in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd, to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood: At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their care distress'd; [given,
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view:
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face:
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still; [sound,
While words of learned length, and thund'ring
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame, the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, [inspir'd,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound, [round.
And news much older than their ale went
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs and fennel gay.
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found,
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train:—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art:
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey,
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land. [ore,
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;

Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound;
And rich men flock from all the world around:
Yet count our gains; this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past (for charms are frail),
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise,
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave!

Where then, ah where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomp display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train,
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.

She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head:
And pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no! to distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far diff'rent there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling:
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far diff'rent these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose;

And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.
O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms, by thee to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.
Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride!
Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel;
Thou source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell! and, oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side;
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime:
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

§ 2. *Edwin and Angelina. A Ballad.* GOLDSMITH.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray,

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dang'rous gloom;
For yonder phantom only flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

"Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that power that pities me
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruit supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong:
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd and smil'd;
And skill'd in legendary lore,
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:

"And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?
Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame! fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex!" he said:
But, while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view,
Like colors o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms;
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah, forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn," she cried,
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where heaven and you reside!

"But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

"To win me from his tender arms
Unnumber'd suitors came;
Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd a flame.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;
Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

"The blossom op'ning to the day,
The dews of heav'n refin'd,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

"The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine;
Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
Their constancy was mine.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain:
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault!
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay!

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I!"

"Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor'd to love and thee!

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev'ry care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that's mine?

"No, never from this hour to part;
We'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too!"

§ 3. *Eloisa to Abelard.* POPE.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns:
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear, fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies;
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!

Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep;
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers, nor fasts, its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom! [flame,
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling
There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame, [name;
When love approach'd me under friendship's
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gaz'd; heav'n listen'd while you sung; [tongue.
And truths divine came mended from that
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.
How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said, [made!
Curse on all laws but those which love has
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honor, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honor! what are you to love?
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all;
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love:
If there be yet another name, more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast:
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part, [heart.
And each warm wish springs mutual from the
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me. [rise!
Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest. [day,
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call;
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah, no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in earthly youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heaven;
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
(O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.
Ah, wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
Assist me, heav'n! but whence arose that prayer?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget!
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd:
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh, come! oh, teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you!
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring;
For her white virgins hymenæals sing:
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away;
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more!—methinks we wand'ring go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,

Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves.
Ah, hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me,
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbor of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamp around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
"Come, sister, come!" (it said, or seem'd to say)
"Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep:
Ev'n superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no!—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O, death all eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.
Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy,)
In trance ecstatic may the pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannahs rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,

Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost; [most.
He best can paint them who shall feel them

§ 4. *Epistle to Miss Blount, with the Works of Voiture.* POPE.

IN these gay thoughts the loves and graces
And all the writer lives in every line: [shine,
His easy art may happy nature seem,
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.
Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,
Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;
Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;
With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:
His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;
His time, the muse, the witty and the fair.
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,
Cheerful he play'd the trifle, life, away;
Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath supprest,
As smiling infants sport themselves to rest.
Ev'n rival wits did Voiture's death deplore,
And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;
The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,
Voiture was wept by all the brightest eyes:
The smiles and loves had died in Voiture's death,
But that for ever in his lines they breathe.
Let the strict life of graver mortals be
A long, exact, and serious comedy;
In every scene some moral let it teach,
And, if it can, at once both please and preach.
Let mine an innocent, gay farce appear,
And more diverting still than regular,
Have humour, wit, a native ease and grace,
Though not too strictly bound to time and place;'
Critics in wit, or life, are hard to please;
Few write to those, and none can live to these.
Too much your sex are by their forms confin'd,
Severe to all, but most to womankind;
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide;
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame;
Made slaves by honor, and made fools by shame.
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,
But sets up one, a greater, in their place:
Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,
Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.
Ah, quit not the free innocence of life,
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife;
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please:
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.
The gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares,
The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
And, to complete her bliss, a fool for mate.
She glares in balls, front boxes, and the ring,
A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched thing!
Pride, pomp, and state, but reach her outward part;
She sighs, and is no duchess at her heart.
But, madam, if the fates withstand, and you
Are destin'd Hymen's willing victim too,
Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
Those, age or sickness, soon or late disarms:
Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
Love, rais'd on beauty, will like that decay,
Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
As flowery bands in wantonness are worn,
A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
The willing heart, and only holds it long.
Thus Voiture's early care still shone the same,
And Monthausier was only chang'd in name;
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm, [warm.
Their wit still sparkling, and their flames still
Now crown'd with myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
Amid those lovers, joys his gentle ghost;
Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view,
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you.
The brightest eyes in France inspir'd his Muse;
The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
And dead, as living, 'tis our author's pride
Still to charm those who charm the world beside.

§ 5. *Two Choruses to the Tragedy of Brutus.** POPE.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught;
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!

* Altered from Shakspeare by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his Play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-House.

In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses' shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

O heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and Mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps e'en Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with strangers' gore;
See Arts her savage sons control,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye gods! what justice rules the ball?
Freedom and Arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves;
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
O curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim
And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
Love, soft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus, with blushes, owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which nature hath impress'd?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love;
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust;
A vapor fed with wild desire,
A wand'ring self-consuming fire,
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What homefelt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmises;
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises,
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine!
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

§ 6. *Ode on Solitude.** POPE.

HAPPY the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day:

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

§ 7. *The Dying Christian to his Soul.* POPE.

ODE.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

* This was a very early production of our Author written at about twelve years old.

With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

§ 8. *An Essay on Criticism.* POPE.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill:
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments, as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
These burn to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well:
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill-coloring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets [pass'd;
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass;
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation 's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require;
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you, who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.
Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit:
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more;
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.
First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light;
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works without show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed:
The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discover'd not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodis'd.
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights;
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod:
Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from heaven.
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd;

But following wits from that intention stray'd;
Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd:
So modern 'Pothecaries taught the art
By Doctors' bills to play the Doctor's part,
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
Some drily plain, without inventions aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display;
And those explain the meaning quite away.
You, then, whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character:
His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight;
Read them by day, and meditate by night:
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro, in his boundless mind,
A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:
But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his labor'd work confine,
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.
Some beauties yet no precepts can declare;
For there's a happiness as well as care:
Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end,)
Some lucky license answer to the full
Th' intent propos'd, that license is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes
Which out of nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock or hanging precipice.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend.
But though the Ancients thus their rules invade,
As kings dispense with laws themselves have made,
Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults:
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array;
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honors with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights; [writes,)
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he
To teach vain Wits a science little known;
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!
Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.

Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
A *little learning* is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts, [Arts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind; [prise,
But, more advanc'd, behold with strange sur-
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
Th' eternal snows appear already past, [last.
And the first clouds and mountains seem the
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labors of the lengthen'd way;
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But, in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low;
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome, [Rome!
The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O
No single parts unequally surprise;
All comes united to th' admiring eyes:
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end, [tend;
Since none can compass more than they in-
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors, must the less commit;
Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.
Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize;
And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desp'rate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities—what not?
All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the Knight;
"Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite."
"Not so, by heaven!" he answers in a rage;
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage." [tain."
"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er con-
"Then build a new, or act it on a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing; not exact, but nice:
Form short ideas; and offend in arts,
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; [fit;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd; [find,
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit:
For works may have more wit than does 'em good;
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—The Style is excellent!
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and, where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colors spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true expression, like th' unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable:
A vile conceit, in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple drest:
For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
As sev'ral garbs, with country, town, and court. [tence;
Some, by old words, to fame have made pre-
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense:

Such labor'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play, [smile.
These sparks, with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday!
And but so mimic ancient wits at best, [drest.
As apes our grandsires in their doublets
In words, as fashions, the same rule will
Alike fantastic, if too new or old. [hold;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or
wrong: [conspire,
In the bright Muse though thousand charms
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes:
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," [trees:"
In the next line, "it whispers through the
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep," ["sleep."
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with
Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along. [know
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
And praise the easy vigor of a line [ness join.
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweet-
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, [dance.
As those move easiest who have learn'd to
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, [slow:
The line too labors, and the words move
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove [love;
Now burns with glory, and then melts with
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found, [sound!
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by
- - - - - - - - -
But where's the man who counsel can bestow, [know?
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to
Unbiass'd, or by favor or by spite;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;
Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme;
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm;
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please;
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand;
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus, all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire:
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
License repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd:
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom;
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd;
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind:
Much was believ'd, but little understood;
And to be dull was construed to be good;
A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran;
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.
At length Erasmus, that great injur'd [name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears its rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live:
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung:
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida! on whose honor'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon, by impious arms from Latium chas'd, [pass'd;
Their ancient bounds the banish'd muses
Thence arts all o'er the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilis'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit but his own.
Such late was Walsh, the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, [wing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view;
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

§ 9. *The Rape of the Lock.* POPE.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due;
This e'en Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage?
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
Sol through white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest—
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head— [beau,
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night
That e'en in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow,
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say:
Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green;
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow view to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.

Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing;
Hang o'er the box, or hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive;
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name:
Soft yielding maids to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea:
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam:
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
Know further yet—whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids
In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark.
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honor is the word with men below.
Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestin'd to the gnomes' embrace.
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets, appear,
And in soft sounds, "your grace" salutes their ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eye of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim;
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where;
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!
He said: when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardors were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.
And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd;
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs:
A heavenly image in the glass appears;
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white:
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace.
And calls forth all the wonders of her face.
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labors not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in th' ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,

Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-drest youths, around her shone;
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixt as those;
Favors to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide their faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray;
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heaven, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire;
Then prostrate falls, and begs, with ardent eyes,
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r;
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the water die;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play;
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summon'd straight his denizens of air,
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half-dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While ev'ry beam new transient colors flings,
Colors that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun:
Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd,
By laws eternal, to th' aerial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wint'ry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain:
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.
Our humble province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.
This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;

Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale:
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain:
Or alum styptics, with contracting pow'r,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling wheel;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below.
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs, [tow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey, [tea.
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they pass'd,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of a British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat;
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that.*
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labors of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come. [join,
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hands;
And party-color'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care, [they were.
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps
Now move to war her sable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillo forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd; but his fate, more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-color'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head;
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king who shows but half his face, [bin'd,
And his refulgent queen, with powers com-
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,

With like confusion diff'rent nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye;
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall [all.
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them
The knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook;
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
An ace of Hearts steps forth: the king, unseen, [queen:
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The Nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate,
Sudden these honors shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.
For, lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band:
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah, cease, rash youth! desist, ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!
But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his finger's ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair; [ear;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her
Thrice she looks back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought:
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind.
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd;
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.
The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it to divide.
E'en then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
But airy substance soon unites again;
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
The victor cried: the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder, then, fair Nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?"

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labor'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.
For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,

Umbriel, a dusky melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapor reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows;
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed, [glare,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head,
Two handmaids wait the throne! alike in
But diff'ring far in figure and in face. [place,
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd,
With store of pray'rs for mornings, nights, and
noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new dis-
ease.
A constant vapor o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits' dreams in haunted
shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling
spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires;
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy
works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe pass'd the Gnome through this fantas-
tic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand:
Then thus address'd the Pow'r —Hail, way-
ward queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapors, and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit;
On various tempers act, by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But, oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with hairy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lapdogs gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could
ease,
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin:
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his
pray'r. [binds,
A wondrous bag with both her hands she
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds:
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of
tongues;
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to
day
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the Nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound:
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and
cried, [replied)
(While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid!
Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall;
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs;
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking
face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what
the devil! [must be civil!
Z——ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you

Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox! [his box.
Give her the hair!"—he spoke, and rapp'd
It grieves me much (replied the peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honors shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew,)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honors of her head. [so;
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then, see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears, [tears:
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said:
For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy, ah ten times happy, had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh, had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea;
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die. [eye,
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell:
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hand shall rend what e'en thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister lock now sits uncouth alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears:
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:
Say, why are beauties prais'd and honor'd most, [toast?
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd beaus,
Why bows the side box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small pox, or chas'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint;
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray;
Since, painted, or not painted, all shall fade;
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humor can prevail;
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack:
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage,
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes, arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around, [sound;
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps re-
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day.
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Propt on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"Oh cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast;
"Those eyes are made so killing!" was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust:
Sudden with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grand-dame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears).
Boast not my fall, he cried, insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low:
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain [pain.
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere, [there.
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd
There heroes' wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaus' in snuff-boxes and tweezer cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confest in view.
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies. [survey,
This the beau-monde shall from the Mall
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust;
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

§ 10. *Elegy to the Memory of an unfortunate Lady.* POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire!

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods!
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows. [age,
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an
Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage;
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.
From these perhaps (ere nature bid her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below:
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way,)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd, [yield;
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
What can atone, oh ever-injur'd shade!
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd! [pear,
What though no friends in sable weeds ap-
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a
And bear about the mockery of woe [year,
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. [not,
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung, [tongue.
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful
E'en he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part, [heart;
And the last pang shall tear thee from his
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

§ 11. *Prologue to Mr. Addison's Tragedy of Cato.* POPE.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age:
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confest in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:
No common object to your sight displays,
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys—
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed? [cars,
E'en when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honor'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd;
And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece whom she subdu'd;
Your scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation and Italian song.
Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage;
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should win a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

§ 12. *The Temple of Fame.* POPE.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray,
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast,
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings, [wings,)
While purer slumbers spread their golden
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And, join'd, this intellectual scene compose.
I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and skies;
The whole creation open to my eyes:
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow: [seen;
Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise:
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.
O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murm'ring on the hollow shore:
Then, gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd to distant sight of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promis'd they should last.
Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place:
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt th' approaches of too warm a sun;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy, than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel:
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
There names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past,
From time's first birth, with time itself shall last:
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter, with the length of days. [frost),
So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on th' impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop th' incumbent sky;
As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
Of various structure, but of equal grace;
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the diff'rent quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.
Westward a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:
There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds th' Hesperian spoil:
Here Orpheus sings; trees moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around;
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!
Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall:
There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing tow'rs like exhalations rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.
The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name:
There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand!
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand:
The sage Chaldæans rob'd in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.

These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th' unbodied shades
To midnight banquets in the glimm'ring glades;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes;
Of talismans and sigils knew the pow'r,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science,—to be good.
But, on the South, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew;
His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold,
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.
Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barb'rous pride; [crown'd;
There huge Colosses rose, with trophies
And Runic characters were grav'd around.
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies. [blood,
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood:
Druids and bards (their once loud harps unstrung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables give a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face:
The wall, in lustre and effect like glass,
Which, o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies:
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic fame increases all.
The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd;
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals.
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.
Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
The sage historians in white garments wait;
Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who, through loud alarms,
In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan god.
There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
Unmov'd, superior still, in ev'ry state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those, who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought.
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.
Much-suff'ring heroes next their honors claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates;
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell;
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names;
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore;
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.
But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honors, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone,
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
Father of verse! in holy fillets drest,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillars seen:
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire, [wall.
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.
A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labor'd ev'ry part,
With patient touches of unwearied art:
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread,
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
Æneas bending with his aged sire; [throne
Troy flam'd in burning gold; and o'er the
Arms and the Man in golden ciphers shone.
Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labor with th' inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.
Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.
The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
The doves, that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.
Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sat fix'd in thought the mighty Stagyrite;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround:
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.
With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.
These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst, proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great:
The vivid em'ralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-color'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
Till to the roof her tow'ring head she rais'd.
With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet enfold;
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning ears.
Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine;
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing:
For Fame they raise their voice, and tune the string:
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last, eternal, through the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From diff'rent quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were diff'rent, their request the same;
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honors crown'd;
Unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns;
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.
First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind,
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow;
For Fame is all we must expect below.
The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud:
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud;
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odors shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread:
Less fragrant scents th' unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.
Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane;
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th' exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame), but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th' applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labor in your praise.
This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd;

The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of slander sounds; [bounds;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear incessant rumors rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.
From the black Trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapor blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies. [wore,
A troop came next, who crowns and armor
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cried) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the queen replied, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd:
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown! [my sight,
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.
Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame;
But, safe in deserts from th' applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite. [quite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue e'en for virtue's sake.
And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said; in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high, so loud, and yet so clear,
E'en list'ning angels lean from heaven to hear:
To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.
Next these, a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry dress'd:
Hither, they cried, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing
To pay due visits, and address the fair: [care
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.
The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honor dies.
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers press'd [quest.
Around the shrine, and made the same re-
What! you (she cried) unlearn'd in arts to please, [ease,
Slaves to yourselves, and e'en fatigu'd with
Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall;
The people's fable, and the scorn of all!
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.
Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;
Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th' immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound, pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.
This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown [from the throne.
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me
Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound;
Not less in numbers were the spacious doors,
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise [skies,
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes;
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third;

Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin [dance:
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make;
Another ambient circle then they move;
That, in its turn, impels the next above;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.
There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life;
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store;
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air;
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favorites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.
Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day:
Astrologers, that future fates foreshew;
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few;
And priests, and party-zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it, made enlargements too:
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth:
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames advance;
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.
When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue.
Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force;
Some to remain, and some to perish soon;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
Around, a thousand winged wonders fly,
Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through the sky.
There, at one passage, oft you may survey
A lie and truth contending for the way;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue through the narrow vent;
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lie;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.
While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear:
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise?
'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came;
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death!
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure;
Be envied, wretched—and be flatter'd, poor;
All luckless wits their enemies profest,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
Oh! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame—
Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

§ 13. *An Essay on Man. In Four Epistles.* POPE.

EPISTLE I.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven;
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest:
The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company;

Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such;
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
Yet say, if Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause.

Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine:
For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
"No ('tis replied); the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
Th' exceptions few; some change since all began:
And what created perfect?—Why, then,
If the great end be human happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's
Why then a Borgia or a Catiline? [design,
Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old Ocean and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things;
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit,
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral Order, since the Whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

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Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam!
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true,
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that and Reason what a nice barrier!
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how allied,
What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide!
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line!
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all, subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one?

See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vast chain of being! which from God began;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to the amazing Whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawless through the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh madness, pride, impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
Just as absurd, for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the Soul;
That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest,
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd,
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all:
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun:
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule;
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!
- - - - - - - - -
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face;
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th' extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed;
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed,
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbor farther gone than he:
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures shrinks at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.
Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be;
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree:
The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wise;
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
Each individual seeks a several goal;
But Heaven's great view is One, and that the Whole:
That counterworks each folly and caprice;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks applied—
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
And builds on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.
Heaven, forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf, [self.
Not one will change his neighbor with him.
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
The fool is happy that he knows no more;
The rich is happy in the plenty given, [ven.
The poor contents him with the care of Hea-
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
The sot a hero, lunatic a king:
The starving chemist in his golden views
Supremely blest; the poet in his Muse.
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
And pride, bestow'd on all, a common friend:
See some fit passion ev'ry age supply: [die.
Hope travels through, nor quits us when we
Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy:
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is given in vain.
E'en mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this—though Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

EPISTLE III.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end;
The single atoms each to other tend:
Attract, attracted to the next in place,
Form'd and impell'd its neighbor to embrace.
See Matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
See dying Vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again:
All forms that perish other forms supply
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die);
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to Whole;
One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown. [good,
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spreads the flow'ry lawn.
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labors of this lord of all.
Know, Nature's children all divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" [goose;
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control,
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favor'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!

To each unthinking being, Heav'n, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

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Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest Law,
Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound, [the ground,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity became the guide;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food,
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood:
With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, through just and through unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence:
Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follower of God, or friend of human kind,
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught power's due use to People and to Kings, [strings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From Order, Union, full Consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
To serve, not suffer; strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For forms of Government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For Modes of Faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity: [end:
All must be false that thwarts this one great
And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two consistent motions act the Soul,
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name; [sigh,
That something still which prompts th' eternal
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? [yield,
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free;
And fled from monarchs, St. John, dwells with thee.

Ask of the Learn'd the way: the Learn'd are blind:
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And, mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.
Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind.
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence [sense.
That such are happier, shocks all common
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But Fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men Happiness was meant,
God in Externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse;
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with Temperance alone;
And Peace, Oh, Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
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What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix? [here?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqu'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit, its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made;
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth, if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point 's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath;
A thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
Just what you hear you have, and what's unknown,
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade;
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known,
To see all others' faults, and feel our own;
Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge.
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand:
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account; [mount;
Make fair deductions; see to what they
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
Think, and if still these things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly, [ly!
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Bil-
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife!
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.

§ 14. *Moral Essays. In Four Epistles.* POPE.

To Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
Who from his study rails at human kind;
Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
That from his cage, calls Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
Though many a passenger he rightly call,
You hold him no philosopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less;
Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
Shall only man be taken in the gross?
Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.
That each from other differs, first confess;
Next, that he varies from himself no less:
Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
And all opinion's colors cast on life. [finds,
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man;
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life, through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.
Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolor'd through our passions
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies, [shown.
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the passions' wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield:
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought,)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.
True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others so very close, they're hid from none,
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light;)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At all mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen;
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.
But these plain characters we rarely find:
Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind;
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The dull, flat falsehood serves for policy;
And in the cunning, truth itself's a lie:
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.
See the same man, in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at business, and at hazard late;
Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with venison to a saint without.
Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head; all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd?
He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Charron!)
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd prince a leaden saint severe,
A godless regent tremble at a star?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless through piety, and dup'd through wit?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the same:
In man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.
In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why;
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold! if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state:
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions show the man; we find
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast,
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east.
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave.
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.
But grant that actions best discover man;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk?
Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove,
One action, conduct; one, heroic love.
'Tis from high life high characters are drawn;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn;
A judge is just, a chanc'llor juster still;
A gownman, learn'd; a bishop, what you will;
Wise, if a minister; but if a king,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry thing.
Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate;
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze;
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a churchman? then he 's fond of pow'r;
A Quaker? sly; a Presbyterian? sour;
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask men's opinions: Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some god, or spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.
Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides;
By passions? these dissimulation hides;
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes.
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passion: there, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clew once found, unravels all the rest;
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies;
Though wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The club must hail him master of the joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too:
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still, to covet gen'ral praise;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind;
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.

Ask you why Wharton broke through ev'ry rule? [fool.
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him
Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.
In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil;
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.
In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigor just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.
Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last:
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely prest
By his own son, that passes by unblest:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:
The doctor call'd declares all help too late.
"Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl." [tend,
The frugal crone, whom praying priests at-
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke,"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke;)
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face. [dead—
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."
The courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human kind,
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,
"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?"
"I give and I devise" (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) "my lands and tenements to Ned." [all?
Your money, sir?—"My money, sir, what
Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."
The manor, sir?—"The manor! hold," he cried, [died.
"Not that,—I cannot part with that,"—and

And you, brave Cobham, to your latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments, as in all the past,
"Oh, save my country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

Of the Characters of Women.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all;"
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's countess here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there Pastora by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man;
And there a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye;
Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come, then, the colors and the ground prepare!
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air;
Choose a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend!
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink;
But spare your censure, Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose;
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilla, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"
A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees!"

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
Has e'en been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare;
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres.
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head 's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought:
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.
What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of haut-gout, and the tip of taste,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analys'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind,
On the soft passion, and the taste refin'd,
Th' address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia 's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
Wise wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness, ever to be taught;
With too much thinking, to have common thought;
You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate;
No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate:

Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends:
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion or a pray'r:
Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no such place!"
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
Of mirth and opium, ratafie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought!
Woman and fool are two hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified, except her rage:
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes revenge from hell;
But he 's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate;
Superiors? death! and equals? what a curse!
But an inferior not dependent! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live:
But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night, her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of followers! without one distress,
Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless, with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the poor.
Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal colors do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?
"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor;
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And, when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heav'n! a favor or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent—would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.
One certain portrait may, I grant, be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a queen:
The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop, 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
But grant, in public men sometimes are shown,
A woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.
In men we various ruling passions find;
In women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
That nature gives; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great;
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone;
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue;
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more:
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honor died.

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot!

Ah, friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring,
Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing;
So when the sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules:
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapors, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself though china fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere; care,
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with
Averted half your parents' simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits, as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humor, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? No more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? taste."
Some demon whisper'd, "Visto! have a
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide,
A standing sermon, at each year's expense
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse, use;
And pompous buildings once were things of
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;

Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front:
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladium part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous e'en to taste—'tis sense;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And, though no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Notre have it not to give.
To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace or to sink the grot—
In all, let Nature never be forgot;
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who decently confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.
Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or help th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending lines,
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
Still follow sense, of every art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance:
Nature shall join you; time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.
Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:
The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake;
Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
E'en in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete,
His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;
A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more:
Tir'd of the scene, parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.
Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.
At Timon's villa let us pass a day,
Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable come never there.
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a drought
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compass this, his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole a labor'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before; a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!
No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.
My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.
His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round,
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum; and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book.
And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:

Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall;
The rich buffet well-color'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple, and a hecatomb!
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the king.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate;
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill!
Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
The lab'rer bears; what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.
Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.
Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil? [Boyle.
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.
His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbors glad, if he increase;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not asham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.
You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th' ideas of your mind
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd,)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend;
Bid temples, worthier of the God, ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land;
These honors peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

§ 15. *Epistle to Mr. Addison, occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals.* POPE.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears!
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd:
Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey;
Statues of men scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage:
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some buried marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.
Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name;
In one short view, subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd, [scour'd;
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.
Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garments bloom a-new.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:

The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art. [claim,
Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine; [mine)
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,—
"Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear;
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd."

§ 16. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. POPE.

EPISTLE I. *To Augustus.*

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
The balanc'd world, and open all the main;
Your country, chief in arms, abroad defend,
At home with morals, arts, and laws amend;
How shall the Muse from such a monarch steal
An hour, and not defraud the public weal?
Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
The Gaul subdued, or property secur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
All human virtue, to its latest breath,
Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry labor past,
Had still this monster to subdue at last.
Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
Each star of meaner merit fades away!
Oppress we feel the beam directly beat:
Those suns of glory please not till they set.
To thee the world its present homage pays,
The harvest early, but mature the praise:
Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
As Heaven's own oracles from altars heard.
Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.
Just in one instance, be it yet confest,
Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow
It is the rust we value, not the gold. [old,
Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote;
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Christ's kirk o' the Green:
And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.
Though justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
Why should not we be wiser than our sires?
In ev'ry public virtue we excel; [well:
We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as
And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
Could she behold us trembling through a hoop.
If time improve our wits as well as wine,
Say at what age a poet grows divine?
Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
Who died, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
End all dispute, and fix the year precise
When British bards begin t' immortalize?
"Who lasts a century can have no flaw?
I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
Suppose he wants a year, will you compound? [sound?
And shall we deem him ancient, right, and
Or damn to all eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
By courtesy of England he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
While you, to measure merits, look in Stowe;
And, estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier. [bill
Shakspeare (whom you and ev'ry playhouse
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despite.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
Forget his epic, nay Pindaric art!
But still I love the language of his heart.
"Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
In all debates where critics bear a part,
Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
Of Shakspeare's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher writ;
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow;
But, for the passions, Southern sure and Rowe.
These, only these, support the crowded stage,
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,

Or say, our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not heaven can bound, [ground;
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I 'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley, with his desp'rate hook;
Or damn all Shakspeare, like th' affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.
But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er),
One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams through many a page,
Has sanctified whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignified,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.
He who, to seem more wise than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires;
And to debase the sons, exalts the sires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics, of the mighty dead?
In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
"All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t' excel;
Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ romance.
Then marble, soften'd into life, grew warm;
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy! from a noble cause.
Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school.
To worship like his fathers was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres and to rehearsals throng;
And all our grace at table is a song!
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lie;
Not ——'s self e'er tells more fibs than I:
When, sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more,
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to show our wit.
He serv'd a 'prenticeship, who sets up shop;
Ward tried on puppies, and the poor, his drop;
Even Radcliffe's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.) [can,
But those who cannot write, and those who
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.
Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state;
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of his pen,
He ne'er rebels, nor plots, like other men:
Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To cheat a friend, or ward, he leaves to Peter,
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect hermit in his diet.
Of litle use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose:
Yet let me show a poet 's of some weight,
And (though no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace?

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some courtly stains),
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth;
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supplied her laws:
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd:
"The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with psalms:
The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work, [Turk.
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and
The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And heaven is won by violence of song.
Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labor when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain
With feasts and off'rings, and a thankful strain.
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing license grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.
But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a sting behind,
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.
At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound,
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to flattery's side; but some, more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.
We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms:
Britain to soft refinement less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Though still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain;
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire!
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspeare, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac'd a line.
E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt if equal pains or equal fire
The humbler muse of comedy require.
But, in known images of life, I guess
The labor greater, as th' indulgence less.
Observe how seldom even the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause!
But fill their purse, our poets' work is done;
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.
O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if, just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.
There still remains, to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the Pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonor'd crowd,
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke, [Joke.
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords!
(Taste, that eternal wanderer! which flies
From head to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The play stands still! damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armor beams on Cibber's breast.
With laughter sure Democritus had died,
Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
The people, sure the people, are the sight!

Ah, luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
While all its throats the gallery extends,
And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep,
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:
Or when from Court a birth day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!
"But has he spoken?" Not a syllable.
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?" [chair.
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd
Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach;
Let me for once presume t' instruct the times,
To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
With pity and with terror tear my heart;
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air, [where.
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and
But not this part of the poetic state
Alone deserves the favor of the great:
Think of those authors, sir, who would rely
More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
How shall we fill a library with wit,
When Merlin's cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
My liege! why writers little claim your thought [fault:
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the
We poets are (upon a poet's word)
Of all mankind the creatures most absurd:
The season when to come and when to go,
To sing or cease to sing, we never know;
And, if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You lose your patience just like other men.
Then, too, we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat unask'd; lament the wit 's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But most when, straining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write epistles to the king;
And, from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place or pension from the crown;
Or dubb'd historians by express command,
T' enrol your triumphs o'er the seas and land;
Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
As once, for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet think, great sir! (so many virtues shown)
Ah think what poet best may make them known!
Or choose at least some minister of grace,
Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.
Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;
So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
But kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
The hero William, and the martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a Russian bear."
Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
The forms august of king or conqu'ring chief
E'er swell'd in marble, as in verse have shin'd
(In polish'd verse) the manners and the mind.
Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
What seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought! [bought!
Your country's peace how oft, how dearly
How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,
And nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep
Peace stole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in sleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne.
But verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
And I'm not used to panegyric strains:
The zeal of fools offends at any time,
But, most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write;
That, when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
A vile encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a woeful likeness; and, if lies,
"Praise undeserv'd is satire in disguise:"
Well may he blush who gives it or receives;
And, when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of kings)
Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. Swift.

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August; and, in short,
Have kept it—as you do at Court.
You humor me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'rals black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores:
And what a dust in ev'ry place!
And a thin Court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!
"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire;

And you shall see, the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.
My lord, your favors well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotsman does his plums.
"Pray, take them, sir; enough's a feast:
Eat some, and pocket up the rest."
What, rob your boys, those pretty rogues?
"No, sir, you'll leave them to the hogs."
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude 's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just; I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or should
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a diff'rence in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.
Now this I'll say; you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free:
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honor's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my Constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th' engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one;
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.
A weazel once made shift to slink
In at a corn-loft through a chink;
But, having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cried, "You 'scape not so;
Lean as you came, sir, you must go."
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;
Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease.
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
"Give me," I cried (enough for me),
"My bread, and independency!"
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well;
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a-row,
And, like its master, very low.
There died my father, no man's debtor—
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.
To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story:

"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

SATIRE VI.

The first part imitated in the year 1714 *by Dr. Swift; the latter part added afterwards.*

I've often wish'd that I had clear,
For life, six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
"But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
'To me, and to my heirs for ever.'
"If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus: 'Vouchsafe, O gracious Maker!
To grant me this and t'other acre;
Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure;'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits:
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence:
And let me in the shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose;
Remov'd from all th' ambitious scene,
Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen."
In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen here.
I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
Send for him up, take no excuse."
The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money 's found:
It is but so much more in debt,
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee day;
And find his honor in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me much perplex'd,
And smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
To jostle here among a crowd."
Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:

"So eager to express your love,
You ne'er consider whom you shove,
But rudely press before a Duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to show
What I desire the world should know.
I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.
This humbly offers me his case,
That begs my int'rest for a place:
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
Without your help the cause is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you,
About some great affairs, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
To get my warrant quickly signed:
Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfied, I'll do my best.
Then presently he falls to tease:
"You may for certain, if you please;
I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
And, Mr. Dean, one word from you—"
'Tis (let me see) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that; [wind?"
As, "What's o'clock," and "How 's the
"Whose chariot 's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains;
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to town,
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.
Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me used so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?
I wonder what some people mean;
My Lord and he are grown so great,
Always together *tete-a-tete*:
What, they admire him for his jokes—
See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at Court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the Great;
Inform us, will the Emp'ror treat?
Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest!
'Tis now no secret"—I protest
'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
When are the troops to have their pay?"
And, though I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord May'r,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat:
Oh, could I see my country seat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town
Oh charming noons, and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row,
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum;
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And even the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbor's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what 's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier or the wiser,
A man of merit or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good or better we may call,
And what the very best of all?
Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *a propos*:
Name a town life, and in a trice
He had a story of two mice.
Once on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord:
A frugal mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute*.
He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
He ate himself the rind and paring.
Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
But show'd his breeding and his wit;
He did his best and seem'd to eat,
And cried: "I vow you're mighty neat:
But, Lord! my friend, the savage scene!
For God's sake, come and live with men;
Consider, mice like men must die,
Both small and great, both you and I:
Then spend your life in joy and sport;
This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."
The veriest hermit in the nation
May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
Away they come, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:

'Twas on the night of a debate,
When all their lordships had sate late.
Behold the place where, if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it;
Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls;
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and stucco floors:
But let it in a word be said,
The moon was up, and men a bed,
The napkin white, the carpet red:
The guests withdrawn had left the treat,
And down the mice sat, *tete-a-tete*.
Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah, goutez ça!*
That jelly 's rich, this malmsey healing;
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
Was ever such a happy swain?
He stuffs and swills; and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
To eat so much—but all 's so good!
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all:
"A rat! a rat! clap to the door."—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor!
O for the heart of Homer's mice,
Or gods, to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence they think,
For your damn'd stucco has no chink.)
"An't please your Honor," quoth the peasant,
"This same dessert is not so pleasant:
Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread and liberty!"

§ 17. *Cooper's Hill.* DENHAM.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did take the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye;
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place.
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse, * whose flight [height:
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy

* Mr. Waller.

Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire, [spire;
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall con-
Secure whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And, like a mist beneath a hill, doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud;
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:
Where, with like haste, though several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load:
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports their spheres.
When nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser Pow'r than Chance;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove; [fame,
Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame;)
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son, *
(The lilies which his father wore he won,)
And thy Bellona, † who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame.
She to thy triumph led one captive king, ‡
And brought that son which did the second bring.‡
Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success),
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honor to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will;
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear;
That blood which thou and thy great grandsire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel and prophesy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd, [sign'd;
Which Nature for their bound at first de-
That bound to which the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise; [trays,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye be-
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was 't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more. [poor;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's
Who, having spent the treasure of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name,

No crime so bold but would be understood,
A real, or at least a seeming, good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame:
Thus he the church at once protects and spoils: [styles.
But princes' swords are sharper than their
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell;
And, like the block, unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance; [rance
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear, [near,
Those for what 's past, and this for what 's too
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the plowman's toil:
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.
‡ The Kings of France and Scotland.

Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us, no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost.
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars,* and bathe the gods.
Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight:
Though these delights from sev'ral causes move;
For so our children, thus our friends we love,)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river health and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears. [bard
This scene had some bold Greek or British
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a noble prey devour;
Pleasure with praise and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eyes, nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound: [ear,
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all his fears are true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head:
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;
Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scene of his past triumphs and his loves;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam:
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.

* The Forest.

And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight:
But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood!
So towards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds;
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those;
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls:
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued,* and meant a prey
To lawless pow'r, here turn'd, and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last,
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings by giving give themselves away,
And e'en that pow'r that should deny betray.
"Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles;
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but spoils."
Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes: and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandman with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes; and this can he endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells;
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his pow'r his shores.

* Runny-mead.

§ 18. *On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death and Burial among the Ancient Poets.* DENHAM.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far;
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But, he descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome outshines;
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave our mansion keep.
They liv'd to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flow'r
That in the muse's garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw!
Time, which made their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother Wit and Nature gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
Of slower Nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
The Theban swan extends his wings:
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies,
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd:

His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to the other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment (giving law)
His modest fancy kept in awe;
As rigid husbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His English streams so pure did flow,
As all that saw and tasted know;
But for his Latin vein, so clear,
Strong, full, and high, it doth appear,
That, were immortal Virgil here,
Him for his judge he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, so true
A copy pencil never drew.
My muse her song had ended here,
But both their genii straight appear;
Joy and amazement her did strike,
Two twins she never saw so like.
'Twas thought by wise Pythagoras,
One soul might through more bodies pass
Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here;
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts:
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And show the world this parallel:
Fix'd and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over nature's books;
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or godlike kings
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candor shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of those they feign'd excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd;
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind;
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their offspring hath no pow'r;
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

§ 19. *Absalom and Achitophel.* DRYDEN.

In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd!
When nature prompted, and no law denied
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride;
Then Israel's monarch, after Heaven's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for several mothers bore
To godlike David several sons before:
But since, like slaves, his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny, was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether inspired by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states allied to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompanied with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:
To all his wishes nothing he denied;
And made the charming Annabel his bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father could not, or he would not see.
Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er;
And Ammon's murder, by a specious name,
Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
Thus prais'd and lov'd the noble youth remain'd,
While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd;
But life can never be sincerely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murm'ring race,
As ever tried th' extent and stretch of grace;
God's pamper'd people, whom, debauch'd with ease,
No king could govern, nor no god could please.
Gods they had tried of ev'ry shape and size,
That goldsmiths could produce, or priests devise:
These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found
Of men by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.
They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego;
Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
And with a gen'ral shout proclaim'd him king;
Those very Jews, who at their very best
Their humor more than loyalty express'd,
Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
An idol monarch which their hands had made;

Thought they might ruin him they could create,
Or melt him to that golden calf of state.
But these were random bolts: no form'd design,
Nor int'rest made the factious crowd to join:
The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful reign;
And looking backward with a wise affright,
Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight;
In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
They curs'd the memory of civil wars.
The moderate sort of men thus qualified,
Inclin'd the balance to the better side:
And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
The bad found no occasion to rebel.
But when to sin our biass'd nature leans,
The careful devil is still at hand with means;
And providently pimps for ill desires:
The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
Plots true or false are necessary things
To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.
Th' inhabitants of old Jerusalem——
Were Jebusites; the town so call'd from
And theirs the native right—— [them;
But when the chosen people grew more strong,
The rightful cause at length became the wrong;
And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore,
They still were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they must to David's government;
Impoverish'd, and deprived of all command,
Their taxes doubled as they lost their land;
And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common wood.
This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
For priests of all religions are the same.
Of whatsoe'er descent their godhead be,
Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
In his defence his servants are as bold
As if he had been born of beaten gold.
The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
T' espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
Bad in itself, but represented worse;
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decried;
With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows denied.
Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with lies;
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.
Succeeding times did equal folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
Where gods were recommended by their taste.
Such savory deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
By force they could not introduce these gods;
For ten to one in former days was odds;
So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade:
Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews: [took,
Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly
Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay
By guns, invented since full many a day:
Our author swears it not; but who can know
How far the devil and Jebusites may go?
This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence:
For, as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
And every hostile humour, which before
Slept quiet in its channel, bubbles o'er;
So sev'ral factions, from this first ferment,
Work up to foam, and threat the government.
Some by their friends, more by themselves, thought wise,
Oppos'd the pow'r to which they could not rise.
Some had in courts been great; and thrown from thence
Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
Were rais'd in pow'r and public office high;
Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this, the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:

Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes,
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge:
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand:
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes:
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet, he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief, and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.
Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd
Would keep him still depending on the crowd:
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these:
Auspicious prince! at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage;
The people's pray'r, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun the example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows length'ning as the vapors rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand;
But, like the prince of angels, from his height,
Come tumbling downward with diminish'd light;
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn;
Our only blessing since his curs'd return:
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind,
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends, and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succor he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring;
Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite;
Or, if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts

From David's rule; and 'tis their gen'ral cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a gen'ral gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flow'r,
Fair only to the sight, but solid pow'r;
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.
What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flatt'ry soothes, and when ambition blinds?
Desire of pow'r, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
Th' ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honor, and debauch'd with praise.
Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus replied:—And what pretence have I
To take up arms for public liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight:
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's belov'd attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jesusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he the tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favor leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and outruns desire;
What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that—but here he paus'd; then, sighing, said—
Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of ev'ry royal virtue stands possest;
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim,
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.
His mercy e'en th' offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet, oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind!
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth;
And, made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a godlike sin.
Him staggering so when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her ground,
He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
Th' eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd, to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shown,
Such virtue 's only giv'n to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor:
And ev'ry shekel which he can receive
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy.
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state:
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
Till time shall ever-wanting David draw
To pass your doubtful title into law:
If not, the people have a right supreme
To make their kings; for kings are made for them.

All empire is no more than pow'r in trust,
Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the general good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than the nation grieve.
The Jews well know their pow'r: ere Saul they chose,
God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right, and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which e'en Heaven submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your gen'rous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th' effects be tried,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him king?
It surely show'd, he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of Godly he may blush to bear;
Is 't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land; [lays,
Perhaps th' old harp on which he thrums his
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts; [tains;
Though now his mighty soul his grief con-
He meditates revenge who least complains:
And like a lion, slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the ground;
The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time;
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each moment would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes.
And, who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may control.
He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.
He said: and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best;
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And bless'd all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot,
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites;
Whose diff'ring parties he could wisely join,
For sev'ral ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts:
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government. [state,
The next for int'rest sought t' embroil the
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless, heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th' haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not only hating David, but the king.
The Solymean rout; well vers'd of old
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cow'ring and quaking at a conqu'ror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From th' ark, which in the judges' days they bore.
Resum'd their cant, and, with a zealous cry,
Pursu'd their old belov'd theocracy:
When sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justified their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack, though not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed;

'Gainst form and order they their pow'r employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.
But far more num'rous was the herd of such
Who think too little, and who talk too much;
These, out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their fathers' God, and property;
And, by the same blind benefit of fate,
The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
Born to be sav'd, e'en in their own despite,
Because they could not help believing right.
Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking, [ing.
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in think-
Blest madman! who could ev'ry hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or devil.
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate:
He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.
Titles and names 't were tedious to rehearse,
Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best;
Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse;
Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the sabbath but for gain:
Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
The city, to reward his pious hate
Against his master, chose him magistrate.
His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
His neck was loaded with a chain of gold;
During his office treason was no crime!
The sons of Belial had a glorious time;
For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
Shimei was always in the midst of them;
And, if they curs'd the king when he was by,
Would rather curse than break good company;
If any durst his factious friends accuse,
He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
Would free the suff'ring saint from human laws:
For laws are only made to punish those
Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
If any leisure-time he had from pow'r,
Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
His business was, by writing to persuade
That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
And, that his noble style he might refine,
No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd:
His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot; [hot.
Cool was his kitchen, tho' his brains were
Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
And Moses' laws he held in more account,
For forty days of fasting in the mount.
To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
High as the serpent of thy metal made,
While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
What though his birth were base, yet comets rise
From earthly vapors ere they shine in skies.
Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue as by prince's son;
This arch-attestor for the public good,
By that one deed, ennobles all his blood.
Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
Ours was a Levite: and, as times went then,
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.

Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud;
Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud:
His long chin prov'd his wit; his saint-like grace
A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.
His memory, miraculously great,
Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat;
Which, therefore, cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But, where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke;
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up the lord knows where;
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which pierc'd his wondrous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal:
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made;
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heav'n made him his prince despise,
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall;
For witness is a common name to all.
Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
Deluded Absalom forsakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown,
Th' admiring crowd are dazzled with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then, with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words be said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.
I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate,
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man, for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone should be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade;
And Jebusites your sacred rights invade.
My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his pow'r against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give my right away;
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed. [eyes),
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his
'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies;
No court-informer can these arms accuse;
These arms may sons against their fathers use:
And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.
Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common int'rest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own. [press,
The crowd, that still believe their kings op-
With lifted hands their young Messiah bless;
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar;
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went, [foes,
The people's hearts; distinguish friends from
And try their strength before they came to blows:
Yet all was color'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love and duty to their prince.
Religion, and redress of grievances, [please,
Two names that always cheat and always
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus, in a pageant show, a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake the present ease?
In midst of health imagine a disease?
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee?
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord:

And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy:
Yet, if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the sceptre could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How, then, could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heavenly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they command,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the pow'r for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
Nor only crowds, but sanhedrims may be
Infected with this public lunacy,
And share the madness of rebellious times,
To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they please;
Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
But government itself, at length must fall
To nature's state, where all have right to all.
Yet, grant our lords the people kings can make,
What prudent men a settled throne would shake?
For, whatsoe'er their sufferings were before,
That change they covet makes them suffer more.
All other errors but disturb a state;
But innovation is the blow of fate.
If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,
Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue,
At once divine and human laws control,
And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
The tamp'ring world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.
Now what relief can righteous David bring?
How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
Friends he has few, so high the madness grows;
Who dares be such must be the people's foes.
Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days;
Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
In this short file Barzillai first appears;
Barzillai, crown'd with honor and with years.
Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
But sinking underneath his master's fate:
In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart;
Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
Now more than half a father's name is lost.
His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heaven will have it) always mourn'd,
And always honor'd, snatch'd in manhood's prime,
B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
Yet not before the goal of honor won,
All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
Swift was the race, but short the time to run
Oh, narrow circle, but of pow'r divine,
Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
Thy force infus'd, the fainting Tyrians propp'd; [stopp'd.
And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune
Oh ancient honor! oh unconquer'd hand,
Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
But Israel was unworthy of his name;
Short is the date of all immod'rate fame:
It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.
Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and starry pole:
From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
No pinions can pursue immortal height:
Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and see
If thou canst find on earth another he:
Another he would be too hard to find;
See, then, whom thou canst see not far behind.
Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning pow'r and place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace.
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heav'nly eloquence.
The prophet's sons, by such example led,
To learning and to loyalty were bred:
For colleges on bounteous kings depend;
And never rebel was to arts a friend.
To these succeed the pillars of the laws;
Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.

Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
Sharp-judging Adriel, the muses' friend,
Himself a muse: in sanhedrim's debate
True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
Whom David's love with honors did adorn,
That from his disobedient son were torn.
Jotham, of piercing wit, and pregnant thought,
Endued by nature, and by learning taught
To move assemblies, who but only tried
The worse a while, then chose the better side:
Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can do.
Hushai, the friend of David in distress,
In public storms of manly stedfastness:
By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
And join'd experience to his native truth.
His frugal care supplied the wanting throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own.
'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For sov'reign pow'r is too depress'd or high,
When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
Indulge one labor more, my weary muse,
For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without title great:
The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
So dex'trous was he in the crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rasher charioteers the seat ascend,
Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
They, like th' unequal ruler of the day,
Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way;
While he, withdrawn, at their mad labors smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.
These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt th' united fury of the land.
With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines bent
To batter down the lawful government:
A num'rous faction, with pretended frights,
In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The plot by hireling witnesses improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They show'd the king the danger of the wound:
That no concessions from the throne would please,
But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down;
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state;
The council violent, the rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.
With all these loads of injuries opprest,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th' event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
The godlike David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear:
Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage.
But now so far my clemency they slight,
Th' offenders question my forgiving right:
That one was made for many they contend;
But 'tis to rule, for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring
Are burthens for a camel, not a king.
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend a call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But, oh! that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his fame could bear:
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have giv'n his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Ne'er was patriot yet but was a fool.
Whence comes it that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?
His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endued with so much grace.
Good Heavens! how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king 's at least a part of government;
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to choose
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me t' approve their choice,
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray,
Which to secure, they take my pow'r away.
From plots and treasons heav'n preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners!
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but, with a jealous eye,
To guard the small remains of loyalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey: [trol,
Votes shall no more establish'd power con-
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.

No groundless clamors shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have pow'r to punish ere they prove; [press,
For Gods and godlike kings their cares ex-
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my pow'r to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front, and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed;
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper-like, their mother plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principle of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight;
Thus on my foes my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt th' event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubled might;
For lawful pow'r is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the ground. [sent;
He said: th' Almighty nodding gave con-
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began,
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the godlike David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

§ 20. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* DRYDEN.

Poeta loquitur.

OLD as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires my wit.
If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race.
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He show'd the way, perverting first my sense;
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write, [light;
Though now arrang'd, he reads with some delight,
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain;
And teaching more, in one explaining page,
Than all the double meanings of the stage.
What needs he paraphrase on what we mean?
We were at most but wanton; he 's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse:
But love 's the subject of the comic Muse;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view.
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft to virtuous acts inflames the mind;
Awakes the sleepy vigor of the soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime;
To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow soul'd,
Soften'd the fierce, and made the coward bold;
The world, when waste, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find,
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts the mind. [court,
In that sweet isle where Venus keeps her
And ev'ry Grace, and all the Loves, resort;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a num'rous issue blest:
But, as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir.
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew;
Fair, tall, his limbs with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His soul belied the features of his face;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace:
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error; as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd,
But made for two, and by mistake in one were join'd.
The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair;
The more inform'd, the less he understood;
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galesus chang'd his name,
And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute;
So well his name did with his nature suit.
His father, when he found his labor lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost.

Chose an ungrateful object to remove, [love;
And loath'd to see what nature made him
So to the country farm the fool confin'd:
Rude work well suited to a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A 'squire among the swains, and pleas'd with
banishment.
His corn and cattle were his only care,
And his supreme delight a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not
much to pray. [sake,
His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er for-
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he
sought, [thought.
And whistled as he went, for want of
By chance conducted, or by thirst con-
strain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where, in a plain defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid:
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with
sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort.
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And e'en in slumber a superior grace:
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare,
Where two beginning paps were scarcely
spied,
For yet their places were but signified:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose:
The fanning wind and purling streams conti-
nue her repose.
The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight:
Long mute he stood, and, leaning on his
staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring
sense, [fence;
First found his want of words, and fear'd of-
Doubted for what he was he should be
known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running
night
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night:
Then day and darkness in the mass were
mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd:
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd Heav'n and earth, and roll'd around
the year.

So reason in this brutal soul began:
Love made him first suspect he was a man;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian
sound;
By love his want of words and wit he found;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a
day.
What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd
heart,
The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd:
Love taught him shame; and shame, with love
at strife,
Soon taught the sweet civilities of life;
His gross material soul at once could find
Somewhat in her excelling all her kind:
Exciting a desire till then unknown;
Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone:
This made the first impression on his mind,
Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
For beasts can like, but not distinguish too;
Nor their own liking by reflection know;
Nor why they like or this or t'other face,
Or judge of this or that peculiar grace;
But love in gross, and stupidly admire,
As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
First likes the whole, then sep'rates what he
sees:
On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows:
The ruby lips, the well proportion'd nose,
The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
And e'en in sleep itself, a smiling air.
From thence his eyes descending view'd the
rest, [ing breast.
Her plump round arms, white hands, and heav-
Long on the last he dwelt, though every part
A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.
Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown,
(A judge erected from a country clown)
He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
And wish'd his own could pierce within the
lid; [thought,
He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his
And love new-born the first good manners
taught,
And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood;
For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
Excelling all the rest of human race.
And things divine, by common sense he knew,
Must be devoutly seen, at distant view:
So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
Gazing he stood, nor would nor could de-
part;
Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray,
But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn
of day.
At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
(So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his
care)

Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.
The slav'ring curden, propp'd upon his staff,
Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
To welcome her awake; nor durst begin
To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
Then she: What makes you, Cymon, here alone? [known,
(For Cymon's name was round the country
Because descended of a noble race,
And for a soul ill sorted with his face).
But still the sot stood silent with surprise,
With fixt regard on her new open'd eyes,
And in his breast receiv'd th' envenom'd dart,
A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.
But conscious of her form, with quick distrust,
She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal lust:
This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.
Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
To see her safe; his hand she long denied,
But took at length, asham'd of such a guide.
So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
No more would to his country clowns repair;
But sought his father's house with better mind,
Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.
The father wonder'd at the son's return,
And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn;
But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
Nor was he long delay'd: the first request
He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest.
With ease his suit was granted by his sire,
Distinguishing his heir by rich attire:
His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
With lib'ral arts to cultivate the mind:
He sought a tutor with his own accord,
And studied lessons he before abhorr'd.
Thus the man-child advanc'd and learn'd so fast,
That in short time his equals he surpass'd;
His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd;
In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was, inspir'd:
Inspir'd by love, whose business is to please;
He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease;
More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
Than for his brutal folly known before.
What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
But that the fire which chok'd in ashes lay,
A load too heavy for his soul to move,
Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by love? [mind,
Love made an active progress through his
The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
The drowsy wak'd; and, as he went, impress'd
The Maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire:
And though he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
And lik'd an error of the better hand;
Excus'd th' excess of passion in his mind,
By flames too fierce, perhaps too much refin'd:
So Cymon, since his sire indulg'd his will,
Impetuous lov'd, and would be Cymon still;
Galesus he disown'd, and chose to bear
The name of fool, confirm'd, and bishop'd by the fair.
To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd,
Cipseus, the father of the fair he lov'd:
But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
While Cymon was endeav'ring to be wise:
And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
Had giv'n her faith to wed a foreign spouse:
Her sire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
Though both repenting, were by promise bound,
Nor could retract; and thus, as fate decreed,
Though better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.
The doom was past, the ship already sent
Did all his tardy diligence prevent:
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said:
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind:
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine,
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my design.
Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equipp'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went abroad.
Ambush'd he lay behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected, for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.
To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopt her flight; then, standing on his prow,
In haughty terms he thus defied the foe:
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.
Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight provide,
Already were the vessels side by side;
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the bride.
But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the press he pass'd. [prey,
Fierce was the fight; but, hast'ning to his
By force the furious lover freed his way;
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew.

Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd;
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.
His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet,
Whom thus he cheer'd; O Rhodian youth, I fought
For love alone, nor other booty sought;
Your lives are safe; your vessels I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine;
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove;
The parent could not sell the daughter's love:
Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And, like a king, by conquest gains his cause;
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain; [maintain;
Love taught me force, and force shall love
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.
Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Though pleas'd dissembling, and a woman still.
And (for she wept) he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;
For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father tied
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.
Faintly she scream'd, and e'en her eyes confess'd [tress'd.
She rather would be thought, than was, dis-
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind;
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!
Secure of fate, while Cymon ploughs the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor, sunk the sun,
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsake by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the forky lightning flies.
In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands:
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labor in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the diff'rent blows; then shoots amain,
Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heaven to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possest,
Now curst the more, the more he had been blest;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies, but would be lost alone.
Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious prayers, and wearies all the saints;
E'en if she could, her love she would repent;
But since she cannot, dreads the punishment.
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger as her fears increase;
From her own back the burden would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in Heaven's despite,
Invade and violate another's right:
The pow'rs incens'd a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain:
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride;
That for his daring enterprise she died,
Who rather not resisted than complied.
Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence;
Sex to the last: meantime, with sails declin'd,
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they know,
But every moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they view'd [new'd;
The lands before them, and their fears re-
The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.
A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent.
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view:
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the ground. [vain
The frighted sailors tried their strength in
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main:
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand, [land.
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown;
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know, but each with change of cheer;
The vanquish'd side exults, the victors fear:

Not them but theirs, made pris'ners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.
The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast expense,
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence:
Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring band;
And ever, but in times of need, at hand;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay,
Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.
The cowards would have fled, but that they knew
Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the last the first impel;
Till overborne with weight, the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war began;
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.
Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast;
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd;
But Iphigenia was the ladies' care,
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair:
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.
Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height:
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th' amends for what by love he lost.
The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Though younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd, to whom, by promise tied,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;
Cassandra was her name, above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
Lysimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favor'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet preferr'd, or like Ormisda lov'd;
So stood th' affair; some little hope remain'd,
That should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
Mean time young Pasimond his marriage press'd,
Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.
Lysimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and studied quick relief:
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd, his pow'r expir'd:
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his hand,
By force to seize, and then forsake the land:
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd; but, after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.
Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, though Heav'n sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserv'd success:
The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.
Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent
To find the means that might secure th' event;
Nor long he labor'd, for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought:
Th' example pleas'd; the cause and crime the same;
An injur'd lover and a ravish'd dame.
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd
To manage loathsome life when love was the reward.
This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'ner sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun;
Then, with a sober smile, he thus begun:
The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valor and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be tried:
These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
'Twas yours t' improve the talent they bestow'd:
They gave you to be born of noble kind;
They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
To please, and courage to deserve the fair.
Thus far they tried you, and by proof they found
The grain intrusted in a grateful ground;
But still the great experiment remain'd,
They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
That you might learn the gift was theirs alone;
And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;

Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
Your rival Pasimond pursues your life;
Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife.
But yet not his, to-morrow is behind,
And love our fortunes in one band has join'd;
Two brothers are our foes; Ormisda mine,
As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine.
To-morrow must their common vows be tied;
With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.
Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed:
Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight,
And let the losers talk in vain of right:
We with the fair will sail before the wind;
If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
(For liberty without thy love were vain)
Then second my design to seize the prey,
Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st the way.
Said Cymon, overjoy'd, Do thou propose
The means to fight, and only show thy foes:
For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.
To this the bold Lysimachus replied:
Let Heav'n be neuter, and the sword decide;
The spousals are prepar'd, already play
The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are dress'd;
All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
Unbidden though I am, I will be there;
And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
Now hear the rest; when day resigns the light,
And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
Be ready at my call; my chosen few
With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew.
Then, ent'ring unexpected, will we seize
Our destin'd prey, from men dissolv'd in ease,
By wine disabled, unprepar'd for fight;
And, hastening to the seas, suborn our flight:
The seas are ours, for I command the fort;
A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port:
If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
Death shall attend the man who dares resist.
It pleas'd: the pris'ner to his hold retir'd;
His troop with equal emulation fir'd,
All fix'd to fight, and all their wanton work requir'd.
The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
The double bridegroom at the door attends
Th' expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant smoke.
This done, they feast, and at the close of night,
By kindled torches vary their delight;
These lead the lively dance, and those the brimming bowls invite.
Now at th' appointed place and hour assign'd,
With souls resolv'd, the ravishers were join'd:
Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
To favor the retreat, and guard the shore;
The second at the palace gate is plac'd,
And up the lofty stairs ascend the last;
A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.
Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
And find the feast renew'd, the table spread;
Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds:
When, like the harpies, rushing through the hall,
The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
Each ravisher prepares to seize his own;
The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
Quick to redeem the prey, their plighted lords
Advance, the palace gleams with shining swords.
But late is all defence, and succour vain;
The rape is made, the ravishers remain;
Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore:
The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
With forward faces not confessing fear;
Backward they move, but scorn their pace to mend;
Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.
Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent;
The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the handle bent.
Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
His rival's head with one descending blow;
And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
He turn'd the point; the sword, inur'd to blood,
Bor'd his unguarded breast, which pour'd a purple flood.
With vow'd revenge, the gath'ring crowd pursues,
The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
Dispers'd at length, the drunken squadron flies;
The victors to their vessel bear the prize;
And hear behind loud groans and lamentable cries.
The crew with merry shouts their anchors weigh,
Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the key.
What should the people do when left alone?
The governor and government are gone:

The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sov'reign of the sea no more:
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view;
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short, and more short, the missive weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
Jove's isle they seek, nor Jove denies his coast.
In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With gen'rous wines their spirits they restore;
There Cymon with his Rhodian friends resides,
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues, the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws;
Both parties lose by turns, and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show proceed:
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove;
And happy each at home enjoys his love.

§ 21. *Theodore and Honoria.* DRYDEN.

A translation from Boccace.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants with gen'rous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature blest,
The foremost place for wealth and honor held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree; Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none)
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone:
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favor in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move; [strove
The work went backward: and the more he
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied, at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die:
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe!
His gen'rous mind disdain'd so mean a fate!
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest,
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd:
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast. [care;
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease;
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds ling'ring death; but looking not he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life, and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain;
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd;
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train
Provided, as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court.
Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighb'ring grove
Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night: [expense
There he discharg'd his friends; but not th'
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence.
He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave,
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.
It happ'd one morning as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone, he walk'd to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find:
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon;
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murm'ring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whisp'ring sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tingled, and his color fled:
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood
With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish wood: [ing near,
From thence the noise, which now approach-
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear:
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade,
Stripp'd of her clothes, and e'en those parts reveal'd, [ceal'd.
Which modest nature keeps from sight con-
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn, [thorn,
With passing through the brakes, and prickly
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side;
Mercy, O mercy, Heaven! she ran, and cry'd:
When Heav'n was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again;
Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thund'ring on, but, from afar,
Thus, in imperious tone, forbad the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffring death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
Had reach'd the dame, and fast'ning on her side, [dy'd;
The ground with issuing streams of purple
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chatt'ring teeth, and bristling hair upright; [he,
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee,
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied.
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name:
One common sire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell [hell.
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in
Short was her joy, for soon the insulting maid
By Heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid:
And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
Doom'd to the same bad place, is punish'd for her pride;
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain!
Renew'd to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly:
No more a lover but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
I pierce her open back, or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as the fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and, fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This, vers'd in death, the infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and ev'ry several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment, and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took the last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes e'en here, on this revolving day.
Thus while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law. [wake;
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated, thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence:
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family, [play,
Her friends and mine; the cause I shall dis-
On Friday next; for that's the appointed day.
Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence,
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love.
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flow'rs below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood, [their food,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place design'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was ev'ry guest,
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid.
She rent the heav'n with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly spright;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the croud he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
Back, on your lives; let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd,
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall
At this the former tale again he told, [she find.
With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were the hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury lanc'd
Her back, and piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.

The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And dy'd imperfect on the falt'ring tongue.
The fright was gen'ral; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand;
With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.
So spread upon a lake, with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop, and all attend
On whom the sowsing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd the event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd:
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword, [spurr'd:
And mounting light as air his sable steed he
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd the light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled, [nal steed:
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infer-
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu.
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore, [more:
E'en they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman-ghost came thund'ring for his prey.
Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in soft slumbers dreamt the fun'ral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapors mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap,
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at ev'ry step, a twitching spright behind.
Darkling and desperate, with stagg'ring pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succor else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd,
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest,
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd? [dress'd.
So had another been, where he his vows ad-
This quell'd her pride; yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all,
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest:
Secure of her the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd,
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:

With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe:
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste)
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

§ 22. *Epistle to John Dryden, Esq.* DRYDEN.

How blest is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age:
All who deserve his love, he makes his own;
And to be lov'd himself, needs only to be known. [come,
Just, good, and wise, contending neighbors
From your award to wait their final doom;
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost, you terminate the cause;
And save th' expense of long litigious laws:
Where suits are traversed; and so little won,
That he who conquers is but last undone:
Such are not your decrees; but so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind;
Like your own soul, serene; a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and composing strife;
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife;
Where, for a year, a month, perhaps a night,
Long penitence succeeds a short delight:
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first, [curs'd.
Though pair'd by Heaven, in Paradise were
For man and woman, though in one they grow,
Yet first or last, return again to two.
He to God's image, she to his was made;
So, farther from the fount the stream at random stray'd. [pain,
How could he stand, when, put to double
He must a weaker than himself sustain!
Each might have stood perhaps; but each alone;
Two wrestlers help to pull each other down.
Not that my verse would blemish all the fair,
But yet, if some be bad, 'tis wisdom to beware; [snare.
And better shun the bait, than struggle in the
Thus have you shunn'd, and shun the marry'd state,
Trusting as little as you can to fate.
No porter guards the passage of your door,
T' admit the wealthy, and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole, by giving part:
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son a blessing brought;
The first begotten had his father's share;
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your stores and fruitful fields increase;
And ever be you bless'd, who live to bless.
As Ceres sow'd where'er her chariot flew;
As Heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew:
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champion sports, or sylvan chase:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
Ev'n then, industrious of the common good:
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chas'd ev'n amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons, where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd;
Nor yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd:
You season still your sports with serious hours: [vours.
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth deThe hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round;
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun.
Thus princes ease their cares; but happier he,
Who seeks not pleasure through necessity,
Than such as once on slippery thrones were plac'd; [chas'd.
And, chasing, sigh to think themselves are
So liv'd our sires, ere doctors learn'd to kill,
And multiply'd with theirs the weekly bill.
The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade:
Pity the generous kind their cares bestow
To search forbidden truths; (a sin to know):
To which if human science could attain,
The doom of death, pronounced by God, were
In vain the leech would interpose delay; [vain.
Fate fastens first, and vindicates the prey.
What help from art's endeavors can we have?
Gibbons but guesses, nor is sure to save:
But Maurus sweeps whole parishes, and peoples every grave;
And no more mercy to mankind will use,
Than when he robb'd and murder'd Maro's Muse. [whole,
Wouldst thou be soon despatch'd, and perish
Trust Maurus with thy life, and Milbourn with thy soul. [food;
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their
Toil strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood:

But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
The tree of knowledge, once in Eden plac'd,
Was easy found, but was forbid the taste:
O, had our grandsire walk'd without his wife,
He first had sought the better plant of life!
Now both are lost: yet, wandering in the dark,
Physicians, for the tree, have found the bark;
They, laboring for relief of human kind,
With sharpen'd sight some remedies may find;
Th' apothecary train is wholly blind.
From files a random recipe they take,
And many deaths of one prescription make.
Garth, generous as his Muse, prescribes and gives;
The shopman sells; and by destruction lives:
Ungrateful tribe! who, like the viper's brood,
From medicine issuing, suck their mother's blood!
Let these obey; and let the learn'd prescribe;
That men may die, without a double bribe:
Let them, but under their superiors, kill:
When doctors first have sign'd the bloody bill.
He scapes the best, who nature to repair,
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of vital air.
You hoard not health, for your own private use,
But on the public spend the rich produce.
When, often urg'd, unwilling to be great,
Your country calls you from your lov'd retreat,
And sends to senates, charg'd with common care,
Which none more shuns, and none can better bear;
Where could they find another form'd so fit,
To poise, with solid sense, a sprightly wit!
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,
Where could so firm integrity be found?
Well born, and wealthy, wanting no support,
You steer betwixt the country and the court:
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire;
Nor grudging give what public needs require.
Part must be left, a fund when foes invade;
And part employ'd to roll the watery trade:
E'en Canaan's happy land, when worn with toil,
Requir'd a sabbath-year to mend the meagre soil.
Good senators (and such as you) so give,
That kings may be supply'd, the people thrive.
And he, when want requires, is truly wise,
Who slights not foreign aids, nor over-buys;
But on our native strength, in time of need, relies.
Munster was bought, we boast not the success;
Who fights for gain, for greater makes his peace.
Our foes, compell'd by need, have peace embrac'd:
The peace both parties want, is like to last:
Which, if secure, securely we may trade;
Or, not secure, should never have been made.
Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land:
Be then the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and batter'd to repair.
Observe the war, in ever annual course;
What has been done, was done with British force:
Namur subdued, is England's palm alone;
The rest besieg'd; but we constrain'd the town:
We saw th' event that follow'd our success;
France, though pretending arms, pursued the peace;
Oblig'd, by one sole treaty, to restore
What twenty years of war had won before.
Enough for Europe has our Albion fought;
Let us enjoy the peace our blood has bought.
When once the Persian king was put to flight,
The weary Macedons refus'd to fight:
Themselves their own mortality confess'd;
And left the son of Jove to quarrel for the rest.
Ev'n victors are by victories undone;
Thus Hannibal, with foreign laurels won,
To Carthage was recall'd, too late to keep his own.
While sore of battle, while our wounds are green,
Why should we tempt the doubtful dye again?
In wars renew'd, uncertain of success;
Sure of a share as umpires of the peace.
A patriot both the king and country serves:
Prerogative, and privilege, preserves:
Of each our laws the certain limits show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand;
The barriers of the state on either hand:
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full, they feed our bless'd abode;
Like those that water'd once the Paradise of God.
Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
In peace the people, and the prince in war:
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made:
When the Gauls came, one sole dictator sway'd.
Patriots in peace assert the people's right;
With noble stubbornness resisting might:
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire; free to grant
In parliaments, that weigh'd their prince's want:
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against his laws.
And, in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And sham'd oppression till it set him free.
O true descendant of the patriot line,
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them thine.

Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see;
'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee.
The beauties to th' original I owe;
Which when I miss, my own defects I show;
Nor think the kindred Muses thy disgrace:
A poet is not born in every race.
Two of a house few ages can afford;
One to perform, another to record.
Praise-worthy actions are by thee embrac'd;
And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last.
For ev'n when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to Heaven from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body, verse preserves the fame.

§ 23. *Baucis and Philemon.* DRYDEN.

THUS Achelous ends: his audience hear
With admiration, and admiring fear
The powers of Heaven; except Ixion's son,
Who laugh'd at all the Gods, believ'd in none:
He shook his impious head, and thus replies,
These legends are no more than pious lies:
You attribute too much to heavenly sway,
To think they give us forms, and take away.
The rest, of better minds, their sense declar'd
Against this doctrine, and with horror heard.
Then Lelix rose, an old experienc'd man,
And thus with sober gravity began:
Heaven's power is infinite: earth, air, and sea,
The manufacture mass, the making power obey:
By proof to clear your doubt; in Phrygian ground
Two neighboring trees, with walls encompass'd round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown,
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place and them, by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots, and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men conceal'd their Deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbor at a thousand doors they knock'd,
Not one of all the thousand but was lock'd.
At last an hospitable house they found,
A homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatch'd with reeds and straw together bound.
There Baucis and Philemon liv'd, and there
Had liv'd long married, and a happy pair:
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inur'd to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aim'd at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none where equal love was paid,
Or rather both commanded, both obey'd.
From lofty roofs the Gods repuls'd before,
Now stooping, enter'd through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first express'd)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuff'd with straw, the seat to raise;
Coarse, but the best she had; then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire:
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus form'd, she sets the kettle on,
(Like burnish'd gold the little seether shone)
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-water'd spot);
She stripp'd the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She cull'd, and then with handy care she dress'd.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung;
Good old Philemon seiz'd it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wish'd were more.
This in the pot he plung'd without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shorten'd the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This fill'd with water, gently warm'd, they set
Before their guests; in this they bath'd their feet,
And after with clean towels dry'd their sweat:
This done, the host produc'd the genial bed,
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the sted,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holydays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The tables set; th' invited Gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame,
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust, beneath the limping leg, a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly rear'd:
Then rubb'd it o'er with newly-gather'd mint,
A wholesome herb, that breath'd a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-color'd olive, black and green:
Autumnal cornels next in order serv'd,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserv'd:
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis' busy care
Turn'd by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.

All these in earthen ware were serv'd to board;
And next in place an earthen pitcher stor'd,
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.
This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnish'd with wax without, and lin'd within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepar'd,
And to the table sent the smoking lard;
On which with eager appetite they dine,
A savory bit, that serv'd to relish wine:
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately press'd.
The second course succeeds like that before,
Plums, apples, nuts, and, of their wintery store, [set
Dry figs and grapes, and wrinkled dates, were
In canisters, t' enlarge the little treat:
All these a milk-white honey-comb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crown'd.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face:
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind, and a desire to please.
Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often empty'd, were observ'd to fill;
Fill'd without hands; and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danc'd about the board.
Devotion seiz'd the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increas'd:
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing, as they could, their country fare.
One goose they had ('twas all they could allow)
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the Gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple view'd;
She ran for life, and limping they pursu'd:
Full well the fowl perceiv'd their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And sav'd her life; then what he was declar'd,
And own'd the God. The neighborhood,
Shall justly perish for impiety: [said he,
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accurs'd; and to the mountain's height
Ascend; nor once look backward in your flight.
They haste; and what their tardy feet deny'd,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supply'd.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes;
Lost in a lake the floated level lies:
A watery desert covers all the plains;
Their cot alone, as in an isle, remains;
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore [more,
Their neighbors' fate, and country now no
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems from the ground increas'd in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polish'd marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture grac'd, the spires and tiles of gold. [rene,
Then thus the sire of Gods, with looks se-
Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound.
A while they whisper; then to Jove address'd,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request.
We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me,
Nor weeping I, with wither'd arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre.
The Godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all th' appointed space.
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple-gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green:
Old Baucis look'd where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthen'd arms a sprouting wood:
New roots their fasten'd feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind:
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu;
At once, farewell, O faithful spouse, they said;
At once th' encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.
Ev'n yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighbourhood confirm the prodigy,
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer,
The good, said I, are God's peculiar care,
And such as honor Heaven, shall heavenly honor share.

§ 24. *The Flower and the Leaf: Or the Lady in the Arbour.* DRYDEN.

A VISION.

Now, turning from the wintry signs, the Sun
His course exalted through the Ram hath run,
And, whirling up the skies, his chariot drove
Through Taurus and the lightsome realms of Love;

Where Venus from her orb descends in showers,
To glad the ground, and paint the fields with flowers:
When first the tender blades of grass appear,
And buds, that yet the blast of Eurus fear,
Stand at the door of life, and doubt to clothe the year:
Till gentle heat, and soft repeated rains,
Make the green blood to dance within their veins:
Then, at their call embolden'd, out they come,
And swell the germs, and burst the narrow room;
Broader and broader yet, their blooms display,
Salute the welcome Sun, and entertain the day.
Then from their breathing souls the sweets repair,
To scent the skies, and purge th' unwholesome air:
Joy spreads the heart, and, with a general song,
Spring issues out, and leads the jolly months along.

In that sweet season, as in bed I lay,
And sought in sleep to pass the night away,
I turn'd my weary'd side, but still in vain,
Though full of youthful health and void of pain:
Cares I had none, to keep me from my rest,
For Love had never enter'd in my breast;
I wanted nothing fortune could supply,
Nor did she slumber till that hour deny.
I wonder'd then, but after found it true,
Much joy had dry'd away the balmy dew:
Seas would be pools, without the brushing air,
To curl the waves: and sure some little care
Should weary Nature so, to make her want repair.
When Chanticleer the second watch had sung,
Scorning the scorner Sleep, from bed I sprung;
And, dressing by the Moon, in loose array,
Pass'd out in open air, preventing day,
And sought a goodly grove, as fancy led my way.
Straight as a line in beauteous order stood
Of oaks unshorn a venerable wood;
Fresh was the grass beneath, and every tree
At distance planted in a due degree,
Their branching arms in air with equal space
Stretch'd to their neighbors with a long embrace,
And the new leaves on every bough were seen,
Some ruddy colour'd, some of lighter green.
The painted birds, companions of the Spring,
Hopping from spray to spray, were heard to sing.
Both eyes and ears receiv'd a like delight,
Enchanting music, and a charming sight.
On Philomel I fix'd my whole desire;
And listen'd for the queen of all the quire;
Fain would I hear her heavenly voice to sing;
And wanted yet an omen to the spring.
Attending long in vain, I took the way,
Which through a path but scarcely printed lay;
In narrow mazes oft it seem'd to meet,
And look'd as lightly press'd by fairy feet.
Wandering I walk'd alone, for still methought
To some strange end so strange a path was wrought:
At last it led me where an arbour stood,
The sacred receptacle of the wood;
This place unmark'd, though oft I walk'd the green,
In all my progress I had never seen:
And, seiz'd at once with wonder and delight,
Gaz'd all around me, new to the transporting sight.
'Twas bench'd with turf, and goodly to be seen,
The thick young grass arose in fresher green:
The mound was newly made, no sight could pass
Betwixt the nice partitions of the grass;
The well-united sods so closely lay;
And all around the shades defended it from day:
For sycamores with eglantine were spread,
A hedge about the sides, a covering over head.
And so the fragrant brier was wove between,
The sycamore and flowers were mix'd with green,
That Nature seem'd to vary the delight;
And satisfy'd at once the smell and sight.
The master workman of the bower was known
Through fairy lands, and built for Oberon;
Who twining leaves with such proportion drew,
They rose by measure, and by rule they grew;
No mortal tongue can half the beauty tell:
For none but hands divine could work so well.
Both roof and sides were like a parlor made,
A soft recess, and a cool summer shade;
The hedge was set so thick, no foreign eye
The persons plac'd within it could espy:
But all that pass'd without with ease was seen,
As if nor fence nor tree was plac'd between.
'Twas border'd with a field; and some was plain grain.
With grass, and some was sow'd with rising
That (now the dew with spangles deck'd the ground)
A sweeter spot of earth was never found.
I look'd and look'd, and still with new delight;
Such joy my soul, such pleasures fill'd my sight:
And the fresh eglantine exhal'd a breath,
Whose odors were of power to raise from death.
Nor sullen discontent, nor anxious care,
Ev'n though brought thither, could inhabit there:
But thence they fled as from their mortal foe;
For this sweet place could only pleasure know.
Thus as I mus'd, I cast aside my eye,
And saw a medlar-tree was planted nigh.
The spreading branches made a goodly show,
And full of opening blooms was every bough:
A goldfinch there I saw with gawdy pride
Of painted plumes, that hopp'd from side to side,

Still pecking as she pass'd; and still she drew
The sweets from every flower, and suck'd the dew:
Suffic'd at length, she warbled in her throat,
And tun'd her voice to many a merry note,
But indistinct, and neither sweet nor clear,
Yet such as sooth'd my soul and pleas'd my ear.
Her short performance was no sooner try'd,
When she I sought, the nightingale reply'd:
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sung,
That the grove echoed, and the valleys rung:
And I so ravish'd with her heavenly note,
I stood entranc'd, and had no room for thought,
But, all o'erpower'd with ecstacy of bliss,
Was in a pleasing dream of Paradise;
At length I wak'd, and looking round the bower, [er,
Search'd every tree, and pry'd on every flow-
If any where by chance I might espy,
The rural poet of the melody;
For still methought she sung not far away:
At last I found her on a laurel spray.
Close by my side she sat, and fair in sight,
Full in a line against her opposite;
Where stood with eglantine the laurel twin'd;
And both their native sweets were well conjoin'd.
On the green bank I sat, and listen'd long
(Sitting was more convenient for the song):
Nor till her lay was ended could I move,
But wish'd to dwell for ever in the grove.
Only methought the time too swiftly pass'd,
And ev'ry note I fear'd would be the last.
My sight, and smell, and hearing were employ'd,
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd.
And what alone did all the rest surpass,
The sweet possession of the fairy place;
Single, and conscious to myself alone
Of pleasures to th' excluded world unknown:
Pleasures which no where else were to be found,
And all Elysium in a spot of ground.
Thus while I sat intent to see and hear,
And drew perfumes of more than vital air,
All suddenly I heard th' approaching sound
Of vocal music, on th' enchanted ground:
An host of saints it seem'd, so full the quire;
As if the bless'd above did all conspire
To join their voices, and neglect the lyre.
At length there issued from the grove behind
A fair assembly of the female kind:
A train less fair, as ancient fathers tell,
Seduc'd the Sons of Heaven to rebel.
I pass their form and every charming grace,
Less than an angel would their worth debase:
But their attire, like liveries of a kind
All rich and rare, is fresh within my mind.
In velvet white as snow the troop was gown'd,
The seams with sparkling emeralds set around:
Their hoods and sleeves the same; and purfled o'er
With diamonds, pearls, and all the shining store
Of eastern pomp: their long descending train, [plain:
With rubies edg'd, and sapphires, swept the
High on their heads, with jewels richly set,
Each lady wore a radiant coronet.
Beneath the circles, all the quire was grac'd
With chaplets green, on their fair foreheads plac'd.
Of laurel some, of woodbine many more;
And wreaths of agnus castus others bore:
These last, who with those virgin crowns were dress'd,
Appear'd in higher honor than the rest.
They danc'd around: but in the midst was
A lady of a more majestic mien; [seen
By stature and by beauty mark'd their sovereign queen.
She in the midst began with sober grace;
Her servant's eyes were fix'd upon her face,
And as she mov'd or turn'd, her motions view'd,
Her measures kept, and step by step pursued.
Methought she trod the ground with greater grace,
With more of godhead shining in her face;
And as in beauty she surpass'd the quire,
So, nobler than the rest, was her attire.
A crown of ruddy gold enclos'd her brow,
Plain without pomp, and rich without a show.
A branch of agnus castus in her hand
She bore aloft (her sceptre of command);
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd:
And as she danc'd a roundelay she sung,
In honor of the laurel, ever young:
She rais'd her voice on high, and sung so clear,
The fawns came scudding from the groves to hear;
And all the bending forest lent an ear.
At every close she made, th' attending throng
Reply'd, and bore the burthen of the song:
So just, so small, yet in so sweet a note,
It seem'd the music melted in the throat.
Thus dancing on, and singing as they danc'd,
They to the middle of the mead advanc'd,
Till round my arbour a new ring they made,
And footed it about the secret shade.
O'erjoy'd to see the jolly troop so near,
But somewhat aw'd, I shook with holy fear;
Yet not so much, but that I noted well
Who did the most in song or dance excel.
Not long I had observ'd, when from afar
I heard a sudden symphony of war;
The neighing coursers, and the soldiers' cry,
And sounding trumps that seem'd to tear the sky:
I saw soon after this, behind the grove
From whence the ladies did in order move,
Come issuing out in arms a warrior train,
That like a deluge pour'd upon the plain:
On barbed steeds they rode in proud array,
Thick as the college of the bees in May,
When swarming o'er the dusky fields they fly
New to the flowers, and intercept the sky.

So fierce they drove, their coursers were so fleet,
That the turf trembled underneath their feet.
To tell their costly furniture were long,
The summer's day would end before the song:
To purchase but the tenth of all their store,
Would make the mighty Persian monarch poor.
Yet what I can, I will; before the rest
The trumpets issued, in white mantles dress'd:
A numerous troop, and all their heads around
With chaplets green of cerrial-oak were crown'd;
And at each trumpet was a banner bound,
Which, waving in the wind, display'd at large
Their master's coat of arms, and knightly charge.
Broad were the banners, and of snowy hue,
A purer web the silk-worm never drew.
The chief about their necks the scutcheons wore,
With orient pearls and jewels powder'd o'er:
Broad were their collars too, and every one
Was set about with many a costly stone.
Next these of kings-at-arms a godly train
In proud array came prancing o'er the plain:
Their cloaks were cloth of silver mix'd with gold, [roll'd;
And garlands green around their temples
Rich crowns were on their royal scutcheons plac'd, [grac'd:
With sapphires, diamonds, and with rubies
And as the trumpets their appearance made,
So these in habits were alike array'd;
But with a pace more sober, and more slow;
And twenty, rank in rank, they rode a row.
The pursuivants came next, in number more;
And like the heralds each his scutcheon bore:
Clad in white velvet all their troop they led,
With each an oaken chaplet on his head.
Nine royal knights in equal rank succeed,
Each warrior mounted on a fiery steed:
In golden armour glorious to behold;
The rivets of their arms were nail'd with gold.
Their surcoats of white ermin fur were made,
With cloth of gold between that cast a glittering shade;
The trappings of their steeds were of the same;
The golden fringe ev'n set the ground on flame,
And drew a precious trail: a crown divine
Of laurel did about their temples twine.
Three henchmen were for every knight assign'd,
All in rich livery clad, and of a kind:
White velvet, but unshorn, for cloaks they wore,
And each within his hand a truncheon bore:
The foremost held a helm of rare device;
A prince's ransom would not pay the price.
The second bore the buckler of his knight,
The third of cornel-wood a spear upright,
Headed with piercing steel, and polish'd bright.
Like to their lords their equipage was seen,
And all their foreheads crown'd with garlands green. [shield,
And after these came, arm'd with spear and
An host so great, as cover'd all the field,
And all their foreheads, like the knights before,
With laurels ever green were shaded o'er,
Or oak, or other leaves of lasting kind,
Tenacious of the stem, and firm against the wind.
Some in their hands, beside the lance and shield, [held,
The boughs of woodbine or of hawthorn
Or branches for their mystic emblems took,
Of palm, of laurel, or of cerrial-oak.
Thus marching to the trumpet's lofty sound,
Drawn in two lines adverse they wheel'd around,
And in the middle meadow took their ground.
Among themselves the turney they divide,
In equal squadrons rang'd on either side.
Then turn'd their horses' heads, and man to man,
And steed to steed oppos'd, the justs began.
Then lightly set their lances in the rest,
And, at the sign, against each other press'd:
They met. I, sitting at my ease, beheld
The mix'd events, and fortunes of the field.
Some broke their spears, some tumbled horse and man, [ran.
And round the field the lighten'd coursers
An hour and more, like tides, in equal sway
They rush'd, and won by turns, and lost the day:
At length the nine (who still together held)
Their fainting foes to shameful fight compell'd,
And with resistless force o'erran the field.
Thus, to their fame, when finish'd was the fight,
The victors from their lofty steeds alight:
Like them dismounted all the warlike train,
And two by two proceeded o'er the plain:
Till to the fair assembly they advanc'd,
Who near the secret harbor sung and danc'd.
The ladies left their measures at the sight,
To meet the chiefs returning from the fight,
And each with open arms embrac'd her chosen knight.
Amid the plain a spreading laurel stood,
The grace and ornament of all the wood
That pleasing shade they sought, a soft retreat
From sudden April showers, a shelter from the heat:
Her leafy arms with such extent were spread,
So near the clouds was her aspiring head,
That hosts of birds, that wing the liquid air,
Perch'd in the boughs, had nightly lodging there,
And flocks of sheep beneath the shade from far
Might hear the rattling hail, and wintery war,
From Heaven's inclemency here found retreat,
Enjoy'd the cool, and shunn'd the scorching heat:

A hundred knights might there at ease abide;
And every knight a lady by his side:
The trunk itself such odours did bequeath,
That a Moluccan breeze to these was common breath.
The lords and ladies here, approaching, paid
Their homage, with a low obeisance made:
And seem'd to venerate the sacred shade.
These rites perform'd, their pleasures they pursue, [new;
With song of love, and mix with pleasures
Around the holy tree their dance they frame,
And every champion leads his chosen dame.
I cast my sight upon the farther field,
And a fresh object of delight beheld:
For from the region of the west I heard
New music sound, and a new troop appear'd;
Of knights, and ladies mix'd, a jolly band,
But all on foot they march'd, and hand in hand.
The ladies dress'd in rich cymarr were seen
Of Florence satin, flower'd with white and green,
And for a shade betwixt the bloomy gridelin.
The borders of their petticoats below
Were guarded thick with rubies on a row;
And every damsel wore upon her head
Of flowers a garland blended white and red.
Attir'd in mantles all the knights were seen,
That gratify'd the view with cheerful green:
Their chaplets of their ladies colors were,
Compos'd of white and red, to shade their shining hair.
Before the merry troop the minstrels play'd;
All in their master's liveries were array'd,
And clad in green, and on their temples wore
The chaplets white and red their ladies bore.
Their instruments were various in their kind,
Some for the bow, and some for breathing wind:
The sawtry, pipe, and hautboy's noisy band,
And the soft lute trembling beneath the touching hand.
A tuft of daisies on a flowery lay [way;
They saw, and thitherward they bent their
To this both knights and dames their homage made,
And due obeisance to the daisy paid.
And then the band of flutes began to play,
To which a lady sung a virelay;
And still at every close she would repeat
The burthen of the song, "The daisy is so sweet."
"The daisy is so sweet," when she begun,
The troop of knights and dames continued on.
The concert and the voice so charm'd my ear,
And sooth'd my soul, that it was Heaven to hear.
But soon their pleasure pass'd: at noon of day,
The sun with sultry beams began to play:
Not Sirius shoots a fiercer flame from high,
When with his poisonous breath he blasts the sky:
Then droop'd the fading flowers, (their beauty fled)
And clos'd their sickly eyes, and hung the head;
And rivel'd up with heat, lay dying in their bed.
The ladies gasp'd, and scarcely could respire:
The breath they drew no longer air but fire;
The fainty knights were scorch'd; and knew not where
To run for shelter, for no shade was near;
And after this the gathering clouds amain
Pour'd down a storm of rattling hail and rain:
And lightning flash'd betwixt: the field, and flowers,
Burnt up before, were buried in the showers.
The ladies and the knights, no shelter nigh,
Bare to the weather and the wintery sky,
Were dropping wet, disconsolate, and wan,
And through their thin array receiv'd the rain;
While those in white, protected by the tree,
Saw pass in vain th' assault, and stood from danger free.
But as compassion moved their gentle minds,
When ceas'd the storm, and silent were the winds,
Displeas'd at what not suffering they had seen,
They went to cheer the faction of the green:
The queen in white array, before her band,
Saluting, took her rival by the hand: [grace,
So did the knights and dames, with courtly
And with behaviour sweet, their foes embrace:
Then thus the queen with laurel on her brow,
"Fair sister, I have suffer'd in your woe;
Nor shall be wanting aught within my power
For your relief in my refreshing bower."
That other answer'd with a lowly look,
And soon the gracious invitation took:
For ill at ease both she and all her train
The scorching Sun had borne, and beating rain.
Like courtesy was used by all in white,
Each dame a dame receiv'd, and every knight a knight.
The laurel champions with their swords invade
The neighboring forests, where the justs were made,
And serewood from the rotten hedges took,
And seeds of latent fire from flints provoke:
A cheerful blaze arose, and by the fire
They warm'd their frozen feet, and dry'd their wet attire.
Refresh'd with heat, the ladies sought around
For virtuous herbs, which gather'd from the ground,
They squeez'd the juice, and cooling ointment made, [chapt skins they laid:
Which on their sun-burnt cheeks and their
Then sought green salads, which they bade them eat,
A sovereign remedy for inward heat.
The lady of the leaf ordain'd a feast,
And made the lady of the flower her guest:
When lo, a bower ascended on the plain,
With sudden seats ordain'd, and large for either train.
This bower was near my pleasant arbour plac'd,
That I could hear and see whatever pass'd:
The ladies sat with each a knight between,
Distinguish'd by their colours white and green;

The vanquish'd party with the victors join'd,
Nor wanted sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind.
Meantime the minstrels play'd on either side,
Vain of their art, and for the mastery vy'd:
The sweet contention lasted for an hour,
And reach'd my secret arbour from the bower.
The Sun was set, and Vesper, to supply
His absent beams, had lighted up the sky:
When Philomel, officious all the day
To sing the service of th' ensuing May,
Fled from her laurel shade, and wing'd her flight
Directly to the queen array'd in white;
And, hopping, sat familiar on her hand,
A new musician, and increas'd the band.
The goldfinch, who, to shun the scalding heat,
Had chang'd the medlar for a safer seat,
And, hid in bushes, 'scap'd the bitter shower,
Now perch'd upon the lady of the flower;
And either songster holding out their throats,
And folding up their wings, renew'd their notes:
As if all day, preluding to the fight,
They only had rehears'd, to sing by night:
The banquet ended, and the battle done,
They danc'd by star-light and the friendly Moon:
And when they were to part, the laureat queen
Supply'd with steeds the lady of the green,
Her and her train conducting on the way,
The Moon to follow, and avoid the day.
This when I saw, inquisitive to know
The secret moral of the mystic show,
I started from my shade, in hopes to find
Some nymph to satisfy my longing mind:
And, as my fair adventure fell, I found
A lady all in white, with laurel crown'd,
Who clos'd the rear, and softly pac'd along,
Repeating to herself the former song.
With due respect my body I inclin'd,
As to some being of superior kind,
And made my court according to the day,
Wishing her queen and her a happy May.
"Great thanks my daughter," with a gracious bow
She said; and I, who much desir'd to know
Of whence she was, yet fearful how to break
My mind, adventur'd humbly thus to speak:
"Madam, might I presume and not offend,
So may the stars and shining Moon attend
Your nightly sports, as you vouchsafe to tell
What nymphs they were who mortal forms excel,
And what the knights who fought in listed fields so well."
To this the dame reply'd: "Fair daughter, know,
That what you saw was all a fairy show:
And all those airy shapes you now behold,
Were human bodies once, and cloth'd with earthly mould,
Our souls not yet prepared for upper light,
Till doomsday wander in the shades of night;
This only holiday of all the year,
We privileg'd in sunshine may appear:
With songs and dance we celebrate the day,
And with due honors usher in the May.
At other times we reign by night alone,
And posting through the skies pursue the Moon:
But when the morn arises, none are found;
For cruel Demogorgon walks the round,
And if he finds a fairy lag in light, [night.
He drives the wretch before, and lashes into
"All courteous are by kind; and ever proud
With friendly offices to help the good.
In every land we have a larger space
Than what is known to you of mortal race:
Where we with green adorn our fairy bowers,
And ev'n this grove, unseen before, is ours.
Know farther: every lady cloth'd in white,
And, crown'd with oak and laurel every knight,
Are servants to the Leaf, by liveries known
Of innocence: and I myself am one.
Saw you not her so graceful to behold
In white attired and crown'd with radiant gold?
The sovereign lady of our land is she,
Diana call'd, the queen of chastity:
And, for the spotless name of maid she bears,
That agnus-castus in her hand appears;
And all her train, with leafy chaplets crown'd,
Were for unblam'd virginity renown'd;
But those the chief and highest in command
Who bear those holy branches in their hand:
The knights adorn'd with laurel crowns are they,
Whom death nor danger never could dismay,
Victorious names, who made the world obey:
Who, while they liv'd, in deeds of arms excell'd,
And after death for deities were held. [brow,
But those, who wear the woodbine on their
Were knights of love, who never broke their vow;
Firm to their plighted faith, and ever free
From fears, and fickle chance, and jealousy.
The lords and ladies who the woodbine bear,
As true as Tristram and Isotta were."
"But what are those," said I, "th' unconquer'd nine, [mour shine?
Who crown'd with laurel-wreaths in golden ar-
And who the knights in green, and what the train
Of ladies dress'd with daisies on the plain?
Why both the bands in worship disagree,
And some adorn the flower and some the tree?"
"Just is your suit, fair daughter," said the dame: [fame;
"Those laurel'd chiefs were men of mighty
Nine worthies were they call'd of different rites, [knights.
Three Jews, three Pagans, and three Christian
These, as you see ride foremost in the field,
As they the foremost rank of honor held,
And all in deeds of chivalry excell'd:
Their temples wreath'd with leaves, that still renew;
For deathless laurel is the victor's due:

Who bear the bows were knights in Arthur's reign, [main;
Twelve they, and twelve the peers of Charle-
For bows the strength of brawny arms imply,
Emblems of valor and of victory.
Behold an order yet of newer date
Doubling their number, equal in their state;
Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
In battle brave, protectors of their prince:
Unchang'd by fortune to their sovereign true,
For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
These, of the garter call'd, of faith unstain'd,
In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
And well repaid the honors which they gain'd.
The laurel wreaths were first by Cæsar worn,
And still they Cæsar's successors adorn:
One leaf of this is immortality, [buy."
And more of worth than all the world can
"One doubt remains," said I, "the dames in green, [queen?"
What were their qualities, and who their
"Flora commands," said she, "those nymphs and knights,
Who liv'd in slothful ease and loose delights;
Who never acts of honor durst pursue, [true:
The men inglorious knights, the ladies all un-
Who, nurs'd in idleness, and train'd in courts,
Pass'd all their precious hours in plays and sports,
Till Death behind came stalking on, unseen,
And wither'd (like the storm) the freshness of their green. [hour,
These and their mates enjoy their present
And therefore pay their homage to the Flower.
But knights in knightly deeds should persevere,
And still continue what at first they were;
Continue, and proceed in honor's fair career.
No room for cowardice or dull delay;
From good to better they should urge their way. [grac'd,
For this with golden spurs the chiefs are
With pointed rowels arm'd to mend their haste; [bound;
For this with lasting leaves their brows are
For laurel is the sign of labor crown'd,
Which bears the bitter blast, nor shaken falls to ground:
From winter winds it suffers no decay,
For ever fresh and fair, and every month is May.
Ev'n when the vital sap retreats below,
Ev'n when the hoary head is hid in snow;
The life is in the leaf, and still between
The fits of falling snow appears the streaky green.
Not so the flower, which lasts for little space,
A short-liv'd good, and an uncertain grace;
This way and that the feeble stem is driven,
Weak to sustain the storms and injuries of Heaven.
Propp'd by the spring, it lifts aloft the head,
But of a sickly beauty, soon to shed:
In summer living, and in winter dead.
For things of tender kind, for pleasure made,
Shoot up with swift increase, and sudden are decay'd."
With humble words, the wisest I could frame,
And proffer'd service, I repaid the dame;
That, of her grace, she gave her maid to know
The secret meaning of this moral show.
And she, to prove what profit I had made
Of mystic truth, in fables first convey'd,
Demanded, till the next returning May,
Whether the Leaf or Flower I would obey?
I chose the leaf; she smil'd with sober cheer,
And wish'd me fair adventure for the year,
And gave me charms and sigils, for defence
Against ill tongues that scandal innocence:
"But I," said she, "my fellows must pursue,
Already past the plain and out of view."
We parted thus; I homeward sped my way,
Bewilder'd in the wood till dawn of day:
And met the merry crew who danc'd about the May.
Then, late refresh'd with sleep, I rose to write
The visionary vigils of the night: [shame,
Blush, as thou may'st, my little Book, with
Nor hope with homely verse to purchase fame;
For such thy Maker chose: and so design'd
Thy simple style to suit thy lowly kind.

§ 25. *The Character of a Good Parson.* DRYDEN.

A PARISH priest was of the pilgrim-train;
An awful, reverend, and religious man.
His eyes diffus'd a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,
As God had cloth'd his own ambassador,
For such, on Earth, his blest Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seem'd; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he liv'd too fast;
Refin'd himself to soul, to curb the sense;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promis'd him sincere.
Nothing reserv'd or sullen was to see:
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity:
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was arm'd;
Though harsh the precept, yet the people charm'd,
For, letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky:
And oft with holy hymns he charm'd their ears,
(A music more melodious than the spheres,)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look:
But sweetly temper'd awe, and soften'd all he spoke. [Hell,
He preach'd the joys of Heaven, and pains of
And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forc'd himself to drive; but lov'd to draw.
For Fear but freezes minds: but Love, like heat, [seat.
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native

To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapp'd in his crimes, against the storm prepar'd;
But when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (Heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before th' Almighty fly:
Those but proclaim his style and disappear;
The stiller sound succeeds and God is there.
The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took;
But never sued, or curs'd with bell and book.
With patience bearing wrong; but offering none:
Since every man is free to lose his own.
The country churls, according to their kind,
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind,) [more,
The less he sought his offerings, pinch'd the
And prais'd a priest contented to be poor.
Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famish'd, and to clothe the bare:
For mortify'd he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign lord;
Nothing was theirs; but all the public store:
Intrusted riches, to relieve the poor.
Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief.
Wide was his parish; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house:
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick; to succor the distress'd;
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.
All this, the good old man perform'd alone,
Nor spar'd his pains; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold.
But duly watch'd his flock by night and day;
And from the prowling wolf redeem'd the prey:
And hungry sent the wily fox away.
The proud he tam'd, the penitent he cheer'd:
Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd.
His preaching much, but more his practice wrought,
(A living sermon of the truths he taught,)
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd:
That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
(The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impress'd):
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The sovereign's image is no longer seen.
If they be foul on whom the people trust,
Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life he priz'd;
The worldly pomp of prelacy despis'd.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show;
Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he design'd,
And living taught, and dying left behind.
The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn:
In purple he was crucify'd, not born.
They who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.
Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
Might well become Saint Peter's successor;
The holy father holds a double reign,
The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain. [grace,
Such was the saint; who shone with every
Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.
God saw his image lively was express'd;
And his own work, as in creation, bless'd.
The tempter saw him too with envious eye;
And, as on Job, demanded leave to try.
He took the time when Richard was depos'd,
And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.
This prince, though great in arms, the priest withstood:
Near though he was, yet not the next of blood.
Had Richard, unconstrain'd, resign'd the throne,
A king can give no more than is his own;
The title stood entail'd, had Richard had a son.
Conquest, an odious name, was laid aside,
Where all submitted, none the battle try'd.
The senseless plea of right by Providence
Was, by a flattering priest, invented since:
And lasts no longer than the present sway;
But justifies the next who comes in play.
The people's right remains; let those who dare
Dispute their power, when they the judges are.
He join'd not in their choice because he knew
Worse might, and often did, from change ensue.
Much to himself he thought; but little spoke;
And, undepriv'd, his benefice forsook.
Now, through the land, his cure of souls he stretch'd:
And like a primitive apostle preach'd.
Still cheerful; ever constant to his call;
By many follow'd; lov'd by most, admir'd by all.
With what he begg'd, his brethren he reliev'd;
And gave the charities himself receiv'd.
Gave, while he taught; and edify'd the more,
Because he show'd, by proof, twas easy to be poor.
He went not with the crowd to see a shrine;
But fed us, by the way, with food divine.
In deference to his virtues, I forbear
To show you what the rest in orders were;
This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

§ 26. *The Pleasures of Imagination.*

AKENSIDE.

FROM Heav'n my strains begin: from Heaven descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or, 'mid the vault of night,
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe;
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the Almighty One. Then, deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mien celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration; till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth and wild resounding waves,
Hence light and shade alternate, warmth and cold,
And clear autumnal skies and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
Of social life to different labors urge
The active powers of man, with wise intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of heaven; to some she gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and space, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse; others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth, or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see portray'd
That uncreated beauty which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms;
Enamour'd, they partake the eternal joy.

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Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardor, to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free;
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who, but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his laboring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black with shade,
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath his native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm; [heavens;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast, [soars
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she
The blue profound, and hovering round the sun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of time. Thence, far effus'd,
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs,
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,
Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light

Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
E'en on the barriers of the world, untir'd,
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sov'reign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flowery lap, [these,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
'Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene.
Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man: how far beyond
The praise of mortals may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul! What pity then,
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline:
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In ev'ry breast implanting this desire
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labor to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd,
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve, unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village matron round the blazing hearth
Suspends the infant audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls,
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause, the crowd recoil,
Gazing on each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs; till, eager for the event,
Around the beldam all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

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Mind, Mind alone (bear witness, earth and heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand
Sit paramount the graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove [aloud
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free!

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Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
Of nature and of science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires!
O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untemper'd theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if, amid the calm
That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,
I steal impatient from the sordid haunts
Of strife and low ambition, to attend
Thy sacred presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
Descend, propitious! to my favor'd eye;
Such in thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
As when the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
With shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
To see thee rend the pageants of his throne;
And at the lightning of thy lifted spear
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphant songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike-sires
Of civil wisdom, thy heroic youth
Warm from the schools of glory. Guide my way [treats
Through fair Lyceum's walk, the green re-

Of Academus, and the thymy vale,
Where oft, enchanted with Socratic sounds,
Ilissus pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
In gentle murmurs. From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime: while, far above the flight
Of Fancy's plume aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient wisdom; while I join
Thy name, thrice honor'd! with the immortal praise
Of Nature; while to my compatriot youth
I point the high example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.
When shall the laurel and the vocal string
Resume their honors? When shall we behold
The tuneful tongue, the Promethean hand,
Aspire to ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
How slow, the dawn of beauty and of truth
Breaks the reluctant shades of Gothic night
Which yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
Beneath the furies of rapacious force;
Oft as the gloomy north, with iron swarms
Tempestuous pouring from her frozen caves,
Blasted the Italian shore, and swept the works
Of liberty and wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
Each Muse and each fair science pin'd away
The sordid hours: while foul barbarian hands
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to earth.
At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,
And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew,
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border and the shore
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
Of dire ambition and gigantic power,
From public aims and from the busy walk
Of civil commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating science to the cells,
Where studious ease consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic fancy and harmonious joy,
To priestly domination and the lust
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
Of tinsel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their prostrate necks
The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
When freedom's ample fabric, fixed at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend
To all the kindred powers of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof.
There shall the virtues, there shall wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoicing, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of arts,
The Muses and the Graces. Then no more
Shall vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: the harmonious Muse
And her persuasive sisters then shall plant
Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent,
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine philosophy's retreats,
And teach the Muse her lore; already strove
Their long-divided honors to unite.
While tempering this deep argument we sang
Of truth and beauty. Now the same glad task
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil
We hasten to recount the various springs
Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand and beauteous to enlarge
The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious fancy's native charm?
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink
Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights, which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of spring,
When rural songs and odors wake the morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigor he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!
Or shall I mention, where celestial truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on beauty's frame?
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of science pointed out the path

In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing through every crystalline convex
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind,
The internal surface on each glassy orb
Repels their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began; and, as they strike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a different lustre, through the brede
Of colors changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue.
Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favor'd steps
The lamp of science through the jealous maze
Of nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honors: whether in the sky,
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers [year;
That wheel the pensile planets round the
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.
What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colors and a night of shade?
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Ev'n to the base; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men,
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force
The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.
Yet more; her honors where no beauty claims,
Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,
From passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
Rouses the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine:
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
Encumbering, choke at last what heaven design'd
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.
—But say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight? That name indeed
Becomes the rosy breath of love; becomes
The radiant smiles of joy, the applauding hand
Of admiration: but the bitter shower
That sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palsy of nocturnal fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
The unalter'd will of heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice,
O faithful nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stol'n unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the sage his awful tale began.

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When sunshine fills the bed. Awhile I stood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
As up to him I turn'd with gentlest looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began:
There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man,
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing fortune and intrusive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village walk

To climb the neighboring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred pity melts
The general eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves [aloud,
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succor, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature given
To mutual terror and compassion's tears?
No sweetly melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour, [eye
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing
Led by the glimmering taper moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
Of Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of heaven and earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul,
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst ambition; when the pious band
Of youths, who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian pride
Usurps the throne of justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee: when honor'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward age
Of regal envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless rapine from the hand of time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, "I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?—" The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honors of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire.
What wonder therefore, since the endearing ties
Of passion link the universal kind
Of man so close, what wonder if to search
This common nature through the various change
Of sex, and age, and fortune, and the frame
Of each peculiar, draw the busy mind
With unresisted charms: the spacious west,
And all the teeming regions of the south,
Hold not a quarry, to the curious flight
Of knowledge, half so tempting or so fair,
As man to man. Nor only where the smiles
Of love invite; nor only where the applause
Of cordial honor turns the attentive eye
On virtue's graceful deeds. For since the course
Of things external acts in different ways
On human apprehensions, as the hand
Of nature temper'd to a different frame
Peculiar minds; so haply where the powers
Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint in all
Their genuine hues, the features which they wore
In nature; there opinion will be true,
And action right. For action treads the path
In which opinion says he follows good,
Or flies from evil; and opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by fancy, lovely or deform'd;
Thus her report can never there be true,
Where fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colors and distorted lines.
Is there a man, who at the sound of death
Sees ghastly shapes of terror conjur'd up,
And black before him; nought but death-bed groans [brink
And fearful prayers, and plunging from the
Of light and being, down the gloomy air
An unknown depth? Alas! in such a mind,
If no bright forms of excellence attend
The image of his country; nor the pomp
Of sacred senates, nor the guardian voice

Of justice on her throne, nor aught that wakes
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
Will not opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not choose to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
Which fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circean draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of reason, till no longer he discerns,
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurns him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of lust and rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic Muse discloses, under shapes
Of honor, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven
To guilty deeds; nor reason bound in chains,
That vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I sing of nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
A stricter note: now haply must my song
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains how folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous laughter's gay rebuke;
The sportive province of the comic Muse.
See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze
Unask'd his motley features. Wait awhile,
My curious friends! and let us first arrange
In proper order your promiscuous throng.
Behold the foremost band of slender thought,
And easy faith; whom flattering fancy soothes
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the sun, [glance
And bid the world admire! but chief the
Of wishful envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in learning's garb,
With formal hand, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendor, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately valor: listening by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulphureous mines, and ambush: then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wondering question of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd
With holy ensigns, how sublime they move,
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of Heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band.
Then comes the second order, all who seek
The debt of praise, where watchful unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
On some retir'd appearance, which belies
The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause
That justice else would pay. Here side by side
I see two leaders of the solemn train
Approaching: one a female old and gray,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of death; yet still she stuns
The sickening audience with a nauseous tale;
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terror at the risks of love,
And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
And sordid all his habit: peevish want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
Of her who blushes at the fond regard
Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
The praise of spotless honor: let the man
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams
To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix
The price of riches and the end of power.
Another tribe succeeds; deluded ong

By fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
The images of some peculiar things
With brighter hues resplendent, and portray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms;
Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of scorn,
Untimely zeal her witless pride betrays,
And serious manhood from the towering aim
Of wisdom stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!
Not with intenser view the Samian sage
Bent his fixt eye on heaven's intenser fires,
When first the order of that radiant scene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
A muckworm's entrails, or a spider's fang.
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
Of sly derision! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
Of folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In scoffs and mockery bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn.
But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent fate,
Of all the Muse's empire hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A favorite brood appears;
In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band!
Who, scorning reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And order's vulgar bondage, never meant
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay vice the reverence virtue long usurp'd;
And yield deformity the fond applause
Which beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
It shuns the unequal province of your praise.
Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland imagination, folly's train
Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard kind
Advance reluctant, and with faltering feet
Shrink from the gazer's eye; enfeebled hearts
Whom fancy chills with visionary fears
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
Who droops abash'd when sullen pomp surveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch,
Unnerv'd and struck with terror's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger; here subdued
By frontless laughter and the haughty scorn
Of old, unfeeling vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of temperance and honor; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest license mock the patriot's name.
Last of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful ignorance presides.
Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene [abode
For scorn to sport with. Such then is the
Of folly in the mind; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train.
Through every scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenor of my devious lay;
Through every swift occasion, which the hand
Of laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue;
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on the quick observer: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty, mix their partial claim,
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity, are wont to dwell;
Or whether these with violation loath'd,
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.
Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms wakes this gay contempt,
These grateful stings of laughter, from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore but to aid
The tardy steps of reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
The giddy aims of folly? Though the light
Of truth, slow dawning on the inquiring mind,
At length unfolds, through many a subtle tie,

How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil! yet benignant Heaven,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands: conscious what a scanty pause
From labors and from care, the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of nature; therefore stamp'd
The glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious, to the passing clown,
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.
Such are the various aspects of the mind—
Some heavenly genius whose unclouded thoughts
Attain that secret harmony which blends
The ethereal spirit with its mould of clay;
O! teach me to reveal the grateful charm
That searchless nature o'er the sense of man
Diffuses, to behold, in lifeless things,
The inexpressive semblance of himself,
Of thought and passion. Mark the sable woods [brow;
That shade sublime yon mountain's nodding
With what religious awe the solemn scene
Commands your steps! as if the reverend
Of Minus or of Numa should forsake [form
The Elysian seats, and down the embowering glade [panse
Move to your pausing eye! Behold the ex-
Of yon gay landscape, where the silver clouds
Flit o'er the heavens before the sprightly breeze: [Sun;
Now their gray cincture skirts the doubtful
Now streams of splendor, through their opening veil
Effulgent, sweep from off the gilded lawn
The aereal shadows; on the curling brook,
And on the shady margin's quivering leaves
With quickest lustre glancing; while you view
The prospect, say, within your cheerful breast
Plays not the lively sense of winning mirth
With clouds and sunshine chequer'd, while the round
Of social converse, to the inspiring tongue
Of some gay nymph amid her subject train,
Moves all obsequious? Whence is this effect,
This kindred power of such discordant things?
Or flows their semblance from that mystic tone [powers
To which the new-born mind's harmonious
At first were strung? Or rather from the links
Which artful custom twines around her frame?
For when the different images of things,
By chance combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
With deeper impulse, or, connected long,
Have drawn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct
The external scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
From that conjunction an eternal tie,
And sympathy unbroken. Let the mind
Recal one partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise,
And each his former station straight resumes:
One movement governs the consenting throng,
And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
'T was thus, if ancient fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the same parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
With fatal impulse quivering to the pole:
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main [stars
Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth; whate'er the line
Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore
Those long connected scenes where first they mov'd [walks
The attention: backward through her mazy
Guiding the wanton fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions, and designs
Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.
By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch,
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic art,
Their largest choice: like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils,
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noon-tide calm,
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens,
With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he whose birth the sister powers of art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear,
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that nature can bestow,
The child of fancy oft in silence bends

O'er these mix'd treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft re-[solves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic pow-ers
Labor for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest phrensy caught,
From earth to heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From heaven to earth. Anon ten thousand [shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed they come; the eternal [heavens
Disclose their splendors, and the dark abyss
Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now com-[pares
Their different forms; now blends them; now divides,
Enlarges, and extenuates, by turns;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of nature at the voice divine repair'd
Each to its place, till rosy earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colors mingle, features join;
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbor smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art,
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of Nature's great original we scan
The lively child of art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man as-[pires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the Heavens
With equal flames present on either hand
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.
Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart en-[joys,
Favor'd of Heaven! while, plung'd in sor-[did cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harsh austerity, from whose rebuke
Young love and smiling wonder shrink away
Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
Perhaps even now, some cold fastidious judge
Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor! say,
Is beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of dullness hang too heavy on thy sense,
To let her shine upon thee? So the man
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of hea-[tells
Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision
Of the gay color'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wise be far
Such gross unhallow'd pride; nor needs my song
Descend so low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words un-[fold
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion; and from shape
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind, which in them-selves
Have no connexion? Sure the rising sun
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
With equal brightness and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the soul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her pow-[ers
Exulting in the splendor she beholds,
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Through all its tones the sympathy pursue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal through his veins, and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song.
But were not nature still endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd
With such enchantment? Wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With such ethereal sweetness? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress [light
The impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of

Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe? Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man,
By kind illusions of the wondering sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear: well pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendor; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing error of his thought,
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The advent'rous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils,
A visionary paradise disclos'd [shades
Amid the dubious wild: with streams and
And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labors and renews his frame.

§ 27. *Day: a Pastoral.* CUNNINGHAM.

MORNING.

IN the barn the tenant Cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning 's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless 'till her task be done,)
Now the busy bee's employ'd,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding down his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows,
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop 's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivy'd abbey wall.

Echo in her airy round,
Over river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs;
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir.
Nature 's lull'd, serene, and still;
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
'Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free (the furrow'd task is done);
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky;
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go
(To the smoking hamlet bound),

Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with varied tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit-owlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful on its bosom springs;
To the banks in ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking-pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

§ 28. *The Contemplatist: A Night Piece.*
CUNNINGHAM.

THE Queen of Contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm
The cool creation wears!
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that, bending o'er their banks,
From sultry Day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A Phœnix next on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
Shall Youth and Vigor die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side advance,
We'll search the Milky Way.

Let us descend— The daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind:
And science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapors.—How like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man!

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,
That, lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star!

In coverts (where the few frequent)
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus the little lamp, Content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky;
Save where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error, thus, with shades impure
Throws sacred Truth behind:
Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold!
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold!

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize!
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides:
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence presides——

The passions, a relentless train!
To tear the victim, run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd——and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade!
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform!
The silver host that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm!

The angry elements engage!
An oak (an ivied bower,)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancor, thus, of rushing fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For, whilst Integrity 's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb!——The consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to Peace!
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labor'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight
The temporary dead.

From hence, I'll penetrate in thought
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And, tutor'd hence, be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace——(the little chaos past!)
The graceful moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And Hope (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes——When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find

And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigor to the mind.

§ 29. *The Visions of Fancy.* LANGHORNE.

ELEGY I.

CHILDREN of Fancy, whither are ye fled?
Where have you borne those hope-enliven'd hours,
That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
Where winds the slow wave through the flowery plain,
To these fond arms you led the tyrant, Love,
With Fear, and Hope, and Folly in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.

"Rest, gentle youth! while on the quivering breeze
Slides to thine ear this softly-breathing strain;
Sounds that move smoother than the steps of ease,
And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

"In this fair vale eternal Spring shall smile,
And Time unenvious crown the roseate hour;
Eternal Joy shall every care beguile,
Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

"The silver stream, that down its crystal way
Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
Shall, still the same, its funny mazes play,
And with its murmurs melodise thy song.

"Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn;
Those living meads immortal flowers unfold:
In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
And every evening close in clouds of gold.

"The tender Loves that watch thy slumbering rest,
And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,
Shall charm, through all approaching life, thy breast,
With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

"The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
Each charm of tender passion shall inspire;
With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
And feed the flame of ever young Desire.

"Come, gentle Loves! your myrtle garlands bring;
The smiling bower with cluster'd roses spread;
Come, gentle airs! with incense-dropping wing,
The breathing sweets of vernal odor shed.

Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
How the notes vibrate on the fav'ring gale!
Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
And powers unseen the happy moments hail!

Ecstatic hours! so every distant day,
Like this, serene on downy wings shall move;
Rise, crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,
The faithful joys of fancy and of love."

ELEGY II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?
Children of Fancy! yes, your song was vain;
On each soft air though rapt Attention hung,
And Silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life: the glories thus impart
Of all that Youth, and Love, and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of Fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of Fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where Peace in Ruin's arms expires,
Fallacious Hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go——thy charms on others try;
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore;
Yet on the rock my drooping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle Quiet! long-neglected maid!
O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell;
There, unregarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm Repose and Silence let me dwell.

Come, happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions shall subside;
When Peace shall clasp me to her plumy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O blest Insensibility, be nigh,
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless, in the arms of Peace,
If these extol, or those debase a name.

In Lyttelton though all the Muses praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though Malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, though Envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants:

When dark design invades the cheerful hour,
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to others' failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to Folly's eyes are clear,
But to her own e'en Wisdom's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, Philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring Peace, bring Quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

ELEGY III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain,
Fair nature felt the warm embrace of day,
And smil'd through all her animated reign.

When young Delight, of Hope and Fancy born,
His head on tufted wild-thyme half-reclin'd,
Caught the gay colors of the orient morn,
And thence of life this picture vain design'd:

"O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
Than beings of inferior nature prove!
To triumph in the golden hours of Time,
And feel the charms of fancy and of love!

"High favor'd man! for him unfolding fair
In orient light this native landscape smiles;
For him sweet Hope disarms the hand of Care,
Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

"Blows not a blossom on the breast of Spring,
Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
But fragrance, health, and melody succeed.

"O let me still with simple nature live,
My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,

Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
And calmly waste my inoffensive day!

"No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
No glittering wealth my tutor'd wishes crave;
So Health and Peace be near my humble home,
A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

"So may the sweet Euterpe not disdain
At eve's chaste hour her silver lyre to bring;
The muse of Pity wake her soothing strain,
And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

"Thus glide the pensive moments o'er the vale [scend;
While floating shades of dusky night de-
Not left untold the lover's tender tale,
Nor unenjoy'd the heart-enlarging friend.

"To love and friendship flow the social bowl!
To Attic wit and elegance of mind;
To all the native beauties of the soul,
The simple charms of truth, and sense refin'd!

"Then to explore whatever ancient sage
Studious from Nature's early volume drew,
To trace sweet Fiction through her golden age,
And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science, blew!

"Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,
Hesperian fancy, or *Aonian* ease;
Some melting note from Sappho's tender lyre,
Some strain that Love and Phœbus taught to please.

"When waves the gray light o'er the mountain's head, [ray:
Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous
Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,
And catch the sweet breath of the rising day:

"Nor seldom, loit'ring as I muse along,
Mark from what flower the breeze its sweetness bore;
Or listen to the labor-soothing song
Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

"Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,
The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie,
Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,
Or look on Nature with a lover's eye.

"Delightful hours! O, thus for ever flow;
Led by fair Fancy round the varied year:
So shall my breast with native raptures glow,
Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

"Firm be my heart to Nature and to Truth,
Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage;
So joy shall triumph on the brows of youth,
So hope shall smooth the dreary paths of age."

ELEGY IV.

OH, yet, ye dear, deluding visions, stay!
Fond hopes, of Innocence and Fancy born!
For you I 'll cast these waking thoughts away,
For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah, no! the sunshine o'er each object spread
By flattering Hope, the flowers that blew so fair
Like the gay gardens of Armida fled,
And vanish'd from the powerful rod of Care.

So the poor pilgrim, who, in rapturous thought,
Plans his dear journey to *Loretto's* shrine,
Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
Sees aiding angels favor his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
And *Sharon's* roses all his passage strew:
So Fancy dreams; but Fancy's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning landscape gilt with orient light,
Where Hope and Joy and Fancy hold their reign,
The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling bright, [wain;
The blithe hours dancing round *Hyperion's*

In radiant colors Youth's free hand portrays,
Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye;
Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence Fancy, conquer'd by the dart of Pain,
And wandering far from her *Platonic* shade,
Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign
Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly
The fairy race that fill'd her festive train:
Joy tears his wreath, and Hope inverts her eye,
Aud Folly wonders that her dream was vain.

§ 30. *A letter from Italy to the Right Honorable Charles Lord Halifax. In the year* 1701. ADDISON.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground:
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heavenly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!

To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source,
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains;
And, proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry,)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet, sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd,
Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound;
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.
Oh, could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire [fire,
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserved with care, [air.
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern
Here kindly warmth their mountain juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some God, to Baia's gentle seats;
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Roman's deathless acts display'd
Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid;
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy channels flow. [tires,
Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse re-
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires: [shown,
Where the smooth chisel all its force has
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors, in Parian marble frown:
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued, [subdued.
Still show the charms that their proud hearts
Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labors in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light,
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colors glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasures
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost. [tost,
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse. [land,
How has kind Heaven adorn'd the happy
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh Liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads the wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.
Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;

With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile. [sight,
Others with tow'ring piles may please the
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbor's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace. [dread,
Th' ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's or like yours, should praise.

§ 31. *An Allegory on Man.* PARNELL.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care,
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too;)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, though no one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape empower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.
The man rose staring like a stake,
Wond'ring to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The business he was made to do,
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely show'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.
But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth 's obliged to quake),
He saw his mother Earth arise;
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore;
A castle for a crown before;
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd,
And trail'd a landscape-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.
Her honors made—Great Jove, she cried,
This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?
Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were what I gave remov'd away?
Thy part 's an idle shape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cried honest Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul,
But I, who join'd them, claim the whole.
Thus with the gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a later age.
As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There's none that paint him such as I:
For what the fabling ancients sung,
Makes Saturn old when Time was young):
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honors on his head:
He just had got his pinions free
From his old sire, Eternity.
A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before;
By which your almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carried, where on high
A glass was fixed to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was pied;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And Spring's new months his trade adorn;
The other Seasons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounced the words of Fate.
Since body, from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But, since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care, who join'd them, man is due.
He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove; and, for consent,
Thund'ring he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long distracted blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

§ 32. *The Book-Worm.* PARNELL.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey!
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As Fame reports it, with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors' lives:
Through all the fields of wit he flies:
Dreadful his head with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below.
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.
See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll rouse him from the deep retreat,
But who the shelter 's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live;
From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he pass'd;
And here we have him, caught at last.
Insatiate brute, whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse!
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay,
For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless justice bids thee bleed.
Then fell a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.
Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here:
Hold, boy, thy hand outruns thy wit,
You've reach'd the plays that Dennis writ:
You've reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come, bind the victim—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.
The goblet in my hand I take
(For the libation 's yet to make)
A health to poets all their days,
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party rage:
But, if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he 's dead.
How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year;
Ye gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!
'Tis plain this lobe is so unsound,
S—— prints before the months go round.
But hold—before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh, had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miss'd your works till now,)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
(That only way you please the Nine);
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.
Rent from the corpse, on yonder pin
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down:
"This trophy from the Python won,
This robe in which the deed was done,
These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
Hang on these shelves, the Muses' seat.
Here ignorance and hunger found
Large realms of wit to ravage round:
Here ignorance and hunger fell,
Two foes in one I sent to hell.
Ye poets, who my labors see,
Come share the triumph all with me!
Ye critics! born to vex the Muse,
To mourn the grand ally you lose."

§ 33. *Ad Amicos.** R. WEST.

YES, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore,
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;

* Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little Piece, from whence his transition to Mr Pope's letter is very artfully contriv'd, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, you choose
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)—
At me the pow'r, that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
From you, remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Health turns from me her rosy face away.
Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
Devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet, just started from the lists of time,
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the morning spray?
Stern power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire,
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honors, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
'Tis like the stream beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below:
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey;
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.
But why repine? Does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not: though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me, as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear;
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

§ 34. *An Address to Winter.* COWPER.

OH Winter! ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds;
A leafless branch thy sceptre; and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west: but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert, proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds,
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the sound
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake;

But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest:
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The little volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion phrensy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh, evenings! I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

§ 35. *Liberty renders England preferable to other Nations, notwithstanding Taxes, &c.* COWPER.

'Tis Liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil, hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eye-sight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore, still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free!
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapors, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadult'rate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But, once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains no where patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigor of thy fickle clime;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

§ 36. *Description of a Poet.* COWPER.

I know the mind that feels indeed the fire
The Muse imparts, and can command the lyre,
Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame;
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of every feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
The storm of music shakes the astonish'd crowd.
So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen inquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The poet's heart; he looks to distant storms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempest low'rs,
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human pow'rs,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of Prophet and of Poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd Druid was a bard.

§ 37. *An Essay on Poetry.** BUCKINGHAM.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
And, if well-finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name!
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlasting, like the sun;
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound [wound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too, for that 's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conception fit;
E'en something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn, [thou return,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away, [the day?
From pleasures of the night and business of
E'en now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness when the fancy 's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen:
Reason is that substantial useful part
Which gains the head, while t' other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for latter faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts.
What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold—the fool shall have no cause to fear
'Tis wit and sense that are the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so, will e'en this endure.
First then of songs which now so much abound:
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws:
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art:
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down—
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly:
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author† made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, Elegy, of sweet but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valor, wit, contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That Phœnix-she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside. [writ,
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have
Is not defect in words, or want of wit:
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;

* The Essay on Satire, which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

† The Earl of Rochester.—It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious.

If yet a just coherence be not made [laid
Between each thought; and the whole model
So right, that ev'ry line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:
Such trifles may perhaps of late have pass'd,
And may be liked a while, but never last:
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an Elegy, nor writ with skill,
No * Panegyric, nor a † Cooper's Hill.
A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes; the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
He foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With fury too as well as fancy fir'd. [part,
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe:
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here;
Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd:
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before:
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be as the subject rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown:
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat ‡ here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Flecknoe § with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus || has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile;
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,

* Waller's. † Denham's.
‡ Mr. Dryden.
§ A famous satirical poem of his.
|| A Poem called the Hind and Panther.

Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar;
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly
The lofty road of airy travellers; [fears
But yet incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us and is lost at last:
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
Oh, then, my Muse; advent'rously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.
The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.
First, then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario confesses all.* [fine,
Figures of speech, which poets think so
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place;
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but
A dying hero miserably witty? [pity
But oh! the Dialogues, where just and mock
Are held up like a rest at shuttle-cock;
Or else like bells eternally they chime;
They sigh in simile and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more: for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind.
Without this part in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul:
All this united yet but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful art
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:

* In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er;
Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults:
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters:
There 's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw [saw.
A faultless monster—which the world ne'er
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.
Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious: oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour:
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction—this would favor get;
But Falstaff * stands inimitable yet.
Another fault which often may befal,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That e'en his fools speak sense, as if possest,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humor is all: wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.
But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better, by example, to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.
First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;

For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves;
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone:
He straight grows jealous, though we know not why:
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels:
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who straight appears; but who can fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please:
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head:
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme
Many keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-
And sense no longer will submit to fools. [rules,
By painful steps at last we labor up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth, [forth!
There are but two the world has yet brought
Homer and Virgil!—with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts, attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still
Like Indians view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clew.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?

* The matchless character of Shakspeare.

The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flight prevail,
Succeed where Spenser and e'en Milton fail.

§ 38. *Rural Sports; a Georgic.* GAY.

Inscribed to Mr. Pope, 1713.*

CANTO I.

YOU, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osier blows;
While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.
But I, who ne'er was blest by fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshare in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind;
Faction embroils the world: and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party 's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd the harass'd mind with sweet repose, [clime,
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and plains,
And deck with rural sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.
'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country beams delight;
Here blooming health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labors of the year.
When the fresh spring in all her state is crown'd, [ground,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the
The laborer with a bending sithe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand; [glows,
While with the mounting sun the meadow
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour; [sake,
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork for-
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.
Now when the height of heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains;
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murm'ring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round, [sound;
With frequent falls makes all the wood re-
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.
Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labors of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each diff'rent soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dewlapp'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view
Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;

* This Poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was first published.

No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire:
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And edg'd with flame rolls ev'ry wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.
Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrew th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air;
Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O, could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds,
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!
As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake:
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye;
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tie.
When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain;
And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.
You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use;
Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose:
The worm that draws along immoderate size
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies:
And, if too small, the naked fraud 's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains;
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sullied reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.
But when the sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with a curious fly.
To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colors must their aid impart,
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with expensive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing displays,
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.
Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving moon one color reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
The various colors of the treach'rous fly:
When he with fruitless pain has skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide:
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds,

So just the colors shine through every part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supply'd;
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.
When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favor the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errors of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears:
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and writhes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide;
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart;
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humors with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length,
He now with pleasure views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and gasping dies.
Would you preserve a num'rous finny race,
Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase
(The amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores):
Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.
I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear [weeds
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take;
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake:
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod, athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray.
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fishermen adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch inclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the sole and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.
Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labor vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.
Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!
Nor less the spaniel skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the laboring horse with swelling veins
Has safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies:
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey.
Now the warm scent assures the covey near;
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bids his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,

His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But num'rous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade,
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moistened plains:
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what 's the Fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well taught pointer leads the way; [the prey:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs
The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land:
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.
The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mountain lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colors blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamor'd bird deluded dies.
But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn; [hounds,
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd
They rouse from sleep and answer sounds for sounds; [take;
Wide through the furzy field their route they
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears:
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain.
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries;
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death
But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay.
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.
O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the crackling floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil:
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain;
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.
What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labor while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content;
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame:)
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease;
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain:
No home bred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool.

Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.
Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods whereonce I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murm'ring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul;
Farewell!—the city calls me from your bow'rs: [hours!
Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful

§ 39. *Love of Fame, the Universal Passion.* YOUNG.

SATIRE I.

INSTRUCTIVE Satire, true to virtue's cause,
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
Like arts improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the law shows her teeth, but dares not bite, [light;
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit;
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent;
And fly from bailiffs into parliament; [dying sinners to blot out their score,
When
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore—
To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Ethiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines as trophies on a post?
Shall funeral eloquence her colors spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?
Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful strain, [plain?
Nor hears that virtue which he loves com-
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.
Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
Discretely daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's * shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise:
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?

* Horace.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads, [ades:
Harangues in Senates, squeaks in masquer-
Here, to S——e's humor makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pult'ney's eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead:
Nor ends with life; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.
Who is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer;
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They 'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rds a
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign [book;
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But T——, alas! (excuse him if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand
A waggon load of meanings for one word,
While A 's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.
Some for renown on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are allied;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.
On glass how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?
Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;
Whose wondrous skill is, headsman-like, to
For better pay to give a surer blow. [know
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see:
And (stranger still) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean!
Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with pride;
Her tow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.

What can she not perform? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame,
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (oh ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems—and is delivered of his mouse.
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the little hero of each tale. [in,
Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour
Unpeople court, and leave the Senate thin!
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line:
Though for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.
Begin—who first the catalogue should grace?
To quality belongs the highest place. [come!
My lord comes forward; forward let him
Ye vulgar, at your peril give him room!
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet,
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing——but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies.
They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary shine. [own
Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of Earth, who on a South-Sea tide
Of full success swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.

Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave 's a libel on our laws.
Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate:
In cost and grandeur Chandos he 'll outdo;
And, Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame.
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs," he cries; "I 'll sooner rot in jail!
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?" [laugh:
Such heads might make their very bustos
His daughter starves, but Cleopatra 's* safe.
Men overloaded with a large estate
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you 're curious, when we swear you 're
By your revenue measure your expense, [mad.
And to your funds and acres join your sense;
No man is blest by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The court affords
Much food for satire; it abounds with lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one is lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion reigns through all;
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids resign, and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast
With pride inverted of their honors lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.

* A famous statue.

What numbers here, through odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by Monteuel,* and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labor to be glad.
What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance!
The tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play,
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools; and Stoic-like support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of the court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great.
Fools gaze and envy: envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some untaught o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.
The 'squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolytus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Chrismas tale,
Whose mistress is deluded with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon his back,) [mound,
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

* A famous tailor.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew,
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates:
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend;
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth Epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme.
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

SATIRE II.

My Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
Though toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in ev'ry line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage,
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.
So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colors dost contain,
Varying like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolytus demands the sylvan crown;*
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r!
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth! why melt the vernal skies? [rise.
Why shines the sun? To make Paul Diack† From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes, he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.

*This refers to the first Satire. †The name of a tulip.

A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came and miss'd it one ill-fated hour,
He rag'd! he roar'd—"What demon cropp'd my flow'r?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me: [knee."
Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
But all men want amusement, and what crime
In such a Paradise to fool their time?
None, but why proud of this? To fame they soar;
We grant they 're idle, if they 'll ask no more.
We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r! [sprung
A short-liv'd flower, and which has often
From solid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and like them devoted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study 's the specious trifling of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game:
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent.
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! What is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells e'en his house, nay wants whereon to lie;
So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
To make the purchase, he gives all his store,
Except one darling diamond that he wore:
For what a mistress gave, 'tis death to pawn;
Yet when the terms were fix'd, and writings drawn,
The sight so ravish'd him, he gave the clerk
Love's sacred pledge, and sign'd them with his mark.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' liveries alone,
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown.
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to —— what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.
O Lumley, whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long illustrious blood;
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honor, and the finest taste!
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
But know, my Lord, if you resist the wrong,
That on your candor I obtrude my song;
'Tis Satire's just revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her theme.
By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For, though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he 'll learn to use, not waste, his sense;
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
His brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the wise:
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like doom's-day, all the faults of all mankind.
What though wit tickles! tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, good nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you 'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is wet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set.
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give, is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester, when the joke 's unkind.
Since Marcus doubtless thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious letters* came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou—a fool, or knave?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before;
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who; [through;
No mask so good but Marcus must shine
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell,
Thy best concealment had been writing well;
But thou a brave neglect for Fame hast shown,
Of others' fame, great genius! and thy own.

* Letters sent to the Author, signed *Marcus*.

Write on unheeded, and this maxim know:
The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.
In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull;
When some home-joke has stung their solemn souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the way of heaviness;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake, [spit,
These, when their utmost venom they would
Most barbarously tell you—"he 's a wit."
Poor negroes thus, to show their burning spite
To Cacodæmons, say they 're devilish white.
Lampridius from the bottom of his breast
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with much pains exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea;
One learns to lisp, another not to see;
Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these what nature gave disown through pride,
Others affect what nature has denied;
What nature has denied fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.
Crassus, a graceful sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.
He hems—and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true;
And adds, "the learn'd delight in something new."
Is 't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look and gravely plead?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Nay, of true wisdom there too much may be,
The gen'rous mind delights in being free;
Your men of parts an over-care despise;
Dull rogues have nought to do but to be wise.
Horace has said—and that decides the case—
'Tis sweet to trifle in a proper place.
Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen),
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense, with a better grace;
As pedlers with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark where pins are to be sold.
What 's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain:
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot—
Solemnity 's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool, when I behold the screen;
For 'tis the wise man's int'rest to be seen.
Hence, Scarborough, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.
With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd,
Of court and town the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face!
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone!
My brother swore it, therefore it is true;
O strange induction, and at court quite new!
As well thou mightst aver, thou simple swain,
"'Tis just, and therefore I my cause shall gain."
With such odd maxims to thy flocks retreat,
Nor furnish mirth for ministers of state.
Some master spirit far beyond the throng
Refin'd in ill, more rightly bent on wrong,
With exquisite discernment play their game,
More nice of conduct, and more fair of fame.
The neatly injur'd thinks his thanks are due,
Robb'd of his right, and good opinion too;
False honor, pride's first-born, this clan controls,
Who wisely part with nothing but their souls.
Albertus hugs himself in ravish'd thought,
To find a peerage is so cheaply bought.
These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen:
How blank his look, how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
His health was mended with a silver lace:
A curious artist long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame:
His sumptuous watch-case, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his Tyrian dye,

With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains the dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France he wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.
Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valued, like leopards as their spots appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barbarous needle at his fame.
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And when he slept surpris'd the darling rent;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out.*
He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim.
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes:
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.
Ye Whigs and Tories, thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide;
You vent your spleen, as monkeys when they pass
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.
"But who art thou!" methinks Florello cries;
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
O thou, myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like all husbands, take no care at home.
Come from thyself, and a by-stander be;
With others' eyes thy own deportment see;
And while their ails thou dost with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too,
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart:
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose? [prose.
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?

* Milton.

This noon of life? The seasons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler step the seasons chase;
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last;
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
And what so foolish as the chase of Fame?
How vain the prize: how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, and swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour!
Should this verse live, O Lumley! may it be
A monument of gratitude to thee:
Whose early favor I must own with shame,
So long my patron, and so late my theme.

SATIRE V.

On Women.

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd,
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost! *Milton.*

Nor reigns ambition in bold man alone;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own.
But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair:
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye;
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.
- - - - - - - - -
Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.
As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Through ev'ry sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers' caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, and (still stranger!) pews.
Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again.
With all her lustre now her lover warms;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
Oh, how she rolls her charming eyes in spite!
And looks delightfully with all her might!

But like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows.
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day
In—Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.
Nor far beneath her in renown is she
Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear.
In that the skill of conversation lies:
That shows or makes you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say
Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
By tame behaviour, and a soft address."
Through virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Through wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;
Then, her unblemish'd honor to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But, if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel and composing tea;
Nor rests by night; but, more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.
Doubly like Echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise [wise?
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong;
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state! [fate!
What strokes we feel from fancy and from
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune, suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is nature backward to torment or kill?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home!
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.
Yet; as immortal, in our up-hill chace
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labors for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one—a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.
How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame;
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.
The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete,
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air;
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.
More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel:
And, as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
Graceful as John she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit;
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.
O'er the belles-lettres lovely Daphne reigns,
Again the god Apollo wears her chains.
With legs toss'd high on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits;
Of each performance she 's the final test:
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she 's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.
But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense because I 'm fair?
Oh no! see Stella: her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire.
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is 't a sanction for impertinence.
Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might,
The youth in person and in parts was bright;

Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd;
And in full rage of youthful ardor burn'd.
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town.
The day was fix'd; when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd three-score.
The fatal sequel I through shame forbear:
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair?
Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true.
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
Lemira 's sick, make haste, the doctor call:
He comes: but where 's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My lady, sir, is always so.
Diversions put her maladies to flight;
True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night.
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For fevers take an opera in June;
And though perhaps you 'll think the practice bold,
A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold.
With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
With indigestions, supper just at three."
A strange alternative! replies Sir Hans;
Must women have a doctor, or a dance?
Though sick to death abroad they safely roam;
But droop and die in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health—are ladies ill;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.
Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair
Yon lady rolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Veny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because twas night." [that."
Did she then dance or play? "Nor this or
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,
Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed.

*Lap-dog.

This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body 's wise.
Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You in the morning a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again. [charms,
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura 's beautiful to such excess, [less;
That all her art scarce makes her please the
To deck the female cheek He only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.
How gay they smile! Such blessings nature pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs and spreads her velvet green.
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted art's deprav'd allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapors to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight:
And to be prest to death transports her quite.
Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads, [their shades,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes
Black kennels' absent odors she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to this serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way!
Through briers and brambles, in the world we stray;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.
O sacred solitude, divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish and ensure the next;
There too the Muses sport; these numbers
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee. [free
There sport the Muses, but not here alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.

Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.
Both wits! Though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days, they liv'd in peace!
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.
Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pain, since they 're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday!
And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Though well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow.
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For such is or our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.
Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it but rank poison in your veins?
As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There 's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears! [joy'd,
She, fond and young, last week her wish en-
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee weep?" [you sleep?"
"Ah, barbarous man!" she cries, "how could
Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
How grateful one to touch and one to taste;
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away.
But soon the sated appetites return:
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let man then never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair.
Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind;
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phillis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phillis, with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies;
But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?
Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love:
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies.
She sees the planets in their turns advance:
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!), soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To —— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right;
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet;
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds collected, and in courts sincere;
Sincere and warm with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good.
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of silks and china she 's the last appeal:
In these great points she leads the common-weal:
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin, the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress?
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries!
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure.
The theme divine at cards she 'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at piquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they sew as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.
Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
Oh, how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind! [he
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee!

Hums round about her; and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r!
The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says:
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold!
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight;
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view:
It charms us now; anon we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd;
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers! who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair.
The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow with the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy; [play'd,
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid:
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She by just stages journeys round the room;
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan, let others say who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Pierce out th' idea her faint words deny.
Oh listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve;
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve:
But chew she must, herself, ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies [eyes.
(Kind Heaven!) against the poison of their
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien:
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene,
In fair and open dealing where 's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echos how to swear.
'By Jove,' is faint, and for the simple swain;
She on the Christian system is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she 's not a grenadier.
If thunder 's awful, how much more our dread
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead!
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen;
A shameless woman is the worst of men.
Few to good breeding make a just pretence;
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains,
With Indian painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and toss into the chair
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers died, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s self will be polite.
Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna with a soften'd smile
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.
But adoration! Give me something more
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime:
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we 're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
Oh how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,

Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve:
We 'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
She grants indeed a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.
O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! her gray hairs engage;
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline: [shine.
Virtue 's the paint that can make wrinkles
That, and that only, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace; by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.
Where 's Portia now? But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipt in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills: the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes! [most,
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the
The least obliging, and by favors lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that 's worth your love from your embrace.
In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
With which this age is eminently curst.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire.
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

§ 40. *The Castle of Indolence.* THOMSON.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half imbrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between, [kest,
And flow'ry beds that slumbrous influence
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen;
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade, [mur made.
Though restless still themselves, a lulling mur-

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or Stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclin'd all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood:
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As Idleness fancied in her dreaming mood
And up the hills on either side a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsihed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky;
There eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And calm the pleasures, always hover'd nigh,
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embow'ring trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of chequer'd day and night:
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and, to his lute, of cruel fate
And labor harsh complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass thereby;
For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clust'ring round th' enchanter false they hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lure his hand he flung
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man, with unearn'd pleasure gay,
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flow'r to flow'r on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering thorn
Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough nor sow; ne, fit for flail,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
And of the vices, an inhuman train,
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
For when hard-hearted interest first began
To poison earth, Astrea left the plain;
Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
And, for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

"Come ye who still the cumbrous load of life
Push hard up hill; but, as the farthest steep
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,
And hurls your labors to the valley deep,
For ever vain; come, and withouten fee
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,
Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a sea
Of full delight: oh come, ye weary wights, to me!

"With me you need not rise at early dawn,
To pass the joyless day in various sounds;
Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds:
Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
Now flattering base, now giving secret wounds;
Or prowl in courts of law for human prey,
In venal senate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

"No cocks with me to rustic labor call,
From village on to village sounding clear;
To tardy swains no shrill-voic'd matrons squall;
No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your ear;
No hammers thump; no horrid blacksmith fear;
No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start,
With sounds that are a misery to hear:
But all is calm, as would delight the heart
Of Sybarite of old, all nature and all art.

"Here nought but candor reigns, indulgent ease,
Good-natur'd lounging, saunt'ring up and down.
They who are pleas'd themselves must always please;
On others' ways they never squint a frown,
Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
With milky blood the heart is overflown,
Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense;
For int'rest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd hence.

"What, what is virtue, but repose of mind?
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man, a proud malignant worm!

But here instead, soft gales of passion play,
And gently stir the heart, thereby to form
A quicker sense of joy; as breezes stray
Across th' enliven'd skies, and make them
still more gay.

"The best of men have ever lov'd repose;
They hate to mingle in the filthy fray,
Where the soul sours, and gradual rancor
grows,
Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
E'en those whom fame has lent her fairest
ray, [yore,
The most renown'd of worthy wights of
From a base world at last have stol'n away.
So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.

"But if a little exercise you choose,
Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
Amid the groves you may indulge the
Muse; [year;
Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal
Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
You may delude: the whilst amus'd you
hear
Now the hoarse stream, and now the ze-
phyr's sigh,
Attun'd to the birds and woodland melody.

"O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting
fate, [won
And gives the untasted portion you have
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch un-
done, [reign,
To those who mock you gone to Pluto's
There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
dun:
But sure it is of vanities most vain, [tain."
To toil for what you here untoiling may ob-

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears
retain'd
The deep vibrations of his 'witching song;
That by a kind of magic pow'r constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the list'ning throng.
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipp'd
along,
In silent ease; as when beneath the beam
Of summer moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft embodied fays through airy portal
stream.

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To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task;
From kings, and those who at the helm ap-
pear, [bask.
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-tied trash, and suits of fools that
ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row;
But these I passen by, with nameless numbers
moe.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive, not sad, in thought involv'd not
dark.
As sooth this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart;
But these his talents were yburied stark;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting
art.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with sleep-inviting
sound,
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are
found:
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's
bound; [dows stray,
Then homeward through the twilight sha-
Sauntering and slow. So had he passed many
a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they
past,
For oft the heavenly fire that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cœrulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the
wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he
build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace
behind.

With him was sometimes join'd in silent
walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyer still, who quite detested talk;
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing
oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve—"Thank heaven!
the day is done."

Here lurch'd a wretch who had not crept
abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad;
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd
been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and
mien,

Our castle's shame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight:
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove,
Before the sprightly tempest-tossing light:
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

But not e'en pleasure to excess is good:
What most elates then sinks the soul as low;
When spring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher still the exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary shore:
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, the abode of sleep no more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng:
Aud oft he sips their bowl; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among, [profound;
And scares their tender sleep, with tromp
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for ev'ry worth he had,
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man 's with bad;
Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad: [pent,
When as we found he would not here be
To him the better sort this friendly message sent:

"Come, dwell with us! true son of virtue, come!
But if, alas! we cannot thee persuade
To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
Yet when at last thy toils but ill apaid
Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly spark,
Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
There to indulge the Muse, and nature mark:
We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley Park."

Here whilom ligg'd the Esopus* of the age;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his sleep.
Even from his slumbers we advantage reap:
With double force the enliven'd scene he wakes, [to keep
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows
Each due decorum: now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd judgment takes.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems;
Who,† void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain;
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat:
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralising sage: his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by;
Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe who minded nought,
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow sat ev'ry nation's care:
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hallor Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then smoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made resort;
Where from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain show of work assume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom:
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labor was to kill the time:
And labor dire it is, and weary woe. [rhyme;
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow;
This soon too rude an exercise they find;
Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were written by a friend of the author.

Where hours on hours they sighingly re-
clin'd, [the wind.
And court the vapory god soft-breathing in

§ 41. *Hymn on Solitude.* THOMSON.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good;
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts!
A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in ev'ry shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;
Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next, you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain:
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face;
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.
Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay;
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.
Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain:
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And rapt Urania sings to thee.
Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

§ 42. *The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by Isis: an Elegy.* T. WARTON.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale;
Charm'd by the murmurs of the quivering
shade,
O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd:
And calmly musing through the twilight way,
In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
When lo! from op'ning clouds a golden gleam
Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy
stream;
And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green,
While in the coral crown that bound her
brow,
Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.
As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod,
From her loose hair the dropping dew she
press'd,
And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:
No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
To notes of past'ral pipe or oaten flute.
For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stays thy hand to strike the sounding
string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon towers when malice rears her
crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?
Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's
cause, [laws;
Still boast of freedom, while you break her
To Pow'r your songs of gratulation pay;
To Courts address soft flattery's servile lay.
What though your gentle Mason's plaintive
verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus'
herse:
What though your vaunted bard's ingenuous
woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?——
Misguided youth! with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page:
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.
Let * * * boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctify'd and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive;
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meand'ring through the matted
reeds,
With loit'ring wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honor calls, and justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit
brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.

Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bow'r
Still nor enjoys nor seeks the smile of pow'r.
Though wakeful vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Though persecution wave her iron wing,
And o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
"Those destin'd seats be mine," exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heaven descend
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd,
With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green as of old each olive portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.
E'en late when Radcliffe's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis' happy plain:
When yon proud dome,* fair learning's amplest shrine,
Beneath its Attic roofs received the Nine;
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclaim,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honor'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush'd to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Shelton's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!
O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and a Harley mine:
That bade them leave the loftier scene awhile,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine!
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full pæans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And listening danc'd beneath their pearly grot;
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.
But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowding theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon stage, how all attentive stand,
To catch his parting eye, and waving hand.
Hark, he begins with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart;
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;

* The Radcliffe Library.

Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eyes to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm.
Untaught in flow'ry periods to dispense
The lulling sound of sweet impertinence;
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise:
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.
While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?
Thus in some gallant ship that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance, beneath her close sequester'd cells
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;
The martial thunder's rage in vain she stood,
With ev'ry conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour
Than wars or waves, or Eurus' wintry pow'r.
Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye tow'rs that wear the mossy vest of time!
Ye massy piles of old munificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloisters pale, that length'ning to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite; [clear,
Ye high arch'd walks, where oft the whispers
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear;
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns for ever echoing praise;
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that 's good and great,
Of all that 's fair, the guardian and the seat:
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!
E'en now, confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Turning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful steps see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:

To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of truth divine.
All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And best the labors plann'd of letter'd ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd,
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense improv'd,
Who rang'd the power of reason, or refin'd
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl,
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
Hail! Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.
And see yon sapient train! with lib'ral aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning brows.
"Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,"
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught;
While in each youth th' hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd and the same!
Nor all the tasks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage.
I see the sable-suited prince advance
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding France,
Edward. The Muses in yon cloister'd shade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw;
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.
And see, great father of the sacred band,
The patriot king* before me seems to stand.
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore:
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er th' enlighten'd land.
Though simple was the dome, where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's control

* Alfred.

A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye
Elate he views his laurell'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express'd;
Conscious he sees fair Freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the Goddess pour'd the beam
Unsully'd on his ancient diadem)
Well pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger ere she leave the land.

§ 43. *Monody, written near Stratford-upon-Avon.* T. WARTON.

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with wat'ry foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd,
Soothe me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd aisles inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th' embow'ring shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy circled shrine,
Of daisies pied his infant off'ring made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe;
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shape of warriors and of kings,
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe with regal woes embroider'd o'er,
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

§ 44. *Inscription in a Hermitage at Ansley-Hall, in Warwickshire.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
And while to shade my lowly cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;

Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude.
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Portray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed.
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and amice gray:
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

§ 45. *The Hamlet, written in Whichwood Forest.* T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild,
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight tinctur'd-beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the sithe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear;
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of solitude's sequester'd store.
For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incence breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honey'd flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs;
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound.
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime;
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

§ 46. *Ode. The First of April.* T. WARTON.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woos
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boist'rous boy the Fair denies,
Or with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The sleety storm returning still,
The morning hoar and ev'ning chill,
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flow'r
Decks the rough castle's rifted tow'r:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits, the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale;
While from the shrubb'ry's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broidery shone,
Ev'ry chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge:
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the gray moor, on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:

The butterfly, gay painted soon,
Explores awhile the tepid noon,
And fondly trusts its tender dyes
To fickle suns and flatt'ring skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen show'r,
If a cloud should haply low'r,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his wat'ry veil
Looks through the thin-descending hail,
She mounts, and less'ning to the sight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clam'rous call;
And, to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing through the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark
How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees:
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never sere,
Tow'rs distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow long forsook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs, with faltering pace,
And with eager bleatings fill
The foss that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigor yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play,
Basking beneath the noon-tide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies, pride
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant through the sparkling grass.

Yet in these presages rude,
'Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

§ 47. *Ode. The Suicide.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's vivid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that ling'ring laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the pow'rs of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid the autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

"Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
"Is this the youth, whose genius high
Could build the genuine rhyme?
Whose bosom mild the fav'ring Muse
Had stor'd with all her ample views,
Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?"

Ah from the Muse that bosom mild
By treach'rous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthly tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor, oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn, [anew.
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought;
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine
To build a visionary shrine, [brought,
Hung with unfading flow'rs, from fairy regions

What though refus'd each chanted rite;
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura lost, in early bloom, [knell.
In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive

To soothe a lone unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivy'd nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray, [took:
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention

"Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [confine.
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds

"Just Heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born woe;
Yet the same pow'r that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends [foe.
Religion's golden shield to break the embattled

"Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murtherer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild the darken'd hemisphere, [ed form.
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blast-

"Vain man! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
To take what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:
In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

§ 48. *Ode. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favorite Village in Hampshire.*

T. WARTON.

AH, mourn thy lov'd retreat! No more
Shall classic steps thy scenes explore!
When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep:
Who now shall climb its brows, to view
Thy length of landscapes ever new;
Where summer flings, in careless pride,
Her varied vesture far and wide?
Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
Or grange, or elm-encircled farm:
The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof:
The tufted pines whose umbrage tall
Darkens the long-deserted hall;
The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
Collects at eve the playful train:
The cot that smokes with early fire,
The low-roof'd fane's embosom'd spire?
Who now shall indolently stray
Through the deep forest's tangled way;
Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
That toils with feeble hand to glean
Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean?
Who mid thy nooks of hazel sit,
Lost in some melancholy fit;
And list'ning to the raven's croak,
The distant flail, the falling oak?
Who through the sunshine and the show'r,
Descry the rainbow-painted tow'r?
Who, wandering at return of May,
Catch the first cuckoo's vernal lay?
Who, musing waste the summer hour,
Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
The grassy lane so rarely pac'd,
With azure flow'rets idly grac'd?
Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
Returning reapers cross the lawn:
Nor fond attention loves to note
The wether's bell from folds remote:
While, own'd by no poetic eye,
The pensive evening shade the sky!
For lo! the bard who rapture found
From ev'ry rural sight or sound;
Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
No charm of genuine nature pass'd;
Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
Far from thy favor'd haunt retires:
Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
With shadowy shapes and airy pow'rs.
Behold, a dread repose resumes,
As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms!
From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
Th' unwilling genius flies forlorn,
His primrose-chaplet rudely torn.
With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
The pathless copse, and hedge-row brake,
Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
Its chalky entrails opens wide;
On the green summit, ambush'd high,
No longer echo loves to lie,
No pearl-crown'd maid, with wily look,
Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
Around the glow-worm's glimm'ring bank,
No fairies run in fiery rank;

Nor brush, half seen, in airy tread,
The violet's unprinted head.
But Fancy, from the thickest brown,
The glades that wear a conscious frown,
The forest-oaks, that pale and lone
Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
Her bright ideal offspring calls.
So by some sage enchanter's spell,
(As old Arabian fables tell)
Amid the solitary wild,
Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd:
From sapphire rocks the fountain stream'd,
With golden fruit the branches beam'd;
Fair forms, in ev'ry wondrous wood,
Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood;
And oft, retreating from the view,
Betray'd at distance beauties new:
While, gleaming o'er the crisped bow'rs,
Rich spires arose, and sparkling tow'rs.
If bound on service new to go,
The master of the magic show
His transitory charm withdrew,
Away th' illusive landscape flew:
Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
Blue lightning smote the blooming mold;
In visionary glory rear'd,
The gorgeous castle disappear'd:
And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

§ 49. *The Art of preserving Health.* ARMSTRONG.

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæan, queen of every joy,
Hygeia;* whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou, cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigor through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of heaven
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the shuddering air; whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills, th' extremes of sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry, produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and heedless pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world,
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee,
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess, heavenly-gay,
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
"How best the fickle fabric to support
Of mortal man; in healthful body how
A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of Nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the Muses never trod before.

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Bedew'd, our seasons droop: incumbent still
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
A pond'rous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul:
Lab'ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
Th' embattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the South descends.
Scarce in a show'rless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful East
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good Heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements,
Do they, your pow'rful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
That lofty Albion melt into the main?
Indulgent nature! O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial West
To breathe, and in its turn the sprightly North:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; not mix'd in ev'ry monstrous day!
Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
Of burthen'd skies, mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;

* Hygeia, the goddess of Health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Æsculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæan.

And where the cynorrhodon* with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs high on the basking steep
Ascend; there light the hospitable fires,
And let them see the winter morn arise;
The summer evening blushing in the West:
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring North,
And bleak affliction of the peevish East. [all
Oh! when the growling winds contend, and
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murm'ring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of th' harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.

BOOK II. DIET.

Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave;
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know; [crops
These, and their willing slave, the deer that
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains;
Or thirsty Libya, from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords;
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews fev'rish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervor and tempestuous course,
Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape;
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns, [glows:
Through the green shade the golden orange
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A gen'rous pulp; the cocoa swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets,
Earth's vaunted progeny: in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, e'en too proud to live,
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here, with a mother's smile,
Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn:
Here buxom Ceres reigns: th' autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains. [men,
What suits the climate best, what suits the
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edged with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls;
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs,
Supports in else intolerable air;
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountain lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.
I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy reverence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight, what stupendous shades, [nerve
Inwrap these infant floods! Through ev'ry
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And, more gigantic still, th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world,
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations, if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies? And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæan, so the pow'rs of health
Command) to praise your crystal element:

* The wild rose, or that which grows on the common brier.

The chief ingredient in Heaven's various works,
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable streams! With eager lips,
And trembling hand, the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you: fresh vigor fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the sires of human kind
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not the alternate fits of fev'rish mirth
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.
- - - - - - - - -
What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
Except kind nature by some hasty blow
Prevent the ling'ring fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervor hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their elemental veins
Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
Its various functions vigorously are plied
By strong machinery, and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs; there is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards tend;
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart;
These languishing, those strength'ning by degrees
To hard, unyielding, unelastic bone.
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on:
It loiters still; and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain, the death
Of nature. Thus (so Heaven ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself: and, could these laws have chang'd,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his song.
What does not fade? The tow'r that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base;
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old,
And all those worlds that roll around the sun.
The sun himself shall die, and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great father through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For through the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay;
It ever did, perhaps, and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdued,
Mellow'd and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancor of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, inwrap the limbs with balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows the prickly frost,
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain: from the ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount the exulting steed.
Already see the deep-mouth'd beagles catch

The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer;
And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.
But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such through the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such [stream
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in songs; though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flow'ry, or more romantic groves, [flood!
Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain!
Oft, with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd;
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and, with the slender line
And yielding rod, solicit to the shore [clouds
The struggling panting prey; while vernal
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms. [Ind,
Form'd on the Samian school, or those of
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane;
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I)
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground,
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he, whom when his years decline,
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind:
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
E'en envied by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest, of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd!
Happiest of men, if the same soil invites
A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame!
A fair ambition, void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone,
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The vista best, and best conducts the stream:
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shows [charms
The earliest bloom; the sweetest, proudest
Of Flora; who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champagne.
Thrice happy day in rural business pass'd;
Blest winter nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk, that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down;
Or through the fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wanders, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbors lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy,
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavor of the fruit
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labors in my friendly bowl,
And at my table find himself at home.
- - - - - - - - -
The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings; great Nature droops
Thro' all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His pow'rs the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full;
But be the first concoction half matur'd,
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He from the toils
And trouble of the day to heavier toil

Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl, or in the main
O'erwhelm, or bury struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought; [soul,
While pale and monstrous panting shocks the
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity, though prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanity of fear:
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night,
To banish omens and all restless woes.
- - - - - - - - - -
Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:
The all surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
Be shut; though no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
Th' imprison'd plagues, a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose; a monster never known before
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursued a gradual course, but in a day
Rush'd as a storm o'er half the astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcasses the land.
First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapor sprung.
With rash combustion thence the quiv'ring spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within:
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still;
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd:
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head:
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking pow'rs
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a pond'rous sleep
Wrapp'd all the senses up: they slept and died.
In some, a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd,
The sweats o'erflow'd, but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of various tinctures, as the temp'rature
Had mix'd the blood, with rank and fetid steams:
As if the pent-up humors by delay [lign.
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and ma-
Here lay their hopes, (tho' little hope remain'd,)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain;
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.
Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd.
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind
In vain: where'er they fled, the fates pursued.
Others with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did the fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd. [heaven
Where should they fly? The circumambient

Involv'd them still; and ev'ry breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their pray'rs; priv'd,
Heaven heard them not. Of ev'ry hope de-
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turn to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd!

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser pow'rs:
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows imbitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
There Madness enters; and the dim-eyed fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heav'n frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels
With anxious flutt'rings wake the guiltless breast.
Such phantoms Pride in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason; some for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and others ev'ry day,
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests; and first the demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to Heaven.
Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy; and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise; pain.
In vain your friends would reason down your
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain,
Court not the luxury of tender thought!
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the wish
Of noble minds, and push them night and day;
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging through the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares. low,
But most too passive, when the blood runs
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts, and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd nectar sweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom dis-
In empty air; Elysium opens round; solves
A pleasing phrensy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult and what was dire
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last. gloom
But soon your heaven is gone: a heavier
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream, rain,
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man:
You sleep, and, waking, find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night

You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing heart:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, ascend.
- - - - - - - - -
There is a charm, a pow'r that sways the
Bids every passion revel or be still; [breast;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair;
That pow'r is Music: far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on the stage,
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong),
Do wondrous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts: [est peals
Good Heaven! we praise them; we with loud-
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
And with insipid show of rapture die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heaven's own fire,
Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul. [old
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian whose harmonious lyre, [weep;
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains
Sooth'd e'en the inexorable powers of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One pow'r of physic, melody, and song.

§ 50. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear;
Disclose the long-expected flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardor of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet, hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily gilded trim
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colors drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 51. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.* GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way!

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,

Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labors ply
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigor born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,
And shame that sculks behind;
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And envy wan, and faded care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless despair,
And sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
And stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen;
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry laboring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty to fill the band,
That 'numbs the soul with icy hand:
And slow-consuming age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

§ 52. *Ode to Adversity.* GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste the pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learnt to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threatning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart;
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.

The gen'rous spark extinct revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan; [man.
What others are, to feel; and know myself a

§ 53. *The Progress of Poesy. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

AWAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain, [roar.
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour; [bellow to the
The rocks and nodding groves re-

I. 2.

O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay:
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-eyed pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay,
With arms sublime, that float upon the air.
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labor, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train;
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and gen'rous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep;
Isles, that crown th' Egean deep;
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.
This pencil take, (she said,) whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror, that, and thrilling fears,
Or hope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time,
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great!

§ 54. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance: [vering lance.
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his qui-

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood,
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
"Hark, how each giant-oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main:
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
On dreary Avon's shore they lie, [head.
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit: they linger yet
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race:
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that ring:
Shrieks of an agonizing king!
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs [him wait!
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his fun'ral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn. [born?
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
And through their kindred squadron mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
Above, below, the rose of snow,

Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread;
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate,
(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
'Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
Leave me unblest, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unrol?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All-hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear:
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-color'd wings.

III. 3.

'The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from the blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke; and, headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

§ 55. *The Fatal Sisters. An Ode.* GRAY.

Now the storm begins to low'r
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare);
Iron sleet of arrowy show'r
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling chords along:
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Kept the tissue close and strong.

Mista, black terrific maid,
Sangrida, and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav'lins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease! the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing:
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenor of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

§ 56. *The Descent of Odin. An Ode.*
GRAY.

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spied:
His shaggy throat he open'd wide;
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms, presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread?
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the Sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey;
Prophetess, arise, and say
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the West,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose;
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now!
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain:
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right;
Till, wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

§ 57. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.*
GRAY.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;

Fairest flow'r of Roderic's stem
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours:
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Lib'ral hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin ploughs the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.
Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;
In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the press, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood;
While, heap'd his master's feed around,
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn;
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and honorable Death.

§ 58. *The Beggar's Petition.* ANON.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been a channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road:
For Plenty there a residence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh take me to your hospitable dome!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb!
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me!

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh give relief, and Heaven will bless your store!

§ 59. *Pollio. An Elegiac Ode; written to the Wood near R—— Castle,* 1762. MICKLE.

THE peaceful evening breathes her balmy store,
The playful school-boys wanton o'er the green;
Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door,
The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
With solemn meditation let me stray;
This is the hour when to the wise and good
The heavenly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
Whispers the gently-heaving boughs among;
The star of evening glimmers o'er the dale,
And leads the silent host of heaven along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad height,
The silver empress of the night appears!
Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
And faintly in its breast the woodland bears.

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
Solemn and constant from yon dell resound;
The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade;
The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground.

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale,
The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd tow'rs;
Dull thro' the roofs resounds the whistling gale.
Dark solitude among the pillars low'rs.

'Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves,
And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
Where yon scath'd poplar through the windows waves,
And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains;

There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken pray'r.

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
Its crumbling turrets; still its tow'ry head
A warlike mien, a sullen grandeur wears.

So, 'midst the snow of age, a boastful air
Still on the war-worn vet'ran's brow attends;
Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
Though trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends.

Wild round the gates the dusky wall-flow'rs creep,
Where oft the knights the beauteous dames [have led;
Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,
Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread.

'Twas here our sires, exulting from the fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea,
Eyeing their rescued fields with proud delight!
Now lost to them! and, ah! how chang'd to me.

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
The dear idea of my Pollio bring; [trees,
So shone the moon through these soft-nodding
When here we wander'd in the eves of spring.

When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseate morn
Unfold their bloom, in heaven's own colors dyed:

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore, [mind;
These were the emblems of his healthful
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore,
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;

Him with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal thought allied:
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms; he saw, he felt, and died.

O partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'erflows;
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Oft with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;

Oft by the moon have brush'd the evening dew,
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The sainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And sainted well have lost their cheering pow'rs;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh where, [hind?
Where hast thou fled, and left me here be-
My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare;
Oh now cut off each passage to my mind!

How dreary is the gulf! how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were re-pass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untried,
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious heavens I cast my eyes: [fire?
And shall these stars glow with immortal
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies?
And could thy bright, thy living soul expire?

Far be the thought! The pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear, [time,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of
Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine in Norway's wintry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there 's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies!

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side
With patience waits the rosy op'ning day;
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean toss'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore,
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where fate and death divide the friends no more!

Oh that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now perhaps frequents this solemn grove,
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at pain,
And wings his spirit with sublime desire!

To fan this spark of heaven, this ray divine,
Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd;
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising ecstasies their bosoms fir'd.

Restor'd creation bright before them rose,
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains;
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose;
The flowr'y mountain sung 'Messiah reigns!'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene;
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire,
What time the moonshine dimly gleams between.

There, where the cross in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping yews o'ershade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wandering o'er my kindred bones;

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn,
When from the bursting graves the just shall rise,
All Nature smiling; and, by angels borne,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies!

§ 60. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valor long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground:
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war:
Bethinks him of his babe and wife;
Then smites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it, then, in ev'ry clime,
Through the wide spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke;
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancor fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter-night;
No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood!
Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns;
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall flow:
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 61. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born,
Yet Goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glitt'ring colors gay
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flow'r-adorn'd in new-born beauty glow;
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our day.

Labor with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden show'r.
Lo! Darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray,
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th' approach of morn;
Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th' all cheering light,
Quick as the lightning's flash glide to sepulchral night.

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,

With laughter at her side.
Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now affliction's pow'r,
Fear not now wild passion's rage;
Nor fear ye aught, in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of Age.
Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's pray'r: [troubled air.
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the

§ 62. *Ode to Leven Water.* SMOLLET.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe of love,
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread:
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood,
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood:
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel and mottled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds, piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
And industry, embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

§ 63. *Songe to Ælla, Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe ynne daies of yore. From* CHATTERTON, *under the name of* ROWLEY.

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
As everlastynge to posteritye.

Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-redde hue [morning due,
Lyche kynge-cuppes brastynge wythe the
Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie,
Upponne the lethale daie,
Spredde farre and wyde onne Watchets shore;
Than dyddst thou furiouse stande,
And bie thie valyante hande
Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawn bie thyne anlace felle,
Downe to the depthe of helle
Thousands of Dacyanns went;
Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
Ydar'd the bloudie fyghte,
And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
Thye Spryte to haunte delyghteth beste,
Whetherr upponne the bloude-embrewedd pleyne,
Or whare thou kennst from farre
The dysmall crye of warre,
Or seest somme mountayne made of corse of
Orr seest the hatchedd stede, [sleyne;
Ypraunceynge o'er the mede,
And neighe to be amenged the poynctedd speeres,
Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde
Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde,
And glowe ardurous onn the Castle steeres;

Or fierye round the mynsterr glare;
Let Brystowe stylle be made thie care;
Guarde ytt fromme foemenne and consumynge fyre;
Lyche Avones streme ensyrke ytt rounde,
Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde,
Tyll ynn one flame all the whole worlde expyre.

§ 64. *Bristowe Tragedie; or, The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.*

CHATTERTON, *under the name of* ROWLEY.

THE feather'd songster chaunticleer
Had wounde hys bugle horne,
And told the earlie villager
The commynge of the morne;

Kynge Edwarde saw the rudie streakes
Of lyght eclypse the greie;
And herde the ravens crokynge throte
Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou 'rt right," quod hee, "for, by the Godde,
That syttes enthron'd on hyghe,
Charles Bawdin, and his fellowes twaine,
To-daie shall surelie die."

Then wythe a jugge of nappy ale
His knyghtes dydd onne hymn waite;
"Goe tell the traytour thatt to-daie
Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,
Wythe hart brymm-fulle of woe;
Hee journey'd to the castle-gate;
And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, his children twaine,
And eke hys lovynge wyfe,
Wythe brinie tears dydd wet the floore,
For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" sayd Canterlone,
Badde tydyngs I doe brynge."
"Specke boldlie, man," sayd brave Syr Charles,
"Whatte says the traytour kynge?"

"I greeve to telle: Before yonne sonne
Does fromme the welkinne flye,

He hath uponne hys honnor sworne
Thatt thou shalt surelie die."

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Of thatte I 'm not affearde:
What boote to lyve a little space?
Thanke Jesu, I 'm prepar'd.

"Butte telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,
I 'de sooner die to daie
Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,
Tho' I should lyve for aie."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydde goe out,
To telle the maior straite
To gette all thynges ynne reddyness
For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maister Canynge saughte the kynge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quoth hee, "unto your grace
To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Your tale speke out,
You have been much oure friende;
Whatever youre requeste may bee,
We wylle to ytte attend."

"My nobile liege! all my request
Ys for a nobile knyghte,
Who, tho' may hap he has done wronge,
He thoghte ytte stylle was ryghte:

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
Charles Bawdin die to daie."

"Speke nott of such a traytour vile,"
The kynge ynne fury sayde;
"Before the ev'ning starre doth sheene,
Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:

"Justice does loudlie for hym calle
And hee shall have hys meede.
Speke, Maister Canynge! whatte thynge else
Atte present doe you neede?"

"My nobile liege!" goode Canynge sayd,
"Leave justice to our Godde,
And laye the yronne rule asyde,
Be thynne the olyve rodde.

"Was Godde to serche our hertes and reines,
The best were synners grete;
Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
Ynne alle thys mortall state.

"Let mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
'Twylle faste thy crowne fulle sure;
From race to race thy familie
Alle sov'reigns shall endure:

"But yff wythe bloode and slaughter thou
Beginne thy infante reigne,
Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
Wyll never lonng remayne."

"Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
Has scorn'd my pow'r and mee;
Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
Intreate my clemencye?"

"My noble liege! the truly brave
Wylle val'rous actions prize,
Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
Although ynne enemies."

"Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne heav'n
That dydd mee beinge gyve,
I will nott taste a bitt of breade
Whylst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.

"By Marie, and all Seinctes ynne heav'n,
Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
And from the presence paste.

With herte brimm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
And satte hymm down uponne a stoole,
And teares beganne to flow.

"We all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
"Whatt bootes ytt howe or whenne?
Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
Of all wee mortall menne.

"Saye why, my friend, thie honest soul
Runs overr at thyne eye;
Is ytte for my most welcome doome
Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"

Quod godlie Canynge, "I do weepe,
Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
'Tis thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
From godlie fountaines sprynge;
Dethe I despise, and alle the pow'r
Of Edwarde, traytour kynge.

"Whan throgh the tyrant's welcom means
I shall resigne my lyfe,
The Godde I serve wylle soone provyde
For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.

"Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
Thys was appointed mee;
Shall mortal manne repine or grudge
What Godde ordeynes to bee?

"Howe oft ynne battaile have I stoode,
Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
Whan smokynge streams of crimson bloode
Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde!

"Howe dydd I know that ev'ry darte,
That cutte the airie waie,
Myghte notte finde passage toe my harte,
And close myne eyes for aie?

"And shall I now, for feere of dethe,
Looke wanne and bee dismay'd?
Me! fromm my herte flie childlyshe feere,
Be alle the manne display'd.

"Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
And guarde thee and thyne sonne,
Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
Why thenne hys wylle be donne.

"My honeste friende, my faulte has beene
To serve Godde and mye prynce;

And thatt I no tyme-server am,
My dethe wylle soone convynce.

"Ynne London citye was I borne,
Of parents of grete note;
My fadre dydd a nobile arms
Emblazon onne hys cote:

"I make no doubte butt he ys gone
Where soone I hope to goe;
Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
From out the reech of woe:

"Hee taught mee justice and the laws
Wyth pitie to unite;
And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:

"Hee taught mee wythe a prudent hande
To feede the hungrie poore,
Ne lette mye servants drive awaie
The hungrie fromme my doore:

"And none can saye, butt all mye lyfe
I have hys wordyes kept;
And summ'd the actyonns of the daie
Eche nyghte before I slept.

"I have a spouse, goe aske of her
Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
I have a kynge, and none can laie
Blacke treason onne my hedde.

"Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
Whie should I thenne appeare dismay'd
To leave thys worlde of payne?

"Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
I shall ne see thye dethe;
Moste willynglie in thy just cause
Do I resign my brethe.

"Oh fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
While Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.

"Saie, were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
And godlie Henrie's reigne,
That you dydd choppe your easie daies
For those of bloude and peyne?

"Whatte tho' I onne a sledde bee drawne,
And mangled by a hynde,
I do defye the traytour's pow'r,
He can ne harm my mynde:

"Wyatte tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
Mye lymbes shall rotte ynne ayre,
And ne ryche monument of brasse
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;

"Yet ynne the holie booke above,
Whyche tyme can't eat awai,
There wythe the servants of the Lorde
Mye name shall lyve for aie.

"Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
I leve thys mortall lyfe;
Farewell, vayne worlde, and alle that's deare,
Mye sonnes and loving wyfe!

"Now dethe as welcome to mee comes,
As e'er the month of Maie;
Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
Wyth my dere wyfe to staie."

Quod Canynge, "Tys a goodlie thynge
To bee prepar'd to die;
And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
To Godde ynne heaven to flie."

And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
And claryonnes to sounde;
Syr Charles hee herde the horses feete
A-prauncing onne the grounde;

And juste before the officers,
Hys lovynge wyfe came ynne,
Weepynge unfeigned teeres of woe,
Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.

"Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
Ynne quiet lett mee die:
Praie Godde, that every Christian soule
Maye looke onne dethe as I.

"Sweet Florence! why these brinie tears:
Theye washe my soule awaie,
And almost make mee wish for lyfe,
Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.

"'Tys but a journie I shalle goe
Untoe the lande of blysse;
Nowe, as a proofe of husbande's love,
Receive thys holie kysse."

Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynne her saie,
Tremblynge these wordyes spoke,
"Ah, cruele Edwarde! bloudie kynge!
My herte ys well nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe
Wythoute thye lovynge wyfe!
The cruelle axe that cuttes thye necke,
Ytt eke shall ende mye lyfe."

And nowe the officers came ynne
To brynge Syr Charles awaie,
Who turnedd toe hys lovynge wyfe,
And thus toe her dydd saye:

"I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
Truste thou ynne Godde above,
And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
And ynne theyre hertes hym love:

"Teache them to runne the nobile race
That I theyre fader runne:
Florence! should dethe thee take—adieu!
Yee officers, lead onne."

Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
And dydd her treeses tere;
"Oh! staie, my husbande! lorde! and lyfe!"
Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare;

'Till tyred oute wyth ravynge loude,
Shee fellen onne the floore;
Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
And march'd fromm oute the dore.

Uponne a sledde hee mounted thenne,
Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;

Lookes, thatt enshoone ne moe concern
Thanne anie ynne the strete.

Before him went the council-menne,
Ynne scarlette robes and golde,
And tassils spanglynge ynne the sunne,
Muche glorious to beholde:

The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
Appeared to the syghte,
Alle cladd ynn homelie russett weedes,
Of godlie monkysh plyghte:

Ynn diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
Most sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.

Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
Echone the bowe dydd bende,
From rescue of kynge Henries friends
Syr Charles forr to defend.

Bold as a lyon came Syr Charles,
Drawn on a clothe-layd sledde
By two blacke stedes ynne trappynges white,
Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:

Behynd hyme five-and-twentye moe
Of archers stronge and stoute,
Wyth bended bowe echone ynne hande,
Marched ynne goodlie route:

Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
Behynde theyre backs syx mynstrelles came,
Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:

Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
Ynne clothe of scarlet deckt;
And theyre attendyng menne echone,
Lyke Easterne princes trickt:

And after them a multitude
Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were all full of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and saie,
"O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
Wash maye soule clean thys daye."

Att the grete mynster windowe sat
The kynge ynn mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soon as the sledde drewe nygh enowe,
Thatt Edwarde hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

"Thou seest mee, Edwarde! traytour vile!
Expos'd to infamie!
But be assur'd, disloyall manne!
I'm greater nowe thanne thee.

"Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
Thou wearest nowe a crowne,
And hast appoynted mee to dye,
By power nott thyne owne.

"Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
I have beene dede, till nowe,
And soon shall lyve to weare a crowne
For aie uponne my browe:

"Whylst thou, perhaps for some few yeares,
Shalt rule thys fickle lande
To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

"Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
Shall falle onne thy owne hedde."
Fromm out of hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the sledde.

Kynge Edwarde's soule rush'd to hys face;
Hee turn'd hys head awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and saie:

"To him that soe-much-dreaded dethe
Ne ghastlie terrors brynge,
Behold the manne! hee spake the truthe,
Hee 's greater than a kynge!

"So lett hym die!" Duke Richard sayde;
"And maye echone our foes
Bende downe theyre neckes to bloudie exe,
And feede the carryon crowes."

And now the horses gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle!
The exe dydd glisterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloude to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorye, bye val'rous chiefs
Gain'd in the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd saie,
"Beholde you see mee dye
For servynge loyally mye kynge,
Mye kynge most rightfullie.

"As longe as Edwarde rules thys lande,
Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
Your sonnes and husbandes shall be slayne,
And brookes withe bloude shalle flowe.

"You leave youre goode and lawfulle kynge,
Whenne ynne adversitye;
Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
And for the true cause dye."

Thenne hee, wyth preestes, uponne his knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Then kneelynge downe, he layd hys heede
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke!

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;

And tears, enow to washe 't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie exe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'ry parte, and eke hys hedde
Upon a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte onne Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure.

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate,
A dreery spectacle;
His hedde was plac'd onne the hygh crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate;
Godde prosper long our kynge,
And grant hee may, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heaven Godd's mercie synge!

§ 65. *The Mynstrelles Songe in Ælla, a Tragycal Enterlude.* CHATTERTON, &c.

O! SYNGE untoe my roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge (*a*) ryver bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Black hys cryne (*b*) as the wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode (*c*) as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought cann bee,
Defte his taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lys bie the wyllowe-tree.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as theie goe.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude.
Mie love ys dedde.
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Heere, upon mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Ne one hallie seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Wythe mie hondes I 'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corse to gre:
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie bodie stille schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne my hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all ytes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe-tree.

Water wytches, crownede wythe reytes (*d*)
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake, and dyed.

§ 66. *Chorus in Goddwyn, a Tragedie.* CHATTERTON, &c.

WHAN Freedom dreste yn bloude-steyned veste,
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace by her honge.
She daunced onne the heathe:
She hearde the voice of deathe;
Pale-eyned Affryghte, hys harte of silver hue,
In vayne assayled (*a*) her bosom to acale (*b*);
She hearde onflemed (*c*) the shriekynge voice of woe;
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale;
She shooke the burled (*d*) speere,
On hie she jeste (*e*) her sheelde,
Her foemen (*f*) all appere,
And flizze (*g*) along the feelde.
Power, wythe his heafod (*h*) straught (*i*) ynto the skies, [starre.
Hys speere a sonne-beame, and hys sheelde a
Alyche (*j*) twaie (*k*) brendeyng (*l*) gronfyres (*m*) rolls hys eyes, [to war.
Chaftes (*n*) with hys yronne feete, and soundes
She syttes upon a rocke,
She bendes before hys speere,
She ryses from the shocke,
Wieldyng her own yn ayre.
Harde as the thonder dothe she drive ytte on,
Wytte scillye (*o*) wympled (*p*) gies (*q*) ytte to hys crowne, [ys gon,
Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddyng sheelde

(*a*) Running. (*b*) Hair.
(*c*) Complexion.

(*d*) Water-flags. (*a*) Endeavored.
(*b*) Freeze. (*c*) Undismayed.
(*d*) Armed, pointed. (*e*) Hoisted on high, raised.
(*f*) Foes, enemies. (*g*) Fly.
(*h*) Head. (*i*) Stretched. (*j*) Like.
(*k*) Two. (*l*) Flaming. (*m*) Meteors.
(*n*) Beats, stamps. (*o*) Closely.
(*p*) Mantled, covered. (*q*) Guides.

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down. [arist (*s*),
War, goare-faced war, bie envie burld (*r*)
Hys feerie heaulme (*t*) noddynge to the ayre,
Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge fyst.

§ 67. *Grongar Hill.* DYER.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings:
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse.
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky,
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong.
Grongar! in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottos, where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapors, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show
In all the hues of heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires:
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

(*r*) Armed. (*s*) Arose. (*t*) Helmet.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beach, the sable yew;
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both in safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought,
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem:

So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass,
As yon summit 's soft and fair,
Clad in colors of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present 's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with a humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid:
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flower Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,
Along with Pleasure close allied,
Ever by each other's side;
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

§ 63. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*
By GEORGE LORD LYTTELTON.

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care, [share,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burthen'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss the happiest love
Can on the ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now, with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where, beaming, us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring;
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And ev'ry shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song;
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry:
Where oft we us'd to walk;
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound:
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy, [lie.
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales,
And flower-embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care,
To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your youth, [truth?
And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!

How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone, [save?
From folly and from vice their helpless age to

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore; [strove
From these fond arms, that vainly
With hapless ineffectual love, [blow?
To guard her bosom from the mortal
Could not your favoring pow'r, Aonian maids, [date;
Could not, alas! your pow'r prolong her
For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store;
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's* bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus† rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio‡ pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles§ or Ilissus‖ stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what, in Britain's isle,
Most favor'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use

Of all those treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd!

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flow'rs her hallow'd tomb:
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in ev'ry look
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke! [fin'd,
Tell how her manners, by the world re-
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts
With candid Truth's simplicity, [agree
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the soft'ning influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy;
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart;
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall; [to all.
Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind!
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain;
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever pass'd
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;

* The Mincio runs by Mantua the birth-place of Virgil.
† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.
‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.
§ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Mellisigenes.
‖ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise;
On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odors sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows;
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bow'rs,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flow'rs,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care,
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head [tain,
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sus-
And charm away the sense of pain;
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms:
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live!
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasure now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delighted sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succor can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, ev'ry friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favorite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its various course perform'd,
And back return'd again:
Another, and another, smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke!
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which even wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain: [fade,
That all thy full-blown joys at once should
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her control,
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees,
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss!
Even love itself, if rising by degrees,
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,

No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss:
There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
There yield up all his pow'r ne'er to divide you more.

§ 69. *A Winter Piece.* ANON.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow; [in her way;
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say:

"Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me, [could see;
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight
And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my heart with cold; [for gold!
But crueler than all, the lad that left my love

"Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast; [distrest!
Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're
For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare, [piercing air.
He 'd shield us in his arms from this bitter

"Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone: [trickle down;
Oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they fall: [bereft of all."
Ah wretched, wretched mother! thou 'rt now

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow,
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe: [her side;
She kiss'd her babe's pale lips, and laid it by
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and died.

§ 70. *The School Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser.* SHENSTONE.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies, [adorn
While partial fame doth with her blasts
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise:
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame, [tire,
There dwells, in lowly shade and mean at-
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name; [tame:
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow,
Whilome a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe:
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low; [ror grew,
And, as they look'd, they found their hor-
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd:
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision, empty, vain, his native bliss destroy!

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound, [around.
And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd, [join'd,
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction
And fury uncontrol'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet portray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster:* these in frowns array'd, [or main,
How then would fare on earth, or sky,

* The south-west wind, south, &c.

Were the stern God to give his slaves the rein? [quell,
And were not she rebellious breasts to
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air:
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own,
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labor did the fleece prepare,
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth;
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear; [hove,
Ne would esteem him act as mought be-
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favor did her past deportment claim;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same; [pound,
For well she knew, and quaintly could ex-
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound; [found;
And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labors of her loom,
And crown her 'kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordlings dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete.
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;
But in her garden found a summer seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn: [e'er return.
Ah! dearest Lord! forfend thilk days should

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sov'reign prince and liefest liege is plac'd, [grac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she
The source of children's and of courtier's pride! [pass'd)
Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,

And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays;
E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold, [sways;
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold, [unfold.
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene

Lo! now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair: [hand,
Their books of stature small, they take in
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair.
The work so gay that on their back is seen
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has ygazing been, [ween!
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight I

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard* by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight! [skin,
And down they drop; appears his dainty
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear, [hand,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear;
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,

Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she revels well her aim, [stroke proclaim.
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling

The other tribe, aghast with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care,
By turns, astonied, ev'ry twig survey,
And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware, [share;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may
Till fear has taught them a performance meet, [pair,
And to the well-known chest the dame re-
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet, [sweet!
And gingerbread y-rare; now, certes, doubly

See, to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y-galled; he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and form, and chair [hair);
(This hand in mouth y-fixed, that rends his
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest, [caress'd.
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines;
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth his drooping head declines,
All smeared and sullied by a vernal show'r.
Oh the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!
All, all but she, the author of his shame,
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall claim, [fame.
If so, I deem aright, transcending worth and

Behind some door in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth ought,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she 's bent, [resent.
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But if that pride it be which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames! with nice discernment see [fires:
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler
Ah! better far than all the Muse's lyres
(All coward arts) is valor's gen'rous heat,
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires, [great
Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

* Spenser.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear! [show
E'en now sagacious foresight points to
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so;
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die! [low;
Though now he crawl along the ground so
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high, [may fly.
Wisheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fates incline;
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit the Aönian field:
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now, with 'sdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer, [stuff is here!"
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars the prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heaven shield their short liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs, [laid,
For when my bones in grass green sods are
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bow'rs.
O vain, to seek delight in earthly things!
But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs; [spring
Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer,
Salute the stranger passing on his way:
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend, [play;
With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to
Thilk to the huxter's sav'ry cottage tend,
In pasty kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmonied wight, are seen;
And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green;
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice I ween;
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless care!

See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied, [round,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honor'd names th' inventive city own, [praises known.
Rend'ring through Britain's isle Salopia's*

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils tried;
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Amidst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray [their way.
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on

§ 71. *Oriental Eclogues.* COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley, near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.

"YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days. [tains
Not all are blest whom Fortune's hand sus-
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell."

Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind. [bride,
When sweet and blushing, like a virgin
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away;
By Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young:

* Shrewsbury Cakes.

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you belong [song:
(Well may they please) the morals of my
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes:
For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow;
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair:
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's* pearls display!
Drawn from the deep, we own the surface bright:
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
Such are the maids, and such their charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain
That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure the rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
"Blest were the days when Wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth! and daughters bless their love.
"O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away! [way!
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.
"Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd girls shall own thee for their queen:
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the dew;
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs; [Love the last. By these your hearts approve;
And
These are the virtues that must lead to love."
Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay: [along:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

* The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearl fishery.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or the Camel Driver.

Scene, the Desert.—Time, Mid-day.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh:
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
"Ye mute companions of my toils that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
"Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To ev'ry distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;

Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts if they lead to gold ?
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

"O cease, my fears !—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet !
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
And, fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train ;
Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way !
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !

"At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise, contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I took my way !

"O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara, will be most undone !
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the pow'rful maid,
When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said :"
"Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain ;
Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see ;
No griefs endure ; nor weep, false youth, like me !"
"O let me safely to the Fair return : [mourn !
Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not
O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears !"
He said ; and call'd on heaven to bless the way.
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his day

ECLOGUE III.

Abra: or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

In Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are seen
In distant view along the level green :
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade ;
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.
Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain ;
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead :
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made.
Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,*
The violet blue, that on the moss-bank grows ;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there ;
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.
Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chase away :
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought, the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid ;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"
The royal lover bore her from the plain ;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain :
Oft as she went she backward turned her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair, happy maid ! to other scenes remove ;
To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love !
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain ;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd."
Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove ;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd ;
And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band !
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand :
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung ;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
"Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the Fair ;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd ;
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore ; [and
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

" Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
" O happy days !" the maids around her say:
" O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd !"

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains,
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
Where 'wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
Fast at they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran;
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

Oh stay thee, Agib; for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, oh turn thee, and survey,
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we tried!
And, last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind;
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honors to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair;
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
In vain unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind!
'Midst fair Sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
Fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherds' whit'ning tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair;
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe
To death innur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said: when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd;
The affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

§ 72. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. PHILIPS.

" Sing, heavenly Muse!
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme;"
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise

To Juniper's Magpie, or Town Hall,* repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings,
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by Gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel, thrice thund'ring at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!). Behind him stalks
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Erst have endued; if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him! till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect: oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof; and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing),
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friends, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree,
Meanwhile I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
Thoughtful of drink, and eager in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain: awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse:
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature —john-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
A horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,

* Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd
So fierce a shock unable to withstand, [oak
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they rave, they pump, they swear,
they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.

§ 73. *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music. An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.*
DRYDEN.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove:
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign
of the world.—
The list'ning crowd admires the lofty sound;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound;
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young;
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice
he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below:
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War he sung is toil and trouble:
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
And louder, yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

T. Kelly Sc.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Published by Samuel Walker, Harlem Place, Washington Street, Boston.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand, [slain,
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heavenly bellows learnt to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre [sire.
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft de-
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

§ 74. *An Epistle from Mr. Philips to the Earl of Dorset. Copenhagen, March* 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow, [flow,
From streams that northern winds forbid to
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flow'ry plains, and silver streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
For many a shining league the level main,
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows, of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise,
And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of nature, in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:
For ev'ry shrub and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow. [yield
The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes
Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The flag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies:
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees.
Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
Through fragrant bow'rs, and through delicious meads;
While here enchanting gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wand'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

§ 75. *The Man of Sorrow.* Greville.

Ah! what avails the lengthening mead,
By Nature's kindest bounty spread
Along the vale of flow'rs!
Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
Or Philomel's melodious love,
That glads the midnight hours!

For me, alas! the god of day
Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
Nor night her comfort brings;

I have no pleasure in the rose;
For me no vernal beauty blows,
Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
In cheerful ign'rance blest!
Alike to them the rose or thorn,
Alike arises every morn,
By gay contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
Her choice divinely free:
She visits oft the hamlet cot,
When Want and Sorrow are the lot
Of Avarice and me.

But see—or is it Fancy's dream?
Methought a bright celestial gleam
Shot sudden through the groves;
Behold, behold, in loose array,
Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, oh welcome, Pleasure's queen!
And see, along the velvet green
The jocund train advance:
With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air;
The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
When to the feeling wretch is given
A soul alive to joy!
Joys fly with every hour away,
And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
To cares that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste
(Too soon) the gay delusion past,
Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul;
And horror drives without control,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng;
What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
To the distemper'd soul?
I see the lawn of hideous dye;
The towering elm nods misery;
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made.—
'Twas thus, the Man of Sorrow spoke:
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th' unhallow'd shade.

§ 76. *An Evening Address to a Nightingale.* SHAW.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear;
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe;
Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
For, surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?
Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas! for both I weep;
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms;
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doting eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By ev'ry art that science could devise;
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies.
Then, oh! our comforts be the same,
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.
But why, alas! to thee complain,
To thee—unconscious of my pain?
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love.

But oh! for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.
Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is thy promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
"That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
Her last bequest, with all a mother's care,
The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
Soften the horrors of despair,
And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"
How oft, when fondling in my arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And oh what flatt'ring scenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.

"Just heaven!" I cried, with recent hopes elate,
Yet will I live—will live, though Emma's dead:
So long bow'd down beneath the storms of fate,
Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
My little Emma, now my all,
Will want a father's care;

Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recal,
And, for her sake, the ills of life I 'll bear:
And oft together we 'll complain,
Complaint the only bliss my soul can know:
From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
And prattle tales of woe.
And oh! in that auspicious hour,
When fate resigns her persecuting pow'r,
With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming eyes,
When death gives misery repose,
And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought! it must not be—she too is dead,
The flattering scene is o'er:
My hopes for ever, ever fled;
And vengeance can no more.
Crush'd by misfortune, blasted by disease,
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or soothe the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (oh falsely deemed severe),
Shall kindly stop my grief exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear.
Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet, while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form the impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
For oh, how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
E'en he,* the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

§ 77. *An Ode to Narcissa.* SMOLLET.

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
I bow before thine altar, Love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift through all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear, and joy, alternate roll,
And floods of transport whelm my soul!

My falt'ring tongue attempts in vain
In soothing murmurs to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

* Lord Lyttelton.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear;
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpitied die!

§ 78. *Elegy in Imitation of Tibullus.* SMOLLET.

WHERE now are all thy flatt'ring dreams of joy?
Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest:
Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast.

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
With festive songs beguile the fleeting hour,
Lead beauty through the mazes of the ball,
Or press her wanton in love's roseate bow'r.

For me, no more I 'll range the empurpled mead,
Where shepherds pipe and virgins dance around,
Nor wander through the woodbine's fragrant shade,
To hear the music of the grove resound.

I 'll seek some lonely church or dreary hall,
Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:

There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
A while in silence o'er my fate repine:
Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest:
Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

§ 79. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.* COWPER.

AND still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons, to pour it on the farthest north:*
Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
The rage and rigor of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains, and in eternal snows.
Oh, blest within th' inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
That show revers'd the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where you dwell:
But winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne;
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;

* The Moravian missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet truth is yours, remote, unenvied isle;
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile:
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds;
That decks with all the splendor of the true
A false religion—is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night:
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here.
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

§ 80. *On Slavery and the Slave Trade.* COWPER.

BUT, ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
For merchants, rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end;
And each endures while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the sithe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no more.
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness sullenly resigned,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a med'cine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears a load;
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.
But slav'ry!—virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness, in a slave:
Or if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it a while, and kiss the rod;
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whate'er we see,
That has a heart, and life in it, Be free!
The beasts are charter'd—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unencumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 81. *On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard.* COWPER.

OH could I worship ought beneath the skies
That earth had seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand.
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days.
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home,
We feel thy force still active at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r:
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rites have suffer'd, and our land, too long;
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood;
And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground
Where covert guile, and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.
Patron of else the most despised of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee—to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine:
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow
To seek a nobler, amidst scenes of woe;
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge, such as only dungeons teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach;
That grief, sequestered from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage—
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.

Oh that the voice of clamor and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd, in favor of thy gen'rous plea,
The poor thy clients, and Heaven's smile thy fee!

§ 82. *On Domestic Happiness, as the Friend of Virtue; and of the false Good-nature of the Age.* COWPER.

DOMESTIC happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall!
Though few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm
Or too incautious to preserve thy sweets
Unmix'd with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup.
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tied love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honor, dignity, and fair renown,
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
Conven'd for purposes of empire less
Than to release th' adult'ress from her bond!
Th' adult'ress! what a theme for angry verse,
What provocation to the indignant heart
That feels for injur'd love! But I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
No. Let her pass; and, charioted along,
In guilty splendor shake the public ways:
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white;
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch
Whom matrons now, of character unsmirch'd,
And chaste themselves, are not asham'd to own.
Virtue and vice had bound'ries in old time
Not to be pass'd: and she that had renounc'd
Her sex's honor, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it; not for Prudery's sake,
But Dignity's resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a waif
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd;
But was a wholesome rigor in the main,
And taught th' unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice in honor in those days,
And judg'd offenders well: and he that sharp'd
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd,
Was mark'd, and shunn'd as odious. He that sold
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd
The price of his default. But now—yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So liberal in construction and so rich
In Christian charity, a good-natur'd age!
That they are safe: sinners of either sex
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd, well bred,
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily through ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim his merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause:
But she has burnt her masks, not needed here,
Where vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 83. *On the Employments of what is called an Idle Life.* COWPER.

How various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
Esteems the busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these?
Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful; happy to deceive the time,
Nor waste it; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When he shall call his debtors to account
From whom are all our blessings—business finds
E'en here. While sedulous I seek t' improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
The mind he gave me; driving it, though slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart, and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life—
Has business: feels himself engag'd t' achieve
No unimportant, though a silent task,
A life all turbulence and noise may seem,
To him that leads it, wise, and to be prais'd;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupied in storms
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

§ 84. *The Post comes in—the News-paper is read—the World contemplated at a distance.* COWPER.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon

Sees her unwrinkl'd face reflected bright,
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks,
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close-pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful; messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings: have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer not to inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his evening, who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeez'd,
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not e'en critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair, [break—
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit, see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take:
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice: and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise:
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here,
The forests of no meaning spread the page
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews;
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world: to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd:
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still; the sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man,
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return, a rich repast for me!
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes:
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

§ 85. *A Fragment.* MALLET.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh zephyr's breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath,
Where, sown profusely, herb and flow'r,
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human heart no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here!
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,
The seas'ning of all good below,
The sovereign's friend in joy or woe.
O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Pow'r of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermeil grace,
The spirits, when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O sun of life, whose heavenly ray
Lights up and cheers our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till nature with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophied roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell,
Thou oft art seen at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;
Or, on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye
With song and prospect which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train
(All nature sick'ning in the blaze),
Thou in the wild and woody maze
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.
There plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive in his airy mood,
To ev'ry murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead;
Sages or poets. See, they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes,
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo! Socrates the Sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.
Thus musing in the solemn shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe;
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A brighter night involv'd the bow'r:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n,
Great charter with our being giv'n;
For which the patriot and the sage
Have plann'd, have bled, through ev'ry age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!
* * * *

§ 86. *Ode to Evening.* J. WARTON.

HAIL, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
Whose soft approach the weary woodman loves;
As homeward bent to kiss his prattling babes
Jocund he whistles through the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk;
The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat
To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
Return, to trip in wanton ev'ning dance;
Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clamorous rooks repair,
Light swims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene;
And from the sheep-cot, and fresh-furrow'd field,
Stout ploughmen meet, to wrestle on the green.

The swain, that artless sings on yonder rock,
His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
Pleas'd with the cool, the calm, refreshing hour,
And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry Passion sleeps: desponding Love,
And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride;
And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
Anger and mad Ambition's storm subside.

O modest Evening! oft let me appear
A wandering votary in thy pensive train;
List'ning to every wildly-warbling note
That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

§ 87. *Isis. An Elegy.* MASON.

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where, mildly bright,
The pointed crystals shot their trembling light;
From dripping moss, where sparkling dew-drops fell, [ed shell,
Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreath-
Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;
Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast
In careless folds loose flow'd her zoneless vest;
While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
In all the awful negligence of woe;
Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace.
Here, full with life, was heaven-taught Science seen,
Known by the laurel-wreath and musing mien;
There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace, sedate and bland, [wand;
Swell'd the loud trump, and wav'd the olive
While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas green,
At well-mark'd distance close the sacred scene.
On this the goddess cast an anxious look,
Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
View on yon plain the real glories rise.
Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead:
Oft hast thou stopp'd thy pearly car to gaze,
While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
While ev'ry Youth, with fame's strong impulse fir'd,
Press'd to the goal, and at the goal untir'd,
Snatch'd each celestial wreath to bind his brow
The Muses, Graces, Virtues, could bestow.
E'en now fond Fancy leads th' ideal train,
And ranks her troops on Memory's ample plain;
See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
See! Sydney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers, shine.
See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
Each soul whom truth could fire, and virtue move, [love,
Each breast strong panting with its country's
All that to Albion gave their heart or head,
That wisely counsell'd, or that bravely bled,
All, all appear; on me they grateful smile,
The well-earn'd prize of ev'ry virtuous toil
To me with filial reverence they bring,
And hang fresh trophies o'er my honor'd spring.
Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray,
There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
In all the pomp of free-born majesty; [awe,
"My son," he cried, "observe this mien with
In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
The piercing notes shall strike each British ear,
Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
And, rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
Each youth shall spurn at slavery's abject reign,
Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
And speak, and act, and bleed, in freedom's cause."
The hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd;
The lay to Liberty and Cato flow'd;
While Echo, as she rov'd the vale along,
Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.
But, ah! how Stillness slept upon the ground,
How mute attention check'd each rising sound,
Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
When Locke walk'd musing forth! e'en now I view
Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow;
View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
Here stripp'd vain Falsehood of her gaudy vest:
Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
Ere long to show to reason's purged eye,
That "Nature's first best gift was Liberty."
Proud of this wondrous son, sublime I stood,
(While louder surges swell'd my rapid flood;)
Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cried,
Ilissus! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
Though Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring glade,
Though fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
Though ev'ry Academic green impress'd
Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.
Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic boast?
See! Gothic License rage all o'er my coast:
See! Hydra Faction spreads its impious reign,
Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain:
Hence frontless crowds that, not content to fright
The blushing Cynthia from her throne of night,
Blast the fair face of day; and, madly bold,
To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold:
To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
Hear plausive shouts to Freedom's foes re-sound;
The horrid notes my refluent waters daunt,
The Echoes groan, the Dryad quits their haunt;
Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam
In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
Where a firm few support her sickly head,

Despis'd, insulted, by the barb'rous train,
Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout, the plain,
Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,
All Phœbus favors, or Minerva loves. [rear,
Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must
Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
Must these go forth from my maternal hand
To deal their insults through a peaceful land;
And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue groans,
That Isis taught Rebellion to her Sons?
Forbid it, Heaven! and let my rising waves
Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves!
In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
Is this denied; then point some secret way
Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may stray; [spreads
Some unknown channel lend, where Nature
Inglorious vales, and unfrequented meads:
There, where a hind scarces tunes his rustic strain, [plain,
Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless
Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
Or on the Sage's or the Poet's tongue;
Calm and resign'd my humbler lot embrace,
And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

§ 88. *Ode to Time; occasioned by seeing the Ruins of an old Castle.* OGILVIE.

I. 1.

O THOU, who mid the world-involving gloom,
Sitt'st on yon solitary spire!
Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
Say, when thy musing soul
Bids distant times unrol,
And marks the flight of each revolving year,
Of years whose slow consuming pow'r
Has clad with moss yon leaning tow'r
That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empires' tow'ring pride,
That swept them down the floating tide—
Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye;
Yon hill, whose gold-illumin'd brow,
Just trembling through the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er yon murmuring flood
Hung wildly waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
Once blöom'd with summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangled flow'r;
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
When, by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale,
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy tale.

I. 3.

Ye wilds, where heaven-rapt Fancy roves!
Ye sky-crown'd hills, and solemn groves!
Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
Ye caves where night-bred Silence dwells!
Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
Lightly glance along the wall;
Or beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
At the silent midnight hour,
Stand array'd in spotless white,
And stain the dusky robe of Night:
Or with slow solemn pauses roam
O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!
Say, mid yon desert solitary round,
When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
Does ne'er some dismal, dying sound
On Night's dull serious ear rebound;
That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consuming years?

II. 1.

O call th' inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear; [flight,
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their headlong
Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms!
While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
Bold Victory flam'd, with eyes of fire;
Her limbs celestial robes enfold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke: her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the soul of fight.

II. 2.

But, ah! what hand the smiling prospect brings:
What voice recals th' expiring day?
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away!
So, from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-eyed Fancy stands in sweet surprise:
The vale where musing Quiet treads,
The flow'r-clad lawns, and blooming meads,
Or streams where Zephyr loves to stray
Beneath the pale eve's twinkling ray:
Or waving woods detain the sight—
When from the gloomy cave of night
Some cloud sweeps shadowy o'er the dusky skies, [swims, and dies.
And wraps the flying scene, that fades, and

II. 3.

Lo! rising from yon dreary tomb,
What spectres stalk across the gloom!
With haggard eyes, and visage pale,
And voice that moans with feeble wail!

O'er yon long resounding plain
Slowly moves the solemn train;
Wailing wild with shrieks of woe
O'er the bones that rest below!
While the dull Night's startled ear
Shrinks aghast with thrilling fear!
Or stand with thin robes wasting soon,
And eyes that blast the sick'ning moon!
Yet these, ere Time had roll'd their years away,
Ere Death's fell arm had mark'd its aim,
Rul'd yon proud tow'rs with ample sway,
Beheld the trembling swains obey,
And wrought the glorious deed that swell'd the trump of Fame.

III. 1.

But why o'er these indulge the bursting sigh?
Feels not each shrub the tempest's pow'r?
Rocks not the dome when whirlwinds fly?
Nor shakes the hill when thunders roar?
Lo! mould'ring, wild, unknown,
What fanes, what tow'rs o'erthrown,
What tumbling chaos marks the waste of Time!
I see Palmyra's temples fall;
Old Ruin shakes the hanging wall!
Yon waste where roaming lions howl,
Yon aisle where moans the grey-eyed owl,
Shows the proud Persian's great abode;*
Where sceptred once, an earthly god! [clime,
His pow'r-clad arm controll'd each happier
Where sports the warbling Muse, and Fancy soars sublime.

III. 2.

Hark! what dire sound rolls murm'ring on the gale?
Ah! what soul-thirsting scene appears?
I see the column'd arches fail!
And structures hoar, the boast of years!
What mould'ring piles, decay'd,
Gleam through the moon-streak'd shade,
Where Rome's proud genius rear'd her awful
Sad monument!—Ambition near [brow!
Rolls on the dust, and pours a tear;
Pale Honor drops the flutt'ring plume,
And Conquest weeps o'er Cæsar's tomb;
Slow Patience sits, with eye deprest,
And Courage beats his sobbing breast; [flow,
E'en War's red cheek the gushing streams o'er-
And Fancy's list'ning ear attends the plaint of woe.

III. 3.

Lo, on yon pyramid sublime,
Whence lies old Egypt's desert clime,
Bleak, naked, wild! where Ruin low'rs,
'Mid fanes, and wrecks, and tumbling tow'rs,
On the steep height, waste and bare,
Stands the Pow'r with hoary hair!
O'er his sithe he bends; his hand
Slowly shakes the flowing sand,
While the hours, in airy ring,
Lightly flit, with downy wing,
And sap the works of man, and shade
With silver locks his furrow'd head; [vey,
Thence rolls the mighty Pow'r his broad sur-
And seals the nations' awful doom:
He sees proud grandeur's meteor ray;
He yields to joy the festive day:
Then sweeps the length'ning shade, and marks them for the tomb.

* Persepolis.

§ 39. *Ode to Evening.* OGILVIE.

MEEK Pow'r, whose balmy-pinion'd gale,
Steals o'er the flow'r-enamell'd dale!
Whose voice in gentle whispers near
Oft sighs to Quiet's list'ning ear;
As, on her downy couch, at rest,
By Thought's inspiring visions blest,
She sits, with white-rob'd Silence nigh,
And musing heaves her serious eye,
To mark the slow sun's glimm'ring ray,
To catch the last pale gleam of day;
Or, sunk in sweet repose, unknown
Lies on the wild hill's van alone;
And sees thy gradual pencil flow
Along the heaven-illumin'd bow.
Come, Nymph demure, with mantle blue,
Thy traces bath'd in balmy dew,
With step smooth sliding o'er the green,
The Graces breathing in thy mien;
And thy vesture's gather'd fold
Girt with a zone of circling gold;
And bring the harp, whose solemn string
Dies to the wild wind's murm'ring wing;
And the Nymph, whose eye serene
Marks the calm-breathing woodland scene;
Thought, mountain sage! who loves to climb,
And haunts the dark rock's summit dim;
Let Fancy, falcon-wing'd, be near;
And through the cloud-envelop'd sphere,
Where musing roams Retirement hoar,
Lull'd by the torrent's distant roar,
Oh bid with trembling light to glow
The raven-plume that crowns his brow.
Lo, where thy meek-ey'd train attend!
Queen of the solemn thought, descend!
Oh hide me in romantic bow'rs,
Or lead my step to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where gleaming through the chinky door
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor;
While beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the desert shrieking aisle,
Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue;
Or, 'mid the dun discolored gloom,
Sits on the hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.
Oft, shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
Lead o'er the forest's winding maze:
Where, through the mantling boughs, afar
Glimmers the silver-streaming star;
And, shower'd from ev'ry rustling blade,
The loose light floats along the shade;
So hov'ring o'er the human scene,
Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene;
By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray,
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away:
Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
Floats all the busy bustling mind;

While Mem'ry's unstain'd leaves retain
No trace from all th' ideal train.
But see, the landscape op'ning fair
Invites to breathe the purer air!
Oh when the cowslip-scented gale,
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When on her amber-dropping bed
Loose Ease reclines her downy head;
How blest, by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in mild ecstatic dream!
Die to the pictur'd wish, or hear
(Breath'd soft on Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays by angel-harps refin'd,
As half unchain'd the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.
Lo, where the sun's broad orb withdrawn
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn:
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour.
Now from the green hill's purple brow
Let me mark the scene below;
Where, feebly glancing through the gloom,
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb;
Not far, beneath the evening beam,
The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow sailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare,
Shoot glimm'ring through the misty air;
Dim as the vision-pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the saint's expiring hour,
When, rapt to ecstasy, his eye
Looks through the blue ethereal sky;
All heaven unfolding to his sight!
Gay forms that swim in floods of light!
The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome sublime;
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp display'd—
The bright scene hovers o'er his bed:
He starts—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obscure the lessening rays;
On Mem'ry still the scene is wrought,
And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.
On the airy mount reclin'd
What wishes soothe the musing mind!
How soft the velvet lap of Spring
How sweet the Zephyr's violet wing!
Goddess of the plaintive song,
That leads the melting heart along!
Oh bid the voice of genial pow'r
Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r;
And call the sage with tranced sight
To climb the mountain's steepy height;
To wing the kindling wish, or spread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red;
Come, hoary Pow'r, with serious eye,
Whose thought explores yon distant sky;
Now, when the busy world is still,
Nor passion tempts the wav'ring will,
When sweeter hopes each pow'r control,
And quiet whispers to the soul,
Now sweep from life th' illusive train
That dance in Folly's dizzy brain:
Be Reason's simple draught portray'd,
Where blends alternate light and shade;
Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought belied,
Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring side;
Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
And Phrensy watch the fading moon;
Paint Superstition's starting eye,
And Wit that leers with gesture sly;
Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
And green-eyed Envy gnaw the heart;
Let Pleasure lie on flow'rs reclin'd,
While Anguish aims her shaft behind.
Hail, Sire sublime! whose hallow'd cave
Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave;
Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone deserted shore,
Where Orellano's rushing tide
Roars on the rock's projected side.
Hence bursting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
Beams all the father's thought refin'd;
Hence oft, in silent vales unseen,
Thy footsteps print the fairy green;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
Sweet warbling breathe—the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft on bending osiers laid
The broad sun trembling through the bed;
All wild thy heav'n-rapt fancy strays,
Led through the soul-dissolving maze;
Till Slumber downy-pinion'd, near,
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear;
The soul unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks enlarg'd in beamy day.

§ 90. *Ode to Innocence.* OGILVIE.

'TWAS when the slow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with evening gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold:

When by a murm'ring rill reclin'd,
Sat, wrapt in thought, a wand'ring swain;
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

"Hail, Innocence! celestial Maid!
What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
Sweet as the arbor's cooling shade,
And milder than the vernal gale.

"On Thee attends a radiant choir,
Soft smiling Peace and downy Rest;
With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre;
And Hope, that soothes the throbbing breast.

"Oh sent from heaven to haunt the grove,
Where squinting Envy ne'er can come!
Nor pines the cheek with luckless love,
Nor anguish chills the living bloom.

"But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,
Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd:
Serene as heaven's unsullied light,
And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

"Grant, heavenly Pow'r! thy peaceful sway
May still my ruder thoughts control;

Thy hand to point my dubious way,
Thy voice to soothe the melting soul.

"Far in the shady, sweet retreat,
Let Thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
And twining olives form the bow'r:

"Let dove-eyed Peace her wreath bestow,
And oft sit list'ning in the dale,
While Night's sweet warbler from the bough
Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

"Soft, as in Delia's snowy breast,
Let each consenting passion move;
Let Angels watch its silent rest,
And all its blissful dreams be Love!"

§ 91. *A Description of a Parish Poor House.* CRABBE.

THERE is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapors flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day: [care;
There children dwell, who know no parent's
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there:
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, with more than childhood fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief to grieve: [flow,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
Mix'd with the clamors of the crowd below:
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.
Say, ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death. [vides,
Such is that room which one rude beam di-
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

§ 92. *Description of a Country Apothecary.* CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls:
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go:
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

§ 93. *Description of a Country Clergyman visiting the Sick.* CRABBE.

BUT, ere his death, some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men despise:
Fain would he ask the parish priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above; [calls
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who
The holy stranger to these dismal walls:
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a-year?"
Ah no! a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock:
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask;
The rest he gives to loves and labors light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chase, to cheer them, or to chide;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom miss'd,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist;
Then, while such honors bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that e'en the pious feel?

§ 94. *The Reason for describing the Vices of the Village.* CRABBE.

YET why, you ask, these humble crimes relate?
Why make the poor as guilty as the great?
To show the great, those mightier sons of pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied:
Such are their natures, and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much:
So shall the man of pow'r and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxuriant lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind:
And each in all the kindred vices trace
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last.
And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you reckon great;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the brave.

§ 95. *Apology for Vagrants.* ANON.

FOR him, who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair;
For the poor vagrant feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought;
Relieve with social mercy, and, with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore;
Who, then no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold, on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad pressage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears!

§ 96. *London. A Poem.* DR. JOHNSON.

In imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal, 1733.

THOUGH grief and fondness in my breast rebel
When injured Thales bids the town farewell,
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend;
Who now resolves, from vice and London far,
To breathe in distant fields a purer air:
And fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?
There none are swept by sudden fate away,
But all whom hunger spares, with age decay;
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead.
While Thales waits the wherry that contains
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,
On Thames's banks in silent thought we stood,
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood;
Struck with the seat that gave Eliza* birth,
We kneel and kiss the consecrated earth;
In pleasing dreams, the blissful age renew;
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain;
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,
Or English honor grew a standing jest.
A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant Thales eyes the neighboring town.
Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days,
Wants e'en the cheap reward of empty praise;
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded science toils in vain;
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little less;
While yet my steady steps no staff sustains,
And life, still vigorous, revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace;
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,
Some peaceful vale with nature's painting gay,
Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,
And safe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some secret cell, ye pow'rs indulgent, give;
Let —— live here, for —— has learn'd to live.
Here let those reign whom pensions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for pirates in the face of day;
With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill a licens'd stage,
And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.
Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride shall hold? [gold?
What check restrain your thirst of power and
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives your own.
To such a groaning nation's spoils are given,
When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heaven. [me,
But what, my friend, what hope remains for
Who start at theft, and blush at perjury?
Who scarce forbear, though Britain's court he sing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;

* Queen Elizabeth.

A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the Gazetteer;
Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at H—y's jest.
Others, with softer smiles, and subtler art,
Can sap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more address a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away. [tongue
Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
For what but social guilt the friend endears?
Who shares Orgelio's crimes, his fortune shares.
But thou, should tempting villany present
All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold could never buy,
The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,
Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.
The cheated nation's happy fav'rites see!
Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!
London, the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,
Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.
Forgive my transports on a theme like this,
I cannot bear a French metropolis.
Illustrious Edward, from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of saints survey;
Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,
The rustic grandeur or the surly grace,
But lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimic, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;
Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dress, their politics import;
Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,
They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap.
All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
Ah! what avails it, that from slav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in English air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And lisp the tale of Henry's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery subdues when arms are vain?
Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The subtle Gaul was born a parasite:
Still to his int'rest true where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows;
In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
These arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out, with falt'ring diffidence, a lie,
And gain a kick for awkward flattery.
Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wondrous talents for the stage:
Well may they venture on the mimic's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace:
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter e'er the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.
By numbers here from shame and censure
All crimes are safe but hated poverty. [free,
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labors for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.
This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depress'd:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold, [sold;
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favors of his lord.
But hark! the affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries [skies:
Roll through the streets, and thunder to the
Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight
Sustain the approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little *all* to flames a prey;

Then through the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can starving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your woes.
Should Heaven's just bolts, Orgilio's wealth confound,
And spread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the dismal rumor flies,
And public mournings pacify the skies:
The laureat tribe in servile verse relate,
How virtue wars with persecuting fate;
With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasure higher than before.
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble, and the shining plate,
Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heaven another fire.
Couldst thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There mightst thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flow'rs,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord.
There ev'ry bush with nature's music rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.
Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And sign your will before you sup from home.
Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,
Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolic drunkard, reeling from a feast,
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.
Yet e'en these heroes, mischievously gay,
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;
Flush'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent insults to the poor confine;
Aloof they mark the flambeaux's bright approach,
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.
In vain, these dangers past, your doors you close,
And hope the balmy blessings of repose:
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,
And plants, unseen, a dagger in your breast.

Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,
Whose ways and means support the sinking land;
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,
To rig another convoy for the king.*
A single gaol in Alfred's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair justice then, without constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;
No spies were paid, no special juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
Much could I add—but see the boat at hand,
The tide retiring, calls me from the land:
Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times;
Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,
Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade;
In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

§ 97. *Great Cities, and London in particular, allowed their due Praise.* COWPER.

BUT though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft; in proud and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.
In cities, foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach; and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.

* The nation was discontented at the visits made by George II. to Hanover.

Nor does the chisel occupy alone [much;
The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as
Each province of her art her equal care.
With nice incision of her guided steel
She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
The richest scenery, and the loveliest forms.
Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
With which she gazes at yon burning disk
Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
In London. Where her implements exact,
With which she calculates, computes, and scans
All distance, motion, magnitude; and now
Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
In London. Where has commerce such a mart, [plied
So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so sup-
As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
Increasing London? Babylon of old
Not more the glory of the earth, than she
A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.
She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
That so much beauty would do well to purge;
And show this queen of cities, that so fair,
May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise.
It is not seemly, nor of good report,
That she is slack in discipline; more prompt
T' avenge than to prevent the breach of law;
That she is rigid in denouncing death
On petty robbers, and indulges life
And liberty, and oft-times honor too,
To peculators of the public gold.
That thieves at home must hang; but he that puts
Into his overgorg'd and bloated purse
The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
That, through profane and infidel contempt
Of holy writ, she has presum'd t' annul
And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
The total ordinance and will of God;
Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
And cent'ring all authority in modes
And customs of our own, till Sabbath rites
Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd. [town.
God made the country, and man made the
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threaten'd, in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only ye can shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the sight they wish;
Birds warbling, all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps; they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
There is a public mischief in your mirth;
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fall.

§ 98. *The Want of Discipline in the English Universities.* COWPER.

IN colleges and halls, in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage, call'd Discipline. His head,
Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the youth [grew,
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning
Beneath his care, a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one, among so many, overleap'd
The limits of control, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favor back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years;
A palsy struck his arm; his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age; his voice unstrung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick, and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,

Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone blind, Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensued:
The curbs invented for the mulish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse; and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassel'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these
For gamesters, jockeys, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist, and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood, is forgot;
And such expense as pinches parents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma to his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd, [soon,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly; but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to th' united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now, blame we most the nurselings or the nurse? [form'd
The children, crook'd, and twisted, and de-
Through want of care, or her, whose winking eye
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
The nurse, no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn,
That it is dangerous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

§ 99. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes free—His relish of the Works of God—Address to the Creator.*

COWPER.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature; and though poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scen'ry all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t' enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel
But who, with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all:
Are they not his by a peculiar right?
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So cloth'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes—ye may fill your garners; ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd or ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea,
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state;
And no condition of this changeful life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury can cripple or confine!
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease and is at large. Th' oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before:
Thine eye shall be instructed; and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them; or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate, heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his praise,
But not its Author. Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such;
And, such well pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the world,
Fair as it is, existed ere it was: [world,
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that, from earth resulting, as it ought,

To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at
Its only just proprietor in Him. [once
The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least t' employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things, what, with stupid gaze
Of ignorance, till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heavenly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heaven, she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference! inquires what strains were
they [haste
With which heaven rang, when ev'ry star, in
To gratulate the new-created earth,
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy—"Tell me ye shining hosts,
That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
Beneath a vault unsullied with a cloud,
If from your elevation, whence ye view
Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
And systems, of whose birth no tidings yet
Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
Favor'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,
And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
And to possess a brighter heaven than yours?
As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores,
Pants to return, and when he sees afar
His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd
rocks
From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
So I with animated hopes behold,
And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
That show like beacons in the blue abyss,
Ordain'd to guide th' embodied spirit home
From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
That give assurance of their own success,
And that infus'd from heav'n must thither
tend."
So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates; thy lamp, mysterious Word!
Which whoso sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemaz'd, in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
With means that were not, till by thee em-
ploy'd, [strength
Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninform'd and heedless sons of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as
blind,
The glory of thy work, which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
But chance is not, or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r
(If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we dote, refusing, while we can,
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome, Gods that
sleep,
Or disregard our follies, or that sit
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free: then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from hea-
ven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of
song,
A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment, Nature, throwing wide
Her veil opake, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r denied.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, to rove
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavor, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, Oh! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are
poor:
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

§ 100. *That Philosophy which stops at Secondary Causes reproved.* COWPER.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the
least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
Then God might be surpris'd, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.

This truth, philosophy, though eagle eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft o'erlooks;
And having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrefy the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine: and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects,
Of action, and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th' effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve; ask of him;
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught, [all.
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of

§ 101. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights delightful.* COWPER.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilirate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind;
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose notes
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites, that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet, heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 102. *The Wearisomeness of what is commonly called a Life of Pleasure.* COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort,
And mar the face of beauty, where no cause
For such immeasurable woe appears;
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair
Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her own.
It is the constant revolution, stale
And tasteless, of the same repeated joys,
That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
A pedler's pack, that bows the bearer down.
Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
Though halt, and weary of the path they tread.
The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
And silent cipher, while her proxy plays.
Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
Between supporters; and, once seated, sit,
Through downright inability to rise,
Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
Themselves love life, and cling to it; as he
That overhangs a torrent, to a twig.
They love it, and yet loathe it; fear to die,
Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
Then wherefore not renounce them! No—the dread,
The slavish dread of solitude, that breeds
Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
And their invet'rate habits—all forbid.
Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
But save me from the gayety of those
Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed; [eyes
And save me too from theirs whose haggard
Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
For property stript off by cruel chance;

From gayety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

§ 103. *Satirical Review of our Trips to France.* COWPER.

Now hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
Upon the wanton breezes. Strew the deck
With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
That no rude savor maritime invade
The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft,
Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
With all the cunning of an envious shrew:
And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
A brave man knows no malice, but at once
Forgets in peace the injuries of war,
And gives his distrest foe a friend's embrace.
And, sham'd as we have been, to the very beard
Brav'd and defied, and in our own sea prov'd
Too weak for those decisive blows that once
Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
Some small pre-eminence: we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honors of the turf as all our own.
Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
And show the shame ye might conceal at home,
In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate,
Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 104. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.* COWPER.

THE Pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch the holy thing)—
The Pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say the Pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs)
Must stand acknowledg'd while the world shall stand
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders, and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.
He stablishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,
And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms
Bright as his own; and trains, by ev'ry rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 105. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.* COWPER.

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves:
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment, for its gold,
And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love o' the world,
To make God's work a sinecure: a slave
To his own pleasures, and his patron's pride—
From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 106. *Henry and Emma, a Poem upon the Model of the Nut-Brown Maid.* PRIOR.

TO CHLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend; at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
Careless of what the censuring world may say:
Bright Chloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall *the Nut-Brown Maid* be old;
Though since her youth three hundred years have roll'd.
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd:
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame;
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:

Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me love, the just reward of verse.
As beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace,
That once was Emma's, has ador'd thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt;
O let the story with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But oh! with pity long-entreated crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou say'st alone.
that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect received.
When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to the king's commands;
And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.
From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court
In honorable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.
One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous name;
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the dame,
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd:
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as when little round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his *Nut-Brown Maid;*
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord);
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known; one.
And Emma and the *Nut-Brown Maid* were
As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the gen'ral power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse, the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart, heart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cause her favor must be shown:
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.
While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears:
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
And shows the path her steed may safely take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd, in his toils, to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises with no common sound.
A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair,
And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field he goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.
A shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song:
While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
With dutiful respect, and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.
A frantic gipsy, now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals:
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd; child.
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the

But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.
Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft, the pangs of absence to remove,
By letters, soft interpreters of love;
Till time and industry, the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view,
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.
While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd:
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought; and flatt'ry conquers truth.
O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies opprest,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of women, and the force of love.
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
He 'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon the tree; and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs;
Upon the tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honor shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes:
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his *Nut-Brown Maid;*
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her pow'r;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid;
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid:
At last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes; tho' he, poor guide, is blind.
The maiden, first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling, the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran:

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart:
If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By fortune favor'd, and successful arms:
And only, as the sun's revolving ray,
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd,
These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss that changeth with the moon;
And day of life that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare,
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed, at least, my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of *the Nut-brown Maid.*
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run;
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way:
And take good heed what men will think and say:
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
And virgin honor once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love;
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures choose;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise;
And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
Let then thy favor but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumors of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged death in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet unlaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale:
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame,
And shall not love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow,
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.

Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou (but Heav'n avert it!) shouldst thou bleed;
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair:
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown, [alone.
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east. [rain,
When chill'd by adverse snows, and beating
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighb'ring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding sate? [mourn;
Those seats, whence long excluded thou must
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return;
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede?
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And Fortune's favor fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore, [roar?
When the winds whistle, and the tempests
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast:
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when, at night, with weary toil opprest,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest; [pray'r
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend.
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare.
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the bodice, aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear,
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side:
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free;
And, with a bolder stride, and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there;
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view;
For such must be thy friends; a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread;
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;

Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
The latest weapon of the wretch's war;
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now Emma, now, the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heav'n,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love; [rove.
Or leave a banish'd man condemn'd in woods to

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honor hates;
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe;
And sure my little heart can never err,
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin;
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger gains no praise;
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the sirens sing, the tempests beat,
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I dress'd;
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd, my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone;
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride;
For thee, my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I 'll mingle with the people's wretched lee;
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I'll tear,
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or color be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still in Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known;
My fate I can absolve, if he shall own,
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind!
E'en honor dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame; [flame.
And blow with empty words the susceptible
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex;
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st to rove.

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords;
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words!
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame?
More fatal Henry's words: they murder Emma's fame. [tongue,
And fall these sayings from that gentle
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the *Nut-Brown Maid?*
Let envious jealousy and canker'd spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind;
Nor in love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade: [foe,
When arm'd with rage, we march against the
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear:
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee why shouldst thou pursue?
Forget thy present flame, indulge a new.
Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth:
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.

Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight. [our case ;
Why shouldst thou weep ? Let Nature judge
I saw thee young and fair ; pursu'd the chase
Of youth and beauty ; I another saw
Fairer and younger ; yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty : blest vicissitude !
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame ;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms ;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind,)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd ;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamors of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou mayst live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership al- [lows :
Cupid averse rejects divided vows :
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love ;
And leave me with the fair at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great error led ?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd ?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
Am I of mine the most completely curst ?
Yet let me go with thee ; and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow ; her let me attend,
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend :)
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare ;
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair :
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there at least I may approach my lord) ;
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise. [ease ;
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow dis-
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed ;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead ;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect ;
With virgin honors let my hearse be deck'd,
And decent emblem ; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou, forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove ! and, conscious Venus, hear ! [swear ;
And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue ! O victorious fair !
At least excuse a trial too severe :
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honor of my youth !
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou mayst wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl : him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess ; for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows :
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows :
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;
And sees his numerous herd imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire ; shall be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat ;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day ;
And, while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;
And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run ;
And Age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior Love shall mock his pow'r ;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both one sepulchre shall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest),
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love!
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there then no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is, the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancied pain. [heart,
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
No other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands;
Her present favor cautious I'll embrace;
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone;
Secure of mind I 'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel;
Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs,
Must mark the color of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create,
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with close delight and inward pride [hide)
(Which from the world my careful soul shall
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore,
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts; a precious store,
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipp'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy;
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.
The queen of beauty stopp'd her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labor of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.
Now Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice;
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump again,
To sing her favorite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unwearied Marlbro's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her at least perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry, prove;
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward thy care.
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great god of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy those memorable loves:
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honor paid
To *the true Lover*, and *the Nut-brown Maid.*

§ 107. *Pleasures of Memory.* ROGERS.

TWILIGHT'S soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Still'd is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flock'd to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols clos'd the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasur'd tales, and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.

All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.
See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptur'd shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest.
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!
As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.
Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.
Giants and genii chain'd each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feasts of Robin Hood:
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.
Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere register'd on high;
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.
As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many-color'd chart.
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the cag'd linnet sooth'd my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cas'd with venerable rust;
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the past!
As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,
What fond illusions swarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the west,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy nest;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on weary wing,
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring!
How oft inscrib'd, with Friendship's votive rhyme,
The bark now silver'd by the touch of Time;
Soar'd in the swing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Thro' sister elms that wav'd their summer-shade;
Or strew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat!
Childhood's lov'd group revisits every scene;
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Cloth'd with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that heav'n assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd,
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn:
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship form'd and cherish'd here!
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blaz'd
The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bay'd:
And heroes fled the Sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scal'd the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And trac'd the line of life with searching view,

How throbb'd my flutt'ring pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the color of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver gray);
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And wept to think that little was no more,
He breath'd his pray'r; "Long may such goodness live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.
But hark! through those old firs, with sullen swell
The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes farewell!
It calls me hence, beneath their shade to trace
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.
On yon gray stone that fronts the chancel-door,
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,
Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
When the heart danc'd, and life was in its spring;
Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

§ 108. *From the Same.*

OFT has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his staff to lengthen out the tale;
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blasted heath the day declin'd,
And on the scath'd oak warr'd the winter wind:
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a sheep-bell sooth'd his list'ning ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near;
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,
The track that shunn'd his sad inquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpose to relent,
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careless rein resign'd,
And doubts and terrors vanish'd from his mind.
Recall the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, though the porter spurn him from his door,
Though all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth;
These, when to guard misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exalt to brave.
Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love?
Say through the clouds what compass points her flight? sight.
Monarchs have gaz'd, and nations blest the
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;—
'Tis vain! through ether's pathless wilds she goes,
And lights at last where all her cares repose.
Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.
When with the silent energy of grief,
With looks that ask'd, yet dar'd not hope relief, clung,
Want, with her babes, round generous valor
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye:
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,
Crush'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from the sky.

§ 109. *From the Same.*

WHEN the blithe son of Savoy, roving round
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,
From his green vale and shelter'd cabin hies,
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies;
Though far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away,
Oft in the saddle rudely rock'd to sleep,
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,
With memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees
His children sport beneath their native trees,
And bends to hear their cherub voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.
But can her smile with gloomy madness dwell?
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on phrensy's wing restrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?
Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
Who from the quarried mass, like Phidias, drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But as he fondly snatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The spectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.
Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!
From the rude stone what bright ideas start!
E'en now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe! clare;
And whence these scenes, these images, de-
Whence but from her who triumphs o'er despair?
Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught,
Go spring the mine of elevated thought.
He who, through Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line portrays,

Whose mind, profan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright fancy's golden clime,
Or musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So richly cultur'd ev'ry native grace,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!
Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taste refin'd?
When age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native sphere,
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue
Some long-lov'd image vanish'd from her view;
Dart through the deep recesses of the past,
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So through the grove th' impatient mother flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the light leaves the truant-boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretch'd in sweet repose.

§ 110. *From the Same.*

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening walk unseen,
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green,
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,
And heaven and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and
A smiling circle emulous to please; [sees
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
And bless the scene they lov'd in life so well!
O thou! with whom my heart was wont to share [care;
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each
With whom, alas! I fondly hop'd to know
The humble walk of happiness below;
If thy blest nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,
Correct my views, and elevate my soul:
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resign'd;
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,
Whose blameless wishes never aim'd to rise,
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,
With modest dignity and calm content.
When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,
Thy meek submission to thy God express'd;
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed;
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The sweet remembrance of unblemish'd youth,
The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth!
Hail, Memory, hail! in the exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

§ 111. *Verses on a Tear. From the Same.*

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first she feels the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or grief:

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law* which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

§ 112. *A Sketch of the Alps at Day-break. From the Same.*

The sun-beams streak the azure skies,
And line with light the mountain's brow:
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,
And chase the roe-buck through the snow;

* The law of Gravitation.

From rock to rock, with giant bound,
High on their iron poles they pass;
Mute, lest the air, convuls'd by sound,
Rend from above a frozen mass.*

The goats wind slow their wonted way,
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude;
Mark'd by the wild wolf for his prey,
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,
And as the echoing cliffs reply,
The huts peep o'er the morning cloud,
Perch'd like an eagle's nest, on high.

§ 113. *A Wish. From the Same.*

MINE be a cot beside the hill;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,
And point with taper spire to heav'n.

§ 114. *An Italian Song. From the Same.*

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound:
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade;
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

§ 115. *The Seasons.—Spring.* THOMSON.

THE north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
Within his iron cave, th' effusive south [ven
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of hea-
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintery-storms on mortals shed,
Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope, and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plumy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
By such as wander through the forest walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
- - - - - - - -
Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward Sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright and green, the landscape laughs around.
Full swell the woods; their very music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds

* There are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above. Gray, sect. v. let. 4.

Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery prism,
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy,
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away.

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Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod fine tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain, and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent Sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channell'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore, slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line: [weed,
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the Sun [ing clouds,
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scatter-
Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps; [crowd,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders
Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing, [hawk,
The sounding culver shoots; or where the
High, in the beetling cliff, his aëry builds.
There let the classic page the fancy lead
Through rural scenes; such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

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See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant: or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,

The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic Art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air, the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpled along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock that scents the garden round:
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled mountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature and her endless bloom.

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When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bulfinch answers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
Innumerous songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
Softening the least approvance to bestow,
Their colors burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.
Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd;
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,

In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamor: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undesiring bear
The most delicious morsel to their young;
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Ev'n so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mould,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.
Nor toil alone they scorn; exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *simple*, art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighboring bush they silent drop,
And whirling thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head [wheels
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence, [waste
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.
But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low dropping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.
But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky:
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown.
Unlavish'd Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common far as they can see,
Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
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But happy they! the happiest of their kind
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will, [love
With boundless confidence: for nought but
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of Heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere, lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face:
Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening spirit and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

§ 116. *Summer.* THOMSON.

THE meek-ey'd morn appears, mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown night retires: young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward; while along the forest-glade
The wild-deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves [dwells;
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives
His flock to taste the verdure of the morn.
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But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright Earth, and color'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High gleaming from afar.
- - - - - - - - -
Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning o'er her cheek.
Ev'n stooping age is here: and infant hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread their breathing harvest to the Sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labor, love, and social glee.
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair spreading in a pebbled shore,

Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the soft, fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides; and oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labor to the farthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild,
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous press'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in lusty rows,
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay drest maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and [king;
Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-
While the glad circle round them yield their rays
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some, mingling, stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side
To stamp his master's cipher, ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

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Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain, [pose:
A various group the herds and flocks com-
Rural confusion! on the grassy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others stand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
The circling surface. In the middle droops
The strong, laborious ox, of honest front,
Which incompos'd he shakes; and from his sides
The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd; [fill'd;
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

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Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
While nature lies around deep-lull'd in noon,
Now come, bold Fancy! spread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
See how at once the bright, effulgent sun,
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The *general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd [year,
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling
Returning suns and *double seasons* pass:
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy rise, [plays:
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
The noble sons of potent heat and floods
Prone rushing from the clouds, rear high to heaven [throw
Their thorny stems, and broad around them
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
And vital spirit, drink, amid the cliffs,
And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
Quench my hot limbs; or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endless, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,

Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the Sun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me strip thee of thy tufted coat,
Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove! [mense
From these the prospect varies. Plains im-
Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
Exuberant Spring; for oft these valleys shift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along these lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
In awful solitude, and nought is seen
But the wild herds that own no master's stall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening seas;
On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
Behemoth* rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;

* The hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.
Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayest hues
Profusely pours. But if she bids them shine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast
A boundless radiance waving on the Sun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,
Through the soft silence of the listening night,
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

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When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun,
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads: or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
In vapors rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
Walks the dire power of pestilent Disease.
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
And feeble desolation, casting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of man:
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The British fire. You, gallant Vernon, saw
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw
To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye
No more with ardor bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ships from shore to shore;
Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? From Ethiopia's poison'd woods,
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her aweful rage
The brutes escape: man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate man! and o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds, [stain'd
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and
With many a mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,

Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamor of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
The cheerful haunt of men, unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and loud to Heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors society:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
Extends her raven wing; while to complete
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

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Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove
Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains
The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd
With wrathful vapor, from the secret beds,
Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, sulphur, and the fiery spume
Of fat bitumen, steaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanse; save the dull sound
That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aërial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
The cattle stand, and on the scowling Heavens
Cast a deploring eye, by man forsook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.
'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of Heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its aweful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame un-[quench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine,
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd [below,
A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In Fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
An ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,
Dissolving, instant yields his wintery load.
Far-seen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmost isles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They lov'd: but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still made eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
An inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe?
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of Heaven the shatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands
A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Invests the fields; and Nature smiles reviv'd.

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With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd: and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of science and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd:
The *first* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the *last* receives
The whole magnificence of Heaven and Earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
Their highest honor, and their truest joy!

Without thee, what were unenlighten'd man? A savage roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning Line, or dares the wintery Pole;
Mother severe of infinite delights!
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace; [thee,
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of Earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracks on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *spoke the word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order shift,
Each to his rank, from plain perception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abstract; where first begins
The world of spirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, sits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark state,
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
This infancy of Being cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God,
By boundless love and perfect wisdom form'd,
And ever rising with the rising mind.

§ 117. *Autumn.* THOMSON.

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
Of every stay, save Innocence and Heav'n,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale:
By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.
Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd, adorned the most.
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods.
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle rises far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
The sweet Lavinia, till, at length, compell'd
By strong necessity's supreme command,
With smiling patience in her looks she went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, such as Arcadian song
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected blushes from his gaze;
He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaste desire
Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
(Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,)
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

"What pity! that so delicate a form,
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
Recals that patron of my happy life,
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd.
'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
Far from these scenes which knew their better days,
His aged widow and his daughter live,
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find. [were!"
Romantic wish! would this the daughter
When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that suppris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran! [bold;
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul:

"And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
She whom my restless gratitude has sought
So long in vain? O heavens! the very same,
The soften'd image of my noble friend:
Alive his every look, his every feature,
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?
O let me now, into a richer soil, [showers
Transplant thee safe: where vernal suns and
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
And of my garden be the pride and joy!
Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
The father of a country, thus to pick
The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
But ill applied to such a rugged task!
The fields, the master, all, my Fair! are thine;
If to the various blessings which thy house
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,

Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodness irresistible, and all
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away,
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate:
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair!
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

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Now by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night
Of gathering vapor, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.
Even in the height of noon opprest, the sun
Sheds weak, and blunt his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.

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But see the fading many-color'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time [charm
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock; [sit
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note.
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun, the music of the coming year,
Destroy, and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!
The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below,
And slowly circles through the waving air.
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits fall from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.
He comes! he comes! in every breeze the *Power*
Of *Philosophic Melancholy* comes!
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
As fast the correspondent passions rise,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine astonishment;
The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
To make them blest; the sigh for suffering
Lost in obscurity: the noble scorn [worth

Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inspiring glory through remotest time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The sympathies of love, and friendship dear:
With all the social offspring of the heart.
Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves and visionary vales;
To weeping grottos and prophetic glooms;
Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!
- - - - - - - - -
Hence every harsher sight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high;
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd,
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up:
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd;
While loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
Age too shines out: and garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceasing round.
Oh knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the *Rural Life*.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourse! What though the glittering
Of every hue reflected light can give, [robe,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?
What tho' from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his: a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough [beams;
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale:
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at last amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beside of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth
Patient of labor, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation and poetic ease.
Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, [cry.
The virgin's shriek, and th' infant's trembling
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd on by want, or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct: and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and those of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the Man, who from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
To Nature's voice attends from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful
Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours [gale
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads with the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the gen'ral joy, his heart distends
With gentle throes; and thro' the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss;
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled by refining frost,
Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels:
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine: the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond paternal soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages uncorrupt, [man.
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with
Oh, Nature! all sufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals! and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From *Thee* begin, [song;
Dwell all on *Thee*, with *Thee* conclude my
And let me never, never stray from *Thee!*

§ 118. *Winter.* THOMSON.

See, *Winter* comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapors, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous *Spring*, look'd out, and smil'd.

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Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day;
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays in horrizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm, [sky;
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern
And soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapory turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop: and o'er the furrow'd land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolor'd flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan,
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure [foul;
Drive through the mingling skies the vapor

Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
Combine, and deep'ning into night, shut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home retire, save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from the untasted fields return,
And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.
Thither the household feathery people crowd,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.
Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
At last the rous'd up river pours along;
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.
Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you; say,
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings!
Where are your aërial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm?
In what far distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the palid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey; while rising slow,
Blank in the leaden-color'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray;
Or frequent seem to emit a shiver'd gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf,
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron at her nightly task,
With pensive labor draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the cracking flame
Foretel the blast. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a black'ning train
Of clam'rous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
Assiduous in his bower the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare;
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolor'd deep,
Through the black night that sits immense around.
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their station drives,
Wide as the winds across the howling waste
Of mighty waters; now the inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep,
The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head;
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerting heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.
Nor less at land the loosen'd tempest reigns:
The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
And often falling, climbs against the blast.
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honors yet remain;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd by the tearing wind's
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus struggling through the dissipated grove,
The whirling tempest raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,

Keen fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies, and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air, [tant sighs,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and dis-
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds com-mix'd
With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's *King*, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;
Then straight air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

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The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wav'ring; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which *Providence* assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On th' warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden seeks,
Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heav'n, and next the glist'ning earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

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As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild, but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul
With black despair! what horror fills his heart
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost;
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with snow; and what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake, [boils.
Where the fresh mountain from the bottom
These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snow, a stiffened corse
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blast.

§ 119. *From the Shipwreck.* FALCONER.

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her course to Attic shores the vessel keeps;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel.
For this assault should either quarter feel,
Again to flank the tempest she might reel.

The steersmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the spokes alternate fly.
Thus when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks; the routed squadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that lash her to the shore.
As some benighted traveller, through the shade,
Explores the devious path with heart dismay'd;
While prowling savages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop the audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As some fell conqueror, frantic with success,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and distress;
So while the wat'ry wilderness he roams,
Incens'd to sevenfold rage the tempest foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill through the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ship's high battlements, to either side
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide;
Her joints unhing'd, in palsied languors play,
As ice dissolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The skies, asunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail descends in whirling shower.
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable shade;
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erspread,
When heaven's loud trumpet sounded o'er his head.
It seem'd, the wrathful angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the skies combin'd;
And here to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings!
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks!
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing sides discharge:
There, all aghast, the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge bursts the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame:
Sick earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light.
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers strives in vain,
The glowing scene unequal to sustain.
But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ship, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descry'd.
For now in front, her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.
So the lost lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The nymph ador'd resigns her blooming charms
To bless with love some happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That saw him parting, never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight!
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign;
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!
While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise:
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless fates oppose.
For, while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to.
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven side could bear th' invading sea;
And if the following surge she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the dreadful shore;
A shore where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in secret ambush lurks around.
Far less dismay'd, Anchises' wandering son
Was seen the straits of Sicily to shun;
When Palinurus, from the helm, descry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side;
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track pursu'd.
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies.
With boundless involution, bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-dashing surges roar.
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Destruction round th' insatiate coast prepares,
To crush the trembling ship, unnumber'd snares.

But haply now she 'scapes the fatal strand,
Though scarce ten fathoms distant from the land.
Swift as the weapon issuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping with tumultuous haste,
As on the tempest's wing the isle she past.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind:
Happy to bribe, with India's richest ore,
A safe accession to that barren shore!
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his bosom agonize,
When far above the sacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For scenes he never shall possess again.
But now Athenian mountains they descry,
And o'er the surge Colonna frowns on high.
Beside the cape's projecting verge are plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
First planted by devotion to sustain,
In elder times, Tritonia's sacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with madd'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The sickly haven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feverish weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Through the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flash, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmsman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
And while around his sad companions crowd,
He guides the unhappy victim to the shroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only succor on the mast relies!
The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now scarce subdu'd the wild unbridled course:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ship's tempestuous sallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he saw her, o'er the sounding foam
Upborne, to right and left distracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale dismay,
When, mounted on the flaming car of day,
With rash and impious hand the stripling try'd
Th' immortal coursers of the sun to guide.—
The vessel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate spurs her on.—Thus issuing from afar,
Advances to the sun some blazing star;
And, as it feels attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated course.
With mournful look the seamen ey'd the strand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers past,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the last.
Now on the trembling shrouds, before, behind,
In mute suspense they mount into the wind.—
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment seem'd to bring.
The fatal sisters on the surge before,
Yok'd their infernal horses to the prore.—
The steersmen now receiv'd their last command
To wheel the vessel sidelong to the strand.
Twelve sailors, on the foremast who depend,
High on the platform of the top ascend;
Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-prest by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
And from above the stem deep crashing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremast totters, unsustain'd on high:
And now the ship, fore-lifted by the sea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee,
While, in the general wreck, the faithful stay
Drags the main-topmast from its post away.
Flung from the mast, the seamen strive in vain
Through hostile floods their vessel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of strength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hostile waters close around their head,
They sink for ever, number'd with the dead!
Those who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their lost companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with sorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendship to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the mast appear;
E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In every look distracting thoughts confess;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every bosom fatal terror feels.
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where sad despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
While fancy views the mansions of the blest.
For Heaven's sweet help their suppliant cries implore;
But Heaven, relentless, deigns to help no more!
And now, lash'd on by destiny severe,
With horror fraught, the dreadful scene drew near!—
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!—
In vain, alas! the sacred shades of yore,
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death.
E'en Zeno's self, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyss had shudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this scene of phrensy and distress,
His soul had trembled to its last recess!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This last tremendous shock of fate to prove;

The tottering frame of reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!
In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious seas insult the yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shatter'd top half buried in the skies.
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground; [sound!
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps re-
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And, quivering with the wound, in torment reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair! while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak:
Till like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.
O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to
In all the pomp of exquisite distress! [dress
Then, too severely taught by cruel fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd strains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surge the stooping mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some, struggling, on a broken crag were cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast:
A while they bore o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below.
Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide,
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive;
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach, a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel.

Thus with his helpless partners till the last,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating mast;
His soul could yet sustain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe:
For now soft nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return:
To black adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd:
His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succor and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.
Sad Albert feels his dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries;
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps, he dies, and tumbles to the ground;
Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious, from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die;
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly.
And now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed!
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and Memory views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preside!
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the dismal prospect opens round,
The wreck, the shores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd and never rise again!

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore:
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
A while they wait th' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whose sovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they shuddering stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each soul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardor of unequal praise;
In every heart dismay with wonder strives,
And Hope the sicken'd spark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health restore,
Till horror and despair are felt no more,
A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft these perils of the deep descry,
Rous'd by the blustering tempest of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighboring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood;
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground!
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's love inform'd their feeling hearts;
Straight down the vale with hastening steps they hied,
Th' unhappy suff'rers to assist and guide.
Mean while those three escap'd beneath explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon:—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's soul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this sole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown.
Arion thus; but ah, sad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on some resisting rock,
His ribs were dash'd and fractur'd with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd,
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade!
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head!
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna, hung portray'd;
Th' unconscious figure smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen.
Hadst thou, soft maiden, in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony? thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs opprest,
In faltering accents thus his friend address'd:
"O rescu'd from destruction late so nigh,
Beneath whose fatal influence doom'd I lie;
Are we then exiled to this last retreat
Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
Ah! how unlike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
Enchanting hopes, for ever now destroy'd!
For wounded far beyond all healing power,
Palemon dies, and this his final hour;
By those fell breakers, where in vain I strove,
At once cut off from fortune, life, and love!
Far other scenes must soon present my sight,
That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
Ah! wretched father of a wretched son,
Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
How will remembrance of this blinded care
Bend down thy head with anguish and despair!
Such dire effects from avarice arise,
That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wise,
With force severe endeavors to control
The noblest passions that inspire the soul.
But O, thou sacred Power! whose law connects
Th' eternal chain of causes and effects,
Let not thy chastening ministers of rage
Afflict with sharp remorse his feeble age!
And you, Arion! who with these the last
Of all our crew survive the shipwreck past—
Ah! cease to mourn! those friendly tears restrain!
Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
Since heaven may soon thy wandering steps restore,
When parted hence, to England's distant shore;
Shouldst thou, th' unwilling messenger of fate,
To him the tragic story first relate,
Oh! friendship's generous ardor then suppress!
Nor hint the fatal cause of my distress;
Nor let each horrid incident sustain
The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.
Ah! then remember well my last request
For her who reigns for ever in my breast;
Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
The helpless maid to succor and defend.
Say, I this suit implor'd with parting breath,
So Heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
But oh! to lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
Draw o'er the dismal scene soft pity's veil,
And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
Say that my love, inviolably true,
No change, no diminution ever knew.
Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
Is all Palemon rescu'd from the wreck;
Take it, and say, when panting in the wave,
I struggled, life and this alone to save!

"My soul that fluttering hastens to be free,
Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
But strives in vain!—the chilling ice of death
Congeals my blood, and chokes the stream of breath:
Resign'd she quits her comfortless abode,
To course that long, unknown, eternal road.
O sacred Source of ever-living light!
Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
Direct her onward to that peaceful shore,
Where peril, pain, and death, are felt no more!
"When thou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
That steals from pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two chaste hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
To absence, sorrow, and despair, consign'd;
Oh! then, to swell the tides of social woe,
That heal th' afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
While Memory dictates, this sad shipwreck tell,
And what distress thy wretched friend befel!
Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear, [tear;
With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
All thoughts of happiness on earth are vain."
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes!
As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd.
Oh, ill-star'd vot'ry of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land
He will obey, though painful, thy command;
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrors of this dismal day!
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred!
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain!
Can sacred justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze,
Where, reason, lost in endless error, strays!
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cause of all effects, "thy will be done!"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd:
While passing they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead,
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd.
The generous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And led them trembling from the fatal shore.

§ 120. *The Last Minstrel.*

(From the Lay of the Last Minstrel.)

WALTER SCOTT.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old;
His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp his sole remaining joy
Was carried by an orphan boy;
The last of all the Bards was he,
Who sung of Border chivalry.
For well-a-day! their date was fled,
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer courted and caressed,
High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He pour'd, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay;
Old times were changed, old manners gone,
A stranger fill'd the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door;
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower:
The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—
No humbler resting place was nigh.
With hesitating step at last,
The embattled portal-arch he passed,
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,
But never closed the iron door
Against the desolate and poor.
The duchess* marked his weary pace,
His timid mien, and reverend face,
And bade her page the menials tell,
That they should tend the old man well:
For she had known adversity,
Though born in such a high degree;
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified,
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk anon,
Of good earl Francis,† dead and gone,
And of earl Walter,‡ rest him God!
A braver ne'er to battle rode:

* Anne, duchess of Buccleugh and Monmouth, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleugh, and widow of the unfortunate James, duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

† Francis Scott, earl of Buccleugh, father of the duchess.

‡ Walter, earl of Buccleugh, grandfather of the duchess, and a celebrated warrior.

Raeburn Pinx.t. Engraved. by T. Kelly.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET.

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And how, full many a tale he knew,
Of the old warriors of Buccleugh;
And, would the noble duchess deign
To listen to an old man's strain,
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,
That, if she loved the harp to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained,
The aged minstrel audience gained.
But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wished his boon denied:
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease,
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—
He tried to tune his harp in vain.
The pitying duchess praised its chime,
And gave him heart, and gave him time,
Till every string's according glee
Was blended into harmony.
And then, he said, he would full fain
He could recal an ancient strain,
He never thought to sing again.
It was not framed for village churls,
But for high dames and mighty earls;
He had played it to King Charles the Good,
When he kept court in Holyrood;
And much he wished, yet feared, to try
The long forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head.
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along:
The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot:
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

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§ 121. *Melrose Abbey, and the Charm of the Wizard, Michael Scott. From the Same.*

I.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moon-light;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!

II.

Short halt did Deloraine make there;
Little recked he of the scene so fair.
With dagger's hilt on the wicket strong,
He struck full loud, and struck full long.
The porter hurried to the gate—
"Who knocks so loud, and knocks so late?"
"From Branksome I," the warrior cried;
And straight the wicket open'd wide;
For Branksome's chiefs had in battle stood,
To fence the rights of fair Melrose;
And lands and livings, many a rood,
Had gifted the shrine for their soul's repose.

III.

Bold Deloraine his errand said;
The porter bent his humble head;
With torch in hand, and feet unshod,
And noiseless step, the path he trode:
The arched cloisters, far and wide,
Rang to the warrior's clanking stride;
Till, stooping low his lofty crest,
He entered the cell of the ancient priest,
And lifted his barred aventayle,*
To hail the Monk of St. Mary's aisle.

IV.

"The ladye of Branksome greets thee by me;
Says, that the fated hour is come,
And that to-night I shall watch with thee,
To win the treasure of the tomb."—
From sackcloth couch the monk arose,
With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;
A hundred years had flung their snows
On his thin lock and floating beard.

V.

And strangely on the knight looked he,
And his blue eyes gleamed wild and wide;
"And dar'st thou, warrior! seek to see
What heaven and hell alike would hide?
My breast, in belt of iron pent,
With shirt of hair and scourge of thorn,
For threescore years, in penance spent,
My knees those flinty stones have worn;
Yet all too little to atone
For knowing what should ne'er be known:
Wouldst thou thy every future year
In ceaseless prayer and penance drie,
Yet wait thy latter end with fear—
Then, daring warrior, follow me!"

VI.

"Penance, father, will I none;
Prayer know I hardly one;

* *Aventayle*, visor of the helmet.

For mass or prayer can I rarely tarry,
Save to patter an Ave Mary,
When I ride on a border foray;
Other prayer can I none;
So speed me my errand, and let me begone."—

VII.

Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
And again he sighed heavily;
For he had himself been a warrior bold,
And fought in Spain and Italy,
And he thought on the days that were long since by, [was high:—
When his limbs were strong and his courage
Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillared arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.

VIII.

Spreading herbs, and flowerets bright,
Glistened with the dew of night;
Nor herb, nor floweret, glistened there,
But was carved in the cloister-arches as fair.
The monk gazed long on the lovely moon,
Then into the night he looked forth;
And red and bright the streamers light
Were dancing in the glowing north.
So had he seen, in fair Castile,
The youth in glittering squadrons start;
Sudden the flying jennet wheel,
And hurl the unexpected dart.
He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light.

IX.

By a steel-clench'd postern door,
They entered now the chancel tall;
The darkened roof rose high aloof
On pillars, lofty, and light, and small;
The key-stone, that locked each ribbed aisle,
Was a fleur-de-lys, or a quatre-feuille;
The corbells* were carved grotesque and grim;
And the pillars with clustered shafts so trim,
With base and with capital flourished around,
Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound.

X.

Full many a scutcheon and banner, riven,
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
Around the screened altar's pale;
And there the dying lamps did burn,
Before thy low and lonely urn,
O gallant chief of Otterburne,
And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale!
O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid!

XI.

The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the ozier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Showed many a prophet, and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed;
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished
And trampled the apostate's pride.
The moon-beam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

XII.

They sate them down on a marble stone,
A Scottish monarch slept below;
Thus spoke the monk, in solemn tone:—
"I was not always a man of woe;
For Paynim countries I have trod,
And fought beneath the Cross of God;
Now, strange to mine eyes thine arms appear,
And their iron clang sounds strange to my ear.

XIII.

"In these far climes, it was my lot
To meet the wondrous Michael Scott;
A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when, in Salamanca's cave,
Him listed his magic wand to wave,
The bells would ring in Notre Dame!
Some of his skill he taught to me;
And, warrior, I could say to thee
The words that cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone:
But to speak them were a deadly sin;
And for having but thought them my heart
A treble penance must be done. [within,

XIV.

"When Michael lay on his dying bed,
His conscience was awakened;
He bethought him of his sinful deed,
And he gave me a sign to come with speed:
I was in Spain when the morning rose,
But I stood by his bed ere evening close.
The words may not again be said,
That he spoke to me, on death-bed laid;
They would rend this abbaye's massy nave,
And pile it in heaps above his grave.

XV.

"I swore to bury his Mighty Book,
That never mortal might therein look;
And never to tell where it was hid,
Save at his chief of Branksome's need;
And when that need was past and o'er,
Again the volume to restore.
I buried him on St. Michael's night,
When the bell tolled one, and the moon was bright;
And I dug his chamber among the dead,
When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
That his patron's cross might over him wave,
And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.

* *Corbells*, the projections from which the arches spring, usually cut in a fantastic face, or mask.

XVI.

"It was a night of woe and dread,
When Michael in the tomb I laid!
Strange sounds along the chancel past,
The banners waved without a blast."—
Still spoke the monk, when the bell tolled One!
"I tell you, that a braver man
Than William of Deloraine, good at need,
Against a foe ne'er spurred a steed;
Yet somewhat was he chilled with dread,
And his hair did bristle upon his head.

XVII.

"Lo, warrior! now, the Cross of Red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Within it burns a wondrous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night:
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until the eternal doom shall be."—
Slow mov'd the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody Cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a secret nook;
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

XVIII.

With beating heart to the task he went;
His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent;
With bar of iron heaved amain,
Till the toil-drops fell from his brows, like rain.
It was by dint of passing strength,
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light;
And issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl, and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

XIX.

Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round,
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea:
His left hand held his Book of Might;
A silver cross was in his right;
The lamp was placed beside his knee:
High and majestic was his look,
At which the fellest fiends had shook,
And all unruffled was his face:—
They trusted his soul had gotten grace.

XX.

Often had William of Deloraine
Rode through the battle's bloody plain,
And trampled down the warriors slain,
And neither known remorse or awe;
Yet now remorse and awe he own'd;
His breath came thick, his head swam round,
When this strange scene of death he saw.
Bewilder'd and unnerv'd he stood,
And the priest prayed fervently and loud:
With eyes averted prayed he;
He might not endure the sight to see,
Of the man he had loved so brotherly.

XXI.

And when the priest his death-prayer had prayed,
Thus unto Deloraine he said:—
"Now, speed thee what thou hast to do,
Or, warrior, we may dearly rue;
For those thou mayst not look upon,
Are gathering fast round the yawning stone!"
Then Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasped, and with iron bound:
He thought as he took it the dead man frowned;
But the glare of the sepulchral light
Perchance had dazzled the warrior's sight.

XXII.

When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few;
And, as the night and the priest withdrew,
With wavering steps and dizzy brain,
They hardly might the postern gain.
'Tis said, as through the aisles they passed,
They heard strange noises on the blast;
And through the cloister-galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices unlike the voice of man;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because these spells were brought to day.
I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.

§ 122. *Force of Love. From the Same.*

I.

And said I that my limbs were old;
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?
How could I to the dearest theme,
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false, a recreant prove!
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame!

II.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

§ 123. *The Twa Corbies.*

(From the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.)

WALTER SCOTT.

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane,

The tane unto the t'other say,
"Where sall we gang and dine to-day?

"In behint yon auld fail* dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And nae body kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

"His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady is ta'en another mate,
So we may mak our dinner sweet.

"Ye 'll sit on his white hause bane,
And I 'll pike out his bonny blue een:
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair,
We 'll theek† our nest when it grows bare.

"Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane:
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair."

§ 124. *Young Benjie. From the Same.*

OF a' the fair maids o' fair Scotland,
The fairest was Marjorie;
And young Benjie was her ae true love,
And a dear true love was he.

And wow! but they were lovers dear,
And loved fu' constantlie;
But ay the mair when they fell out,
The sairer was their plea.‡

And they hae quarrelled on a day,
Till Marjorie's heart grew wae,
And she said she'd chuse another luve,
And let young Benjie gae.

And he was stout,§ and proud-hearted,
And thought o't bitterlie,
And he 's ga'en by the wan moon-light,
To meet his Marjorie.

"O open, open, my true love,
O open and let me in!"
"I dare na open, young Benjie,
My three brothers are within."

"Ye lied, ye lied, ye bonny burd,
Sae loud's I hear ye lie;
As I came by the Lowden banks,
They bade gude e'en to me.

"But fare ye weel, my ae fause love,
That I hae loved sae lang!
It sets|| ye chuse another love,
And let young Benjie gang."

Then Marjorie turned her round about,
The tear blinding her ee,
"I dare na, dare na, let thee in,
But I 'll come down to thee."

Then saft she smiled, and said to him,
"O what ill hae I done?"
He took her in his armis twa,
And threw her o'er the linn.

The stream was strang, the maid was stout,
And laith laith to be dang,*
But, ere she wan the Lowden banks,
Her fair color was wan.

Then up bespak her eldest brother,
"O see na ye what I see?"
And out then spak her second brother,
"It 's our sister Marjorie!"

Out then spak her eldest brother,
"O how shall we her ken?"
And out then spak her youngest brother,
"There's a honey-mark on her chin."

Then they've ta'en up the comely corpse,
And laid it on the ground—
"O wha has killed our ae sister,
And how can he be found?

"The night it is her low lykewake,
The morn her burial day,
And we maun watch at mirk midnight,
And hear what she will say?"

Wi' doors ajar, and candle light,
And torches burning clear,
The streikit corpse, till still midnight
They waked, but naething hear.

About the middle o' the night,
The cocks began to craw,
And at the dead hour o' the night,
The corpse began to thraw.

"O wha has done thee wrang, sister,
Or dared the deadly sin?
Wha was sae stout, and feared nae dout,
As thraw ye o'er the linn?"

"Young Benjie was the first ae man,
I laid my love upon;
He was sae stout and proud-hearted,
He threw me o'er the linn."

"Sall we young Benjie head, sister,
Sall we young Benjie hang,
Or, sall we pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him e'er he gang?"

"Ye mauna Benjie head, brothers,
Ye mauna Benjie hang,
But ye maun pike out his twa gray een,
And punish him e'er he gang.

"Tie a green gravat round his neck,
And lead him out and in,
And the best ae servant about your house,
To wait young Benjie on.

"And ay, at every seven years' end,
Ye'll tak him to the linn;
For that's the penance he maun drie,
To scugg† his deadly sin."

§ 125. *Introduction to Canto Second of Marmion.* WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone,

* *Fail*, turf. † *Theek*, thatch.
‡ *Plea*, used obliquely for dispute.
§ *Stout*, through this whole ballad, signifies haughty. || *Sets ye*—Becomes you—ironical.

* *Dang*—defeated.
† *Scugg*—shelter or expiate.

Something, my friend, we yet may gain:
There is a pleasure in this pain:
It soothes the love of lonely rest,
Deep in each gentler heart impressed.
'Tis silent amid worldly toils,
And stifled soon by mental broils;
But, in a bosom thus prepared,
Its still small voice is often heard,
Whispering a mingled sentiment,
'Twixt resignation and content.
Oft in my mind such thoughts awake,
By lone St. Mary's silent lake:—
Thou know'st it well:—nor fen, nor sedge,
Pollute the pure lake's crystal edge;
Abrupt and sheer, the mountains sink
At once upon the level brink;
And just a trace of silver sand
Marks where the water meets the land.
Far in the mirror bright and blue,
Each hill's huge outline you may view;
Shaggy with heath, but lonely bare,
Nor tree, nor bush, nor brake is there,
Save where, of land, yon slender line
Bears thwart the lake the scatter'd pine.
Yet even this nakedness has power,
And aids the feeling of the hour:
Nor thicket, dell, nor copse you spy,
Where living thing conceal'd might lie;
Nor point, retiring, hides a dell,
Where swain, or woodman lone, might dwell;
There 's nothing left to fancy's guess,
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.
Nought living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid Our Lady's chapel low,
Yet still, beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.
If age had tamed the passions' strife,
And fate had cut my ties to life,
Here, have I thought, 'twere sweet to dwell,
And rear again the chaplain's cell,
Like that same peaceful hermitage,
Where Milton longed to spend his age.
'Twere sweet to mark the setting day
On Bourhope's lonely top decay;
And, as it faint and feeble died,
On the broad lake, and mountain's side,
To say, "Thus pleasures fade away;
Youth, talents, beauty, thus decay,
And leave us dark, forlorn, and grey;"—
Then gaze on Dryhope's ruin'd tower,
And think on Yarrow's faded flower:
And, when that mountain-sound I heard
Which bids us be for storm prepared,—
The distant rustling of his wings,
As up his force the tempest brings,
'Twere sweet, ere yet his terrors rave,
To sit upon the wizard's grave,—
That wizard priest's, whose bones are thrust
From company of holy dust;
On which no sun-beam ever shines—
(So superstition's creed divines;)
Thence view the lake, with sullen roar,
Heave her broad billows to the shore;
And mark the wild swans mount the gale,
Spread wide through mist their snowy sail,
And ever stoop again, to lave
Their bosoms on the surging wave:
Then, when against the driving hail
No longer might my plaid avail,
Back to my lonely home retire,
And light my lamp and trim my fire:
There ponder o'er some mystic lay,
Till the wild tale had all its sway,
And, in the bittern's distant shriek,
I heard unearthly voices speak,
And thought the wizard priest was come,
To claim again his ancient home!
And bade my busy fancy range,
To frame him fitting shape and strange,
Till from the task my brow I cleared,
And smiled to think that I had feared.

§ 126. *Banquet at Holyrood House, where James IV. of Scotland held his court.*

WALTER SCOTT.

THROUGH this mix'd crowd of glee and game,
The king to greet lord Marmion came,
While, reverent, all made room.
An easy task it was, I trow,
King James's manly form to know,
Although, his courtesy to show,
He doffed, to Marmion bending low,
His broidered cap and plume.
For royal were his garb and mien;
His cloak, of crimson velvet piled,
Trimmed with the fur of martin wild;
His vest, of changeful satin sheen,
The dazzled eye beguil'd;
His gorgeous collar hung adown,
Wrought with the badge of Scotland's crown,
The thistle brave, of old renown;
His trusty blade, Toledo right,
Descended from a baldric bright;
White were his buskins, on the heel
His spurs inlaid of gold and steel;
His bonnet, all of crimson fair,
Was buttoned with a ruby rare:
And Marmion deemed he ne'er had seen
A prince of such a noble mien.
The monarch's form was middle size;
For feat of strength or exercise,
Shaped in proportion fair;
And hazel was his eagle eye,
And auburn, of the darkest dye,
His short curled beard and hair.
Light was his footstep in the dance,
And firm his stirrup in the lists;
And, oh! he had that merry glance,
That seldom lady's heart resists.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;—
Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain!
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.
I said he joyed in banquet-bower;
But, mid his mirth, 'twas often strange,
How suddenly his cheer would change,
His look o'ercast and lower,
If, in a sudden turn, he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain,
In memory of his father slain.
Even so 'twas strange how, evermore,
Soon as the passing pang was o'er,
Forward he rushed, with double glee,
Into the stream of revelry;
Thus, dim-seen object of affright
Startles the courser in his flight,
And half he halts, half springs aside;
But feels the quickening spur applied,
And, straining on the tighten'd rein,
Scours doubly swift o'er hill and plain.

O'er James's heart, the courtiers say,
Sir Hugh the Heron's wife held sway:
To Scotland's court she came,
To be a hostage for her lord,
Who Cessford's gallant heart had gored,
And with the king to make accord,
Had sent his lovely dame.
Nor to that lady free alone
Did the gay king allegiance own:
For the fair queen of France
Sent him a turquois ring, and glove,
And charged him as her knight and love,
For her to break a lance;
And strike three strokes with Scottish brand,
And march three miles on Southron land,
And bid the banners of his band
In English breezes dance.
And thus, for France's queen he drest
His manly limbs in mailed vest;
And thus admitted English fair
His inmost counsels still to share;
And thus, for both, he madly planned
The ruin of himself and land!
And yet, the sooth to tell,
Nor England's fair, nor France's queen,
Were worth one pearl-drop, bright and sheen,
From Margaret's eyes that fell, [bower,
His own queen Margaret, who, in Lithgow's
All lonely sat and wept the weary hour.

The queen sits lone in Lithgow pile,
And weeps the weary day,
The war against her native soil,
Her monarch's risk in battle broil;—
And in gay Holy-Rood, the while,
Dame Heron rises with a smile
Upon the harp to play.
Fair was her rounded arm, as o'er
The strings her fingers flew;
And as she touched and tuned them all,
Ever her bosom's rise and fall
Was plainer given to view;
For all, for heat, was laid aside,
Her wimple, and her hood untied.
And first she pitched her voice to sing,
Then glanced her dark eye on the king,
And then around the silent ring;
And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say
Her pretty oath, by yea and nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play:
At length, upon the harp, with glee,
Mingled with arch simplicity,
A soft, yet lively air she rung,
While thus the wily lady sung:—

Lochinvar.—Lady Heron's Song.

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best; [none,
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone, [none;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers and all: [sword,
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"—

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;— [tide—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far, [Lochinvar."
That would gladly be bride to the young

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up. [the cup.
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,— [Lochinvar.
"Now tread we a measure!" said young

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume; [and plume;
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet

And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far [Lochinvar."
To have matched our fair cousin with young

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear, [charger stood near;
When they reached the hall-door, and the
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur, [young Lochinvar.
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan; [and they ran:
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee, [see,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

§ 127. *Death of Marmion.* WALTER SCOTT.

XXIII.

HENCE might they see the full array
Of either host, for deadly fray;
Their marshalled line stretched east and west,
And fronted north and south,
And distant salutation past
From the loud cannon mouth;
Not in the close successive rattle,
That breathes the voice of modern battle,
But slow and far between.—
The hillock gained, Lord Marmion staid:
"Here by this cross," he gently said,
"You well may view the scene.
Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
O! think of Marmion in thy prayer!
Thou wilt not?—well,—no less my care
Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare.—
You, Blount, and Eustace, are her guard,
With ten picked archers of my train;
With England if the day go hard,
To Berwick speed amain.—
But if we conquer, cruel maid!
My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
When here we meet again."—
He waited not for answer there;
And would not mark the maid's despair,
Nor heed the discontented look
From either squire; but spurred amain,
And dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

XXIV.

"——The good Lord Marmion by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour!—
Short greeting serves in time of strife:—
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succor those that need it most.
Now gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true."—
"Thanks, noble Surrey!" Marmion said,
Nor further greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of "Marmion! Marmion!" that the cry
Up Flodden mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

XXV.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill:
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
"Unworthy office here to stay,
No hope of gilded spurs to-day.—
But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent."
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreath'd in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;
And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

XXVI.

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war.
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see;
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;

Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.
Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;
Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Highlandman,
And many a rugged border clan,
With Huntley and with Home.

XXVII.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broad-sword plied:
'Twas vain.——But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,—
The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry!
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose:
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:—
"By Heaven, and all its saints! I swear,
I will not see it lost!
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your heads, and patter prayer,—
I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
It sunk among the foes.
Then Eustace mounted too; yet staid,
As loath to leave the helpless maid,
When, fast as shaft can fly,
Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
The loose rein dangling from his head,
Housing and saddle bloody red,
Lord Marmion's steed rushed by;
And Eustace maddening at the sight,
A look and sign to Clara cast,
To mark he would return in haste,
Then plunged into the fight.

XXIX.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
Left in that dreadful hour alone:
Perchance her reason stoops, or reels:
Perchance a courage, not her own,
Braces her mind to desperate tone.
The scatter'd van of England wheels;—
She only said, as loud in air
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"
They fly, or, maddened by despair,
Fight but to die.—"Is Wilton there?"
With that straight up the hill there rode
Two horsemen drenched with gore,
And in their arms, a helpless load,
A wounded knight they bore.
His hand still strained the broken brand;
His arms were smeared with blood and sand,
Dragged from among the horses' feet,
With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
The falcon crest and plumage gone,
Can that be haughty Marmion!—
Young Blount his armor did unlace,
And, gazing on his ghastly face,
Said—"By Saint George, he 's gone!
That spear wound has our master sped!
And see the deep cut on his head!
Good night to Marmion."
"Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
He opes his eyes," said Eustace; "peace!"

XXX.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
"Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—vain!
Last of my race on battle-plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!—
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly,
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.—
Fitz-Eustace to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down;—my life is reft;—
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England 's lost.—
Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets! fly!
Leave Marmion here alone—to die."—
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water, from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!"—

XXXI.

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—

Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew,
For, oozing from the mountain's side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn!—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water clear, as diamond-spark
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,
"*Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.*
For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well."
She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

XXXII.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And as she stooped his brow to lave—
"Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
"Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"
Then, as remembrance rose,—
"Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!"
"Alas!" she said, "the while,—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She died at Holy Isle."
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
"Then it was truth!"—he said—"I knew
That the dark pressage must be true.—
I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar stone,
Might bribe him for delay.
It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand."—
Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling Monk.

XXXIII.

With fruitless labor, Clara bound,
And strove to staunch the gushing wound:
The Monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
"*In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,*
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung.
"Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!—
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this."—
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And—Stanley! was the cry;—
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"—
Were the last words of Marmion.

§ 128. *Harp of the North.* WALTER SCOTT.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades St. Fillan's spring,
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string,—
O minstrel Harp, still must thine accents sleep?
'Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bow'd;
For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
Was knighthood's dauntless deed, and beauty's matchless eye.

O wake once more! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray;
O wake once more! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay:
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more! Enchantress, wake again!

§ 129. *Portrait of Ellen.* WALTER SCOTT.

THE boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood conceal'd amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.

The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain.
With head up-rais'd, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood, she seem'd to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly ting'd her cheek with brown,—
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow:
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measur'd mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell rais'd its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue,—
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch such birth betray'd.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;
And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
Mantled a plaid with modest care,
And never brooch the folds combin'd
Above a heart more good and kind.
Her kindness and her worth to spy,
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;
Whether joy danc'd in her dark eye,
Or woe or pity claim'd a sigh,
Or filial love was glowing there,
Or meek devotion pour'd a prayer,
Or tale of injury call'd forth
The indignant spirit of the north.
One only passion, unrevealed,
With maiden pride the maid concealed,
Yet not less purely felt, the flame;—
Oh need I tell that passion's name!

§ 130. *The Harper.* WALTER SCOTT.

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reached the main-land side.
And ere his onward way he took,
The Stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The harper on the islet beach,
Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, grey, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame.
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still, as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

§ 131. *The Sacrifice.* WALTER SCOTT.

'TWAS all prepared;—and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eye-balls dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosslet framed with care,
A cubit's length in measure due,
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The cross, thus formed, he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke.

"Woe to the clans-man, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
On Alpine's dwelling low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clans-man's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe."
He paused;—the word the vassals took,
With forward step, and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;
And first, in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,
And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,
"Woe to the traitor, woe!"
Ben-an's grey scalp the accents knew,
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle screamed afar,—
They knew the voice of Alpine's war.

The shout was hush'd on lake and fell,
The Monk resumed his muttered spell.
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame.
And the few words that reached the air,
Although the holiest name was there,

Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud :—
" Woe to the wretch, who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear !
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home the refuge of his fear,
A kindred fate shall know ;
Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,
And infamy and woe."—
Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goss-hawk's whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow ;
Answering, with imprecation dread,
" Sunk be his home in embers red !
And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head,
We doom to want and woe !"
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uaiskin, thy goblin cave !
And the grey pass where birches wave,
On Beala-nam-bo.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his laboring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
Who, summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And, as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard :
" When flits this cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed !
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed !
May ravens tear the careless eyes,
Wolves make the coward heart their prize !
As sinks that blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's blood drench this hearth !
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark !
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside !"—
He ceased : no echo gave again
The murmur of the deep Amen.

§ 132. *The Wedding.* WALTER SCOTT.

A BLITHSOME rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resum'd their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonnetted sire and coif-clad dame ;
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear ;
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
And minstrels, that in measure vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the kerchief's snowy band ;
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

Who meets them at the church-yard gate ?—
The messenger of fear and fate !
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word ;
" The muster-place is Lanrick mead,
Speed forth the signal ! Norman, speed !"—
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell cross of blood and brand ?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride ?
O fatal doom !—it must ! it must !
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brooks no delay ;
Stretch to the race—away ! away !
Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak woe he might not stop to cheer ;
Then trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
—What in the racer's bosom stirred ?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst of martial fame ;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears ;
And zeal for clan and chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning,
With war's red honors on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.
Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanc'd away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong,
Burst into voluntary song.

Song.

The heath this night must be my bed,
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far, from love and thee, Mary ;

To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper song, thy wail, young maid!
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow,
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary!

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary.
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose,
To my young bride and me, Mary!

§ 133. *Farewell Address to the Harp of the North.* WALTER SCOTT.

HARP of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending,
With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet once again, farewell, thou minstrel Harp!
Yet once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.
Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way,
Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on the weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has wak'd thy string!
'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing.
Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—
And now, 'tis silence all!—Enchantress, fare thee well!

§ 134. *Death of Bertram.* WALTER SCOTT.

XXXII.

THE outmost crowd have heard a sound,
Like horse's hoof on hardened ground;
Nearer it came, and yet more near,—
The very death's-men paused to hear.
'Tis in the churchyard now—the tread
Hath waked the dwelling of the dead!
Fresh sod, and old sepulchral stone,
Return the tramp in varied tone.
All eyes upon the gate-way hung,
When through the Gothic arch there sprung
A horseman armed, at headlong speed—
Sable his cloak, his plume, his steed.
Fire from the flinty floor was spurned,
The vaults unwonted clang returned!
One instant's glance around he threw,
From saddle-bow his pistol drew.
Grimly determined was his look!
His charger with the spurs he strook—
All scattered backward as he came,
For all knew Bertram Risingham!
Three bounds that noble courser gave;
The first has reached the central nave,
The second cleared the chancel wide,
The third,—he was at Wycliffe's side.
Full levelled at the baron's head,
Rung the report—the bullet sped—
And to his long account, and last,
Without a groan, dark Oswald past!
All was so quick, that it might seem
A flash of lightning, or a dream.

XXXIII.

While yet the smoke the deed conceals,
Bertram his ready charger wheels;
But floundered on the pavement floor
The steed, and down the rider bore,
And, bursting in the headlong sway,
The faithless saddle-girths gave way.
'Twas while he toiled him to be freed,
And with the rein to raise the steed,
That from amazement's iron trance
All Wycliffe's soldiers waked at once.
Sword, halbert, musquet-butt, their blows
Hailed upon Bertram as he rose:
A score of pikes, with each a wound,
Bore down and pinned him to the ground.
But still his struggling force he rears,
Gainst hacking brands and stabbing spears;
Thrice from assailants shook him free,
Once gained his feet, and twice his knee.
By tenfold odds oppressed at length,
Despite his struggles and his strength,
He took an hundred mortal wounds,
As mute as fox 'mongst mangling hounds;
And when he died, his parting groan
Had more of laughter than of moan!
—They gazed, as when a lion dies,
And hunters scarcely trust their eyes,
But bend their weapons on the slain,
Lest the grim king should rouse again!
Then blow and insult some renewed,
And from the trunk the head had hewed,
But Basil's voice the deed forbade;
A mantle o'er the corse he laid—
"Fell as he was in act and mind,
He left no bolder heart behind:
Then gave him, for a soldier meet,
A soldier's cloak for winding sheet."—

XXXIV.

No more of death and dying pang,
No more of trump and bugle clang, [come
Though through the sounding woods there
Banner and bugle, trump and drum.
Armed with such powers as well had freed
Young Redmond at his utmost need,
And backed with such a band of horse
As might less ample powers enforce;
Possessed of every proof and sign
That gave an heir to Mortham's line,
And yielded to a father's arms
An image of his Edith's charms,—
Mortham is come, to hear and see
Of this strange morn the history.
What saw he?—not the church's floor,
Cumbered with dead and stained with gore;
What heard he?—not the clamorous crowd,
That shout their gratulations loud;
Redmond he saw, and heard alone,
Clasped him, and sobbed, "My son, my son!"

§ 135. *The Corsair.* LORD BYRON.

The Pirates' Song.

"O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danc'd in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play, [way?
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away:
Heave his thick breath; and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:
Ours are the tears though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted now!"

§ 136. *Death of Medora.* LORD BYRON.

THE sun hath sunk—and darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height—
Medora's heart—the third day's come and gone— [one!
With it he comes not—sends not—faithless
The wind was fair though light; and storms were none.
Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet
His only tidings that they had not met!
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.

The night-breeze freshens—she that day had past
In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a mast;
Sadly she sate—on high—Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wander'd heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away:
She saw not—felt not this—nor dared depart,
Nor deem'd it cold—her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense—
His very Sight had shock'd from life or sense!
It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought; [few—
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
In silence, darkling, each appear'd to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:
Something they would have said; but seem'd to fear
To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled not—
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
That deem'd not till they found their energy.
While yet was Hope—they soften'd—flutter'd—wept—
All lost—that softness died not—but it slept;

And o'er its slumber rose that Strength which said, [dread."
" With nothing left to love—there 's nought to
'Tis more than nature's; like the burning might
Delirium gathers from the fever's height.
" Silent you stand—nor would I hear you tell
What—speak not—breathe not—for I know it well—
Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies
The—quick your answer—tell me where he lies ?"

" Lady ! we know not—scarce with life we fled ;
But here is one denies that he is dead :
He saw him bound; and bleeding—but alive."

She heard no further—'twas in vain to strive—
So throbb'd each vein—each thought—till then withstood ;
Her own dark soul—these words at once subdued :
She totters—falls—and senseless had the wave
Perchance but snatch'd her from another grave;
But that with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies;
Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
Raise—fan—sustain—till life returns anew ;
Awake her handmaids, with the matrons leave
That fainting form o'er which they gaze and grieve ;
Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report
The tale too tedious—when the triumph short.

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The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower ;
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark. [fail'd,
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
With the first boat descends he for the shore,
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.
Oh ! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height !
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
Ascends the path familiar to his eye. [sound
He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no
Broke from within; and all was night around.
He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply
Announc'd that any heard or deem'd him nigh;
He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling band
Refus'd to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens—'tis a well known face—
But not the form he panted to embrace.
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,
And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd ;
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall; [ray—
He would not wait for that reviving
As soon could he have linger'd there for day ;
But, glimmering through the dusky corridore,
Another chequers o'er the shadow'd floor ;
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes behold
All that his heart believed not—yet foretold !

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,
And set the anxious frame that lately shook :
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain !
In life itself she was so still and fair,
The death with gentler aspect wither'd there :
And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep :
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—
Oh ! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light !
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forebore to smile,
And wish'd repose—But only for a while,
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind ;
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here ?

§ 137. *Athenian Prospect.* LORD BYRON.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not as in Northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light !
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it glows.
On old Ægina's rock, and Idra's isle,
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile ;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast the mountain shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulph, unconquer'd Salamis !
Their azure arches through the long expanse
More deeply purpled meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course and own the hues of heaven ;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens ! here thy wisest look'd his last.

How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonizing eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sunk below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.
No murky vapor, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around with quivering beams beset
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret.
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay Kiosk,
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm,
All tinged with varied hues arrest the eye—
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by.

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chaf'd breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,
Mixt with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown—where gentler ocean seems to smile.

§ 138. *Address on the Opening of Drury-Lane Theatre.* LORD BYRON.

IN one dread night our city saw, and sighed,
Bowed to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakespeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, O sight, admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heav'n,
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames;
While thousands throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrunk back appalled, and trembled for their home;
As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own;
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurped the Muse's realm, and marked her fall;
Say—shall this new nor less aspiring pile,
Reared, where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favor which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakespeare—worthy him and *you?*

Yes, it shall be—the magic of that name
Defies the sithe of time, the torch of flame,
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been;*—
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell;
Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How well!*
As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past.
Some hour propitious to our prayers, may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, stormed the sternest heart;
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew:
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu.
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only *waste* their odors o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claimed, and claims,—nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head;
Nor hoard your honors idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to write.
Heirs to their labors, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of theirs;
While thus remembrance borrows Banquo's glass,
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names emblazoned on our line;
Pause—ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them.

Friends of the Stage—to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon, or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject,
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And make us blush that you forbore to blame
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!
Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplac'd applause:
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!
This greeting o'er,—the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,

Receive *our* welcome too—whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your own.
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please, long—long may *you* preside.

§ 139. *From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*
LORD BYRON.

HE that has sailed upon the dark blue sea,
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

And oh, the little warlike world within!
The well reev'd guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:
Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;
Or school-boy Midshipman that standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From Law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.
Ah, grievance sore! and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand; [lieve:
Now lads on shore may sigh and maids be-
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore,
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-ey'd Maid and dusky Moor,
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,
From mountain cliff to coast descending sombre down.

'Tis night, when meditation bids us feel
We once have lov'd, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend. [bend,
Who with the weight of years would wish to
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy!
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere;
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride, [year:
And flies unconscious o'er each backward
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit, in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean:
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tir'd denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less
Of all that flatter'd, followed, sought, and sued:
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

§ 140. *The Lake of Geneva,—Clarens.*
LORD BYRON.

CLEAR, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

All heaven and earth are still—though not in sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: from the high host
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-coast,
All is concenter'd in a life intense;
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone;
A truth which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty;—'twould disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to harm.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honor shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy pray'r!

The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness! ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contain'd no tomb,—
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd fittingly.

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colors caught,
And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod,—
Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
To which the steps are mountains; where the god
Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown, [power
His soft and summer breath, whose tender
Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

All things are here of *him;* from the black pines, [roar
Which are his shade on high, and the loud
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore, [adore,
Where the bow'd waters meet him, and
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude:

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colored things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes [from those,
And the world's waste, have driven him far
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights in its eternity!

§ 141. *Address to the Ocean.* BYRON.

BUT I forget.—My pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—
His task and mine alike are nearly done;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark Euxine roll'd

Upon the blue Symplegades: long years—
Long, though not very many, since have done [tears
Their work on both; some suffering and some
Have left us nearly where we had begun:
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run;
We have had our reward—and it is here;
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
Ye Elements!—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—can ye not
Accord me such a being? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain [main
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth re-
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake

And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which
mar [gar.
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafal-

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save
thee— [they?
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are
Thy waters wasted them while they were
free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure
brow— [now.
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's
form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or
storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and
sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each
zone [alone.
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless,

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight: and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

My task is done—my song hath ceased—my
theme
Has died into an echo; it is fit [lit
The spell should break of this protracted
dream.
The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is
writ,—
Would it were worthier! but I am not now
That which I have been—and my visions flit
Less palpably before me—and the glow
Which in my spirit dwelt, is fluttering, faint,
and low

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath
been— [farewell!
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the
scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of his
strain!

§ 142. *To Thyrza.* LORD BYRON.

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.
It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleas'd before:
Though ev'ry joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring:
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I 'll be that light unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here:
Thou 'rt nothing,—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the madd'ning soul;
The heart—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heav'nly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon—"
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave.

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
"'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
"That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give;
Relenting nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrza ceas'd to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How ting'd by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou 'rt prest!

Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

§ 143. *Recollections of Greece.* LORD BYRON.

CLIME of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave—
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave—
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free!—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes—their story not unknown—
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires,
And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear,
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame;
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes—though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye,
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendor to disgrace,
Enough—no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell,
And self-abasement pav'd the way
To villain-bonds and despot-sway.
What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar,
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led
Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves—nay the bondsmen of a slave,
And callous, save to crime;
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast,
Still to the neighboring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft,
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renown'd.
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke.

§ 144. *Lament for Zuleika.* LORD BYRON.

MORN slowly rolls the clouds away;
Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat;
And, tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep,
There lies a white capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet riples o'er in vain:
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep,
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,
Flung by the tossing tide on high,
Then levell'd with the wave—
What recks it, though that corse shall lie
Within a living grave?
The bird that tears that prostrate form
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;
The only heart, the only eye,
Had bled or wept to see him die,
Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
And mourn'd above his turban-stone,
That heart hath burst—that eye was closed;
Yea—closed before his own!

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale:
Zuleika! last of Giaffar's race,
Thy destined lord has come too late;
He sees not—ne'er shall see—thy face!
Can he not hear
The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear?
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,
The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
The silent slaves, with folded arms that wait
Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale!
Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!
That fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill:
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—
And that last thought on him thou couldst not save
Sufficed to kill;
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
Peace to thy broken heart and virgin grave!

Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!
That grief—tho' deep—tho' fatal—was thy first!
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse! [lies!
And, oh! that pang where more than madness
The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light, [heart!
That winds around, and tears the quivering
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand, Abdallah—Selim bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The star hath set that shone on Helle's stream. [hast shed!
What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou
Hark! to the hurried question of despair,
"Where is my child?" an echo answers—
"Where?"

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited love,
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove—
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by despair—
So white—so faint—the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem—in vain—
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower,
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unshelter'd by a bower;
Nor droops though spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the summer beam;
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen—but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings
His long entrancing note!
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain:
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day blush bursts from high,
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame)
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable its sound
Into Zuleika's name.
'Tis from her cypress' summit heard,
That melts in air the liquid word:
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth
That white rose takes its tender birth.
There late was laid a marble stone;
Eve saw it placed—the morrow gone!
It was no mortal arm that bore
That deep fix'd pillar to the shore;
For there, as Helle's legends tell,
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;
Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose wave
Denied his bones a holier grave:
And there by night, reclined, 'tis said,
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head:
And hence extended by the billow,
'Tis named the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
Where first it lay that mourning flower
Hath flourish'd, flourisheth this hour,
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale,
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale!

§ 145. *Prometheus.* LORD BYRON.

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes
The sufferings of mortality,
Seen in their reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,
All that the proud can feel of pain,
The agony they do not show,
The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener, nor will sigh
Until its voice is echoless.

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of fate,
The ruling principle of hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;

The fate thou didst so well foresee,
But would not to appease him tell;
And in thy silence was his sentence,
And in his soul a vain repentance,
And evil dread so ill dissembled
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own mind;
But baffled as thou wert from high,
Still in thy patient energy,
In the endurance and repulse,
Of thine impenetrable spirit,
Which earth and heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit:
Thou art a symbol and a sign
To mortals of their fate and force;
Like thee, man is in part divine,
A troubled stream from a pure source;
And man in portions can foresee
His own funereal destiny;
His wretchedness, and his resistence,
And his sad unallied existence:
To which his spirit may oppose
Itself—an equal to all woes,
And a firm will, and a deep sense,
Which even in torture can descry
Its own concenter'd recompense,
Triumphant where it dares defy,
And making death a victory.

§ 146. *Greek Song.* LORD BYRON.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow,
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here!
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave!

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Neracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There swan-like let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

§ 147. *Evening.* LORD BYRON.

T' OUR tale.—The feast was over, the slaves gone,
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all retired;
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,
And every sound of revelry expired;
The lady and her lover left alone,
The rosy flood of twilight's sky admired;—
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee!

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!
The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
Have felt that moment in its fullest power
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with prayer.

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!
Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!
Ave Maria! may our spirits dare
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!
Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!
Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty dove—
What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

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Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
To where the last Cesarean fortress stood,
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along:
The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
Which learn'd from this example not to fly
From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye.

Oh Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—
Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
The welcome stall to the o'er-labor'd steer;
Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;
Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;
Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?
Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!

§ 148. *Conclusion of the Task.* COWPER.

HE is the happy man, whose life e'en now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not her's, for he has proved them vain;
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose pow'r is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There, unfatigued,
His fervent spirit labors. There he fights,
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never-withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving, haughty world,
That, as she sweeps him with her whistling silks,
Scarce deigns to notice him, or, if she see,
Deems him a cipher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,

Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder, thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rend'ring none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,
In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe,—
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise;
But he may boast, what few that win it can,
That, if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain [world
Her golden tube, through which a sensual
Draws gross impurity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode,
Because that world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He, by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived; aware, that what is base
No polish can make sterling; and that vice,
Though well perfumed and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcass tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnished nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance, than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.
So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfilled,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.
It shall not grieve me then, that once, when call'd
To dress a Sofa with the flowers of verse,
I play'd awhile, obedient to the fair, [more,
With that light task; but soon, to please her
Whom flowers alone I knew would little please, [fruit;
Let fall the unfinished wreath, and roved for
Roved far, and gathered much: some harsh, 'tis true,
Picked from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well-digested; grateful some
To palates, that can taste immortal truth;
Insipid else, and sure to be despised.
But all is in his hand, whose praise I seek.
In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
If he regard not, though divine the theme.
'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart;
Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

§ 149. *On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.* COWPER.

OH that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who biddest me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.

May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant-sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'T is now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed!
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humor interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore, [roar;"
"Where tempests never beat nor billows
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed, [lost,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

§ 150. *Prospects of Society.* CAMPBELL.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright improvement! on the car of time, [clime;
And rule the spacious world from clime to
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murd'rous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's op'ning day;
Each wand'ring genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silence watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murd'rous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barb'rous hordes on Scythian mountains roam,
Truth, mercy, freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that heaven bestowed!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceas'd a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceas'd with thee to smile,
When leagu'd oppression pour'd to northern wars
Her whisker'd Pandoors and her fierce Hussars,
Wav'd her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
Oh! Heav'n! he cried, my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
Low, murm'ring sounds along their banners fly;
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career;—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dy'd waters murm'ring far below!
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yok'd in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heav'd an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see
That man hath yet a soul, and dares be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by nature giv'n,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heav'n!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,—
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of genius, and the pow'rs of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here,"
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No:—the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand;—
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on nature's brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?

What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sydney died?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Wrapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valor tuned, amid her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
Or, wand'ring thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue, and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

§ 151. *Gertrude of Wyoming.* CAMPBELL.

THE rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, [her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken, but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's knee:—

A lov'd bequest,—and I may half impart,
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flow'r uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play;
To time when, as the rip'ning years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms;
(Unconscious fascination, undesign'd!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind:)
All uncompanion'd else her years had gone,
Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.

§ 152. *First Visit of Oneyda.* CAMPBELL.

AND summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow, unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head:
"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the parent dove.

"Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace;
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launch'd our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive stalk;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

"It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areouski broke our sleep, [fort,
Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light;
And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,
As if a show'r of blood had quench'd the fiery fight!

"It slept—it rose again—on high their tow'r
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
Then down again it rain'd an ember show'r,
And louder lamentations heard we rise:
As when the evil Manitou that dries
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire:
Alas! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hurons dire!

"But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand;
And from the tree we with her child unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
Scarce knew the widow our deliv'ring hand;

Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away,
Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

"Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm, and sweet sagamité;
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

"And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd
With this lorn dove."—A sage's self command
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that gush'd;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill-beguil'd
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd;
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild! [child!—
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's

"Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here! [arms,
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these
Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah! happiest home of England's happy clime!
How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time!

"And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore?
Or thought I, in thy father's house when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door,
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end;
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!"

He said—and strain'd unto his heart the boy:
Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchang'd his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook:
Train'd, from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

§ 153. *Second Visit of Oneyda.* CAMPBELL.

NIGHT came,—and in their lighted bow'r, full late,
The joy of converse had endur'd—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate!
And, heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms—and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parch'd, [curs'd,
From lips, as by some pow'rless dream ac-
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuag'd, and nerv'd his shuddering limb, [knew not him—
When Albert's hand he grasp'd;—but Albert

"And hast thou then forgot," (he cried forlorn,
And ey'd the group with half indignant air)
"Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know!"

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his lov'd Oneyda flew;
"Bless thee, my guide!"—but backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him through. [control—
'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:—
At last delight o'er all his features stole;
"It is—my own," he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd,
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd?

"Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embrac'd."—
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd;

And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds, with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster Brandt,—
With all his howling desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine,
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

"Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,
Escap'd that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perish'd!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

"But go!—and rouse your warriors; for, if right
These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
Of strip'd and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars th' innavigable gulph below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

Scarce had he utter'd—when heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—
And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and scream,—
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd:
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd:—
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd.

§ 154. *Outalissi's Song.* CAMPBELL.

"AND I could weep;"—th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;—
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son!
Or bow this head in woe;
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath
(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death),
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

"But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heav'n
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who lov'd thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heav'n—of lost delight!

"To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-lov'd home?—
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd;
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp—for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

"But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears;
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

§ 155. *Field-Keeping.* BLOOMFIELD.

SHOT up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down, [brown;
Ere yet the sun hath ting'd its head with
Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud chirping sparrows welcome in the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats;
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.

Green covert, hail! for through the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching ray,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-color'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious plain! [vey'd,
Thence higher still, by countless steps con-
He gains the summit of a shivering blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.
The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific Summer's sporting train,
Their little lives by various pow'rs sustain.
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue—
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh—
When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh!
Just starting from the corn, he cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride his downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark his way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight,
That oft beneath a light cloud sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours the varied song:
The eye still follows, and the cloud moves by,
Again he stretches up the clear blue sky;
His form, his motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when he wheels direct from shade to light:
E'en then the songster, a mere speck to deem,
Gliding like fancy's bubbles in a dream,
The gazer sees; but, yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear, [care?
With no more guilt than Giles, and no more
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor conscience once disturbs him with a sting;
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole, and brushes round again.

§ 156. *Appearances of a Winter Sky.* BLOOMFIELD.

In part these nightly terrors to dispel,
Giles, ere he sleeps, his little flock must tell.
From the fire-side with many a shrug he hies,
Glad if the full-orb'd moon salute his eyes,
And through th' unbroken stillness of the night
Shed on his path her beams of cheering light.
With saunt'ring step he climbs the distant stile,
Whilst all around him wears a placid smile;
There views the white rob'd clouds in clusters driven,
And all the glorious pageantry of heaven.
Low, on the utmost bound'ry of the sight,
The rising vapours catch the silver light;
Thence fancy measures, as they parting fly,
Which first will throw its shadow on the eye,
Passing the source of light; and thence away,
Succeeded quick by brighter still than they.
Far yet above these wafted clouds are seen
(In a remoter sky, still more serene,)
Others, detach'd in ranges through the air,
Spotless as snow, and countless as they're fair;
Scatter'd immensely wide from east to west,
The beauteous semblance of a flock at rest.
These, to the raptur'd mind, aloud proclaim
Their mighty Shepherd's everlasting name.

§ 157. *Peter Grimes.* CRABBE.

Old Peter Grimes made fishing his employ,
His wife he cabin'd with him and his boy,
And seem'd that life laborious to enjoy:
To town came quiet Peter with his fish,
And had of all a civil word and wish.
He left his trade upon the Sabbath-day,
And took young Peter in his hand to pray:
But soon the stubborn boy from care broke loose,
At first refus'd, then added his abuse:
His father's love he scorn'd, his power defied,
But, being drunk, wept sorely when he died.
Yes! then he wept, and to his mind there came
Much of his conduct, and he felt the shame,—
How he had oft the good old man revil'd,
And never paid the duty of a child;
How, when the father in his Bible read,
He in contempt and anger left the shed:
"It is the Word of Life," the parent cried;
—"This is the life itself," the boy replied;
And, while old Peter in amazement stood,
Gave the hot spirit to his boiling blood:—
How he, with oath and furious speech, began
To prove his freedom, and assert the man;
And, when the parent check'd his impious rage,
How he had curs'd the tyranny of age,—
Nay, once had dealt the sacrilegious blow
On his bare head, and laid his parent low;
The father groan'd—"If thou art old," said he,
"And hast a son—thou wilt remember me:
Thy mother left me in a happy time,
Thou kill'dst not her—Heav'n spares the double crime."
On an inn-settle, in his maudlin grief,
This he revolv'd, and drank for his relief.
Now liv'd the youth in freedom, but debarr'd
From constant pleasure, and he thought it hard;

Hard that he could not every wish obey,
But must awhile relinquish ale and play;
Hard! that he could not to his cards attend,
But must acquire the money he would spend.
With greedy eye he look'd on all he saw,
He knew not justice, and he laugh'd at law;
On all he mark'd, he stretch'd his ready hand;
He fish'd by water, and he filch'd by land;
Oft in the night has Peter dropp'd his oar,
Fled from his boat, and sought for prey on shore;
Oft up the hedge-row glided on his back,
Bearing the orchard's produce in a sack,
Or farm-yard load, tugg'd fiercely from the stack;
And as these wrongs to greater numbers rose,
The more he look'd on all men as his foes.
He built a mud-wall'd hovel, where he kept
His various wealth, and there he ofttimes slept;
But no success could please his cruel soul,
He wish'd for one to trouble and control;
He wanted some obedient boy to stand,
And bear the blow of his outrageous hand;
And hoped to find, in some propitious hour,
A feeling creature subject to his power.
Peter had heard there were in London then,—
Still have they being?—workhouse-clearing men,
Who, undisturb'd by feelings just or kind,
Would parish boys to needy tradesmen bind:
They in their want a trifling sum would take,
And toiling slaves of piteous orphans make.
Such Peter sought, and, when a lad was found, [bound.
The sum was dealt him, and the slave was
Some few in town observ'd in Peter's trap
A boy with jacket blue and woollen cap;
But none inquir'd how Peter us'd the rope,
Or what the bruise that made the stripling stoop;
None could the ridges on his back behold,
None sought him shiv'ring in the winter's cold; [give
None put the question,—"Peter, dost thou
The boy his food?—What, man! the lad must live:
Consider, Peter, let the child have bread:
He 'll serve thee better if he 's strok'd and fed."
None reason'd thus—and some, on hearing cries,
Said calmly, "Grimes is at his exercise."
Pinn'd, beaten, cold, pinch'd, threaten'd, and abus'd—
His efforts punish'd, and his food refus'd,—
Awake tormented,—soon arous'd from sleep,—
Struck if he wept, and yet compell'd to weep,—
The trembling boy dropp'd down, and strove to pray,
Receiv'd a blow, and trembling turn'd away,
Or sobb'd and hid his piteous face;—while he,
The savage master, grinn'd in horrid glee:
He 'd now the power he ever lov'd to show,
A feeling being subject to his blow.

Thus liv'd the lad, in hunger, peril, pain,
His tears despis'd, his supplications vain:
Compell'd by fear to lie, by need to steal,
His bed uneasy, and unblest his meal,
For three sad years the boy his tortures bore,
And then his pains and trials were no more.
"How died he, Peter?" when the people said,
He growl'd—"I found him lifeless in his bed."
Then tried for softer tone, and sigh'd, "Poor Sam is dead!" [ask'd,—
Yet murmurs were there, and some questions
How he was fed, how punish'd, and how task'd?
Much they suspected, but they little prov'd,
And Peter pass'd untroubled and unmov'd.
Another boy with equal ease was found,
The money granted, and the victim bound;
And what his fate!—One night it chanc'd he fell
From the boat's mast, and perish'd in her well,
Where fish were living kept, and where the boy
(So reason'd men) could not himself destroy:—
"Yes! so it was," said Peter, "in his play,
(For he was idle both by night and day,)
He climb'd the main-mast, and then fell below;"— [blow:
Then show'd his corpse, and pointed to the
"What said the jury?"—they were long in doubt,
But sturdy Peter faced the matter out:
So they dismiss'd him, saying at the time,
"Keep fast your hatchway when you 've boys who climb."
This hit the conscience, and he color'd more
Than for the closest questions put before.
Thus all his fears the verdict set aside,
And at the slave-shop Peter still applied.
Then came a boy, of manners soft and mild,— [child;
Our seamen's wives with grief beheld the
All thought (the poor themselves) that he was one
Of gentle blood, some noble sinner's son,
Who had, belike, deceiv'd some humble maid,
Whom he had first seduc'd, and then betray'd:—
However this, he seem'd a gracious lad,
In grief submissive, and with patience sad.
Passive he labor'd, till his slender frame
Bent with his loads, and he at length was lame: [long
Strange that a frame so weak could bear so
The grossest insult, and the foulest wrong:
But there were causes—in the town they gave
Fire, food, and comfort, to the gentle slave;
And though stern Peter, with a cruel hand,
And knotted rope, enforc'd the rude command,
Yet he consider'd what he 'd lately felt,
And his vile blows with selfish pity dealt.
One day such draughts the cruel fisher made,
He could not vend them in his Borough-trade,
But sail'd for London-mart: the boy was ill,
But ever humbled to his master's will;

And on the river, where they smoothly sail'd,
He strove with terror, and awhile prevail'd;
But new to danger on the angry sea,
He clung affrighten'd to his master's knee:
The boat grew leaky, and the wind was strong,
Rough was the passage, and the time was long;
His liquor fail'd, and Peter's wrath arose,—
No more is known—the rest we must suppose,
Or learn of Peter:—Peter says, he "spied
The stripling's danger, and for harbor tried;
Meantime the fish and then th' apprentice died."

The pitying women rais'd a clamor round,
And weeping said, "Thou hast thy 'prentice drown'd." [hall,

Now the stern man was summon'd to the
To tell his tale before the burghers all:
He gave th' account; profess'd the lad he lov'd,
And kept his brazen features all unmov'd.

The mayor himself with tone severe replied,—
"Henceforth with thee shall never boy abide;
Hire thee a freeman, whom thou durst not beat,
But who, in thy despite, will sleep and eat:
Free thou art now!—again should'st thou appear, [vere."
Thou'lt find thy sentence, like thy soul, se-
Alas! for Peter not a helping hand,
So was he hated, could he now command;
Alone he row'd his boat, alone he cast
His nets beside, or made his anchor fast;
To hold a rope or hear a curse was none,—
He toil'd and rail'd; he groan'd and swore alone.

Thus by himself compell'd to live each day,
To wait for certain hours the tide's delay;
At the same times the same dull views to see,
The bounding marsh-bank, and the blighted tree;
The water only, when the tides were high,
When low, the mud half cover'd and half dry;
The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
And bank side stakes in their uneven ranks;
Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
As the tide rolls by the impeded boat. [day,

When tides were neap, and, in the sultry
Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
Which on each side rose swelling, and below
The dark warm flood ran silently and slow;
There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
In its hot slimy channel slowly glide;
Where the small eels, that left the deeper way
For the warm shore, within the shallows play;
Where gaping muscles, left upon the mud,
Slope their slow passage to the fallen flood;—
Here dull and hopeless he 'd lie down and trace,
How sidelong crabs had crawl'd their crooked [race;
Or sadly listen to the tuneless cry
Of fishing gull, or clanging golden-eye;
What time the sea-birds to the marsh would come,
And the loud bittern, from the bulrush home,
Gave from the salt ditch side the bellowing boom; [duce,
He nurs'd the feelings these dull scenes pro-
And lov'd to stop beside the opening sluice,
Where the small stream, confin'd in narrow bound,
Ran with a dull, unvaried, sadd'ning sound;
Where all, presented to the eye or ear,
Oppress'd the soul with misery, grief, and fear.

Beside these objects, there were places three, [see;
Which Peter seem'd with certain dread to
When he drew near them, he would turn from each,
And loudly whistle till he pass'd the reach.

A change of scene to him brought no relief;
In town, 'twas plain, men took him for a thief:
The sailors' wives would stop him in the street,
And say, "Now, Peter, thou 'st no boy to beat:"
Infants at play, when they perceiv'd him, ran,
Warning each other—"That 's the wicked man."
He growl'd an oath, and in an angry tone
Curs'd the whole place, and wish'd to be alone.

Alone he was, the same dull scenes in view,
And still more gloomy in his sight they grew:
Though man he hated, yet employ'd alone
At bootless labor, he would swear and groan,
Cursing the shoals that glided by the spot,
And gulls that caught them when his arts could not. [frame,

Cold nervous tremblings shook his sturdy
And strange disease—he could'nt say the name;
Wild were his dreams, and oft he rose in fright,
Wak'd by his view of horrors in the night,—
Horrors that would the sternest minds amaze,
Horrors that demons might be proud to raise:
And, though he felt forsaken, griev'd at heart,
To think he liv'd from all mankind apart;
Yet, if a man approach'd, in terrors he would start.

A winter pass'd since Peter saw the town,
And summer lodgers were again come down;
These, idly curious, with their glasses spied
The ships in bay as anchor'd for the tide,—
The river's craft,—the bustle of the quay,—
And sea-port views, which landmen love to see.

One, up the river, had a man and boat
Seen day by day, now anchor'd, now afloat;
Fisher he seem'd, yet us'd no net nor hook;
Of sea-fowl swimming by no heed he took,
But on the gliding waves still fix'd his lazy look:
At certain stations he would view the stream,
As if he stood bewilder'd in a dream,
Or that some power had chain'd him for a time,
To feel a curse, or meditate on crime.

This known, some curious, some in pity went, [repent?"
And others question'd—"Wretch, dost thou
He heard, he trembled, and in fear resign'd
His boat: new terror fill'd his restless mind;

Furious he grew, and up the country ran,
And there they seiz'd him—a distemper'd man :—
Him we receiv'd, and to a parish bed,
Follow'd and curs'd, the groaning man was led.
Here when they saw him, whom they us'd to shun,
A lost, lone man, so harass'd and undone ;
Our gentle females, ever prompt to feel,
Perceiv'd compassion on their anger steal ;
His crimes they could not from their memories blot,
But they were griev'd, and trembled at his lot.
A priest too came, to whom his words are told ;
And all the signs they shudder'd to behold.
" Look ! look !" they cried ; " his limbs with horror shake, [make !
And as he grinds his teeth, what noise they
How glare his angry eyes, and yet he 's not awake :
See ! what cold drops upon his forehead stand,
And how he clenches that broad bony hand."
The priest, attending, found he spoke at times
As one alluding to his fears and crimes :
" It was the fall," he mutter'd ; " I can show
The manner how—I never struck a blow :"—
And then aloud—" Unhand me, free my chain ;
On oath, he fell—it struck him to the brain :—
Why ask my father ?—that old man will swear
Against my life ; besides, he wasn't there :—
What, all agreed ?—Am I to die to-day ?—
My lord, in mercy, give me time to pray."
Then, as they watch'd him, calmer he became,
And grew so weak he couldn't move his frame,
But murmuring spake,—while they could see and hear
The start of terror, and the groan of fear ;
See the large dew-beads on his forehead rise,
And the cold death-drop glaze his sunken eyes ;
Nor yet he died, but, with unwonted force,
Seem'd with some fancied being to discourse ;
He knew not us, or, with accustom'd art,
He hid the knowledge, yet expos'd his heart ;
'Twas part confession, and the rest defence,
A madman's tale with gleams of waking sense.
" I' ll tell you all," he said, " the very day
When the old man first plac'd them in my way :
My father's spirit—he who always tried
To give me trouble, when he liv'd and died—
When he was gone, he could not be content
To see my days in painful labor spent,
But would appoint his meetings, and he made
Me watch at these, and so neglect my trade.
" 'Twas one hot noon, all silent, still, serene,
No living being had I lately seen ;
I paddled up and down, and dipp'd my net,
But (such his pleasure) I could nothing get,—
A father's pleasure, when his toil was done,
To plague and torture thus an only son !
And so I sat, and look'd upon the stream,
How it ran on, and felt as in a dream :
But dream it was not ; no !—I fix'd my eyes
On the mid stream, and saw the spirits rise ;
I saw my father on the water stand,
And hold a thin pale boy in either hand ;
And there they glided ghastly on the top
Of the salt flood, and never touch'd a drop :
I would have struck them, but they knew th' intent,
And smil'd upon the oar, and down they went.
" Now, from that day, whenever I began
To dip my net, there stood the hard old man—
He and those boys : I humbled me, and pray'd
They would be gone ;—they heeded not, but stay'd :
Nor could I turn, nor would the boat go by ;
But gazing on the spirits, there was I :
They bade me leap to death, but I was loth to die :
And every day, as sure as day arose, [close ;
Would these three spirits meet me ere the
To hear and mark them daily was my doom,
And ' come,' they said, with weak, sad voices, ' come.'
To row away with all my strength I try'd,
But there were they, hard by me in the tide,
The three unbodied forms—and ' come,' still ' come,' they cried.
" Fathers should pity—but this old man shook
His hoary locks, and froze me by a look :
Thrice, when I struck them, through the water came
A hollow groan, that weaken'd all my frame :
' Father !' said I, ' have mercy :'—He replied,
I know not what—the angry spirit lied,—
' Didst thou not draw thy knife ?' said he :—
'Twas true,
But I had pity, and my arm withdrew :
He cried for mercy, which I kindly gave,
But he has no compassion in his grave.
" There were three places, where they ever rose,—
The whole long river has not such as those,—
Places accurs'd, where, if a man remain,
He 'll see the things which strike him to the brain ;
And there they made me on my paddle lean,
And look at them for hours ;—accursed scene !
When they would glide to that smooth eddy-space,
Then bid me leap, and join them in the place ;
And at my groans each little villain sprite
Enjoy'd my pains, and vanish'd in delight.
" In one fierce summer day, when my poor brain
Was burning hot, and cruel was my pain,
Then came this father foe, and there he stood
With his two boys again upon the flood ;
There was more mischief in their eyes, more glee
In their pale faces, when they glar'd at me :
Still did they force me on the oar to rest,
And when they saw me fainting and oppress'd,
He, with his hand, the old man, scoop'd the flood, [blood ;
And there came flame about him mix'd with

He bade me stoop, and look upon the place,
Then flung the hot-red liquor in my face;
Burning it blaz'd, and then I roar'd for pain,
I thought the demons would have turn'd my brain.
" Still there they stood, and forc'd me to behold
A place of horrors—they cannot be told—
Where the flood open'd, there I heard the shriek
Of tortur'd guilt—no earthly tongue can speak:
' All days alike! for ever!' did they say,
' And unremitted torments, every day'—
Yes, so they said :"—But here he ceas'd, and gaz'd
On all around, affrighten'd and amaz'd;
And still he tried to speak, and look'd in dread
Of frighten'd females gathering round his bed;
Then dropt exhausted, and appear'd at rest,
Till the strong foe the vital powers possess'd;
Then with an inward, broken voice he cried,
" Again they come," and mutter'd as he died.

§ 158. *On seeing the Sun rise on Mont Blanc.*
COLERIDGE.

AWAKE, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.
Thou, first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
O struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the Morning-star at dawn,
Thyself Earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillows deep in Earth?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?
And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad!
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?
Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest hue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
Ye livery flowers that skirt th' eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!
Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet, the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That, as I raise my head, a while bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

§ 159. *The Story of Margaret.—Conclusion.*
WORDSWORTH.

I RETURNED,
And took my rounds along this road again,
Ere on its sunny bank the primrose flower
Peeped forth, to give an earnest of the spring.
I found her sad and drooping; she had learned
No tidings of her husband; if he lived
She knew not that he lived; if he were dead
She knew not he was dead. She seemed the same
In person and appearance; but her house
Bespake a sleepy hand of negligence.
The floor was neither dry nor neat, the hearth
Was comfortless, and her small lot of books,
Which, in the cottage window, heretofore,
Had been piled up against the corner panes
In seemly order, now, with straggling leaves
Lay scattered here and there, open or shut,
As they had chanced to fall. Her infant babe
Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
And sighed among its playthings. Once again
I turned towards the garden gate, and saw,
More plainly still, that poverty and grief
Were now come nearer to her: weeds defaced
The hardened soil, and knots of withered grass;
No ridges there appeared of clear black mould,
No winter greenness; of her herbs and flowers,
It seemed the better part were gnawed away
Or trampled into earth; a chain of straw,

Which had been twined about the slender stem
Of a young apple-tree, lay at its root;
The bark was nibbled round by truant sheep.
—Margaret stood near, her infant in her arms,
And, noting that my eye was on the tree,
She said, "I fear it will be dead and gone
Ere Robert come again." Towards the house
Together we returned; and she inquired
If I had any hope:—but for her babe,
And for her little orphan boy, she said,
She had no wish to live,—that she must die
Of sorrow. Yet I saw the idle loom
Still in its place; his Sunday garments hung
Upon the self-same nail; his very staff
Stood undisturbed behind the door. And when,
In bleak December, I retraced this way,
She told me that her little babe was dead,
And she was left alone. She now, released
From her maternal cares, had taken up
The employment common through these wilds, and gained,
By spinning hemp, a pittance for herself;
And for this end had hired a neighbor's boy
To give her needful help. That very time
Most willingly she put her work aside,
And walked with me along the miry road,
Heedless how far; and, in such piteous sort
That any heart had ached to hear her, begged
That, wheresoe'er I went, I still would ask
For him whom she had lost. We parted then—
Our final parting; for from that time forth
Did many seasons pass ere I returned
Into this tract again.
Nine tedious years—
From their first separation, nine long years—
She lingered in unquiet widowhood;
A wife and widow. Needs must it have been
A sore heart-wasting! I have heard, my friend,
That in yon arbor oftentimes she sate
Alone, through half the vacant Sabbath-day,
And, if a dog passed by, she still would quit
The shade, and look abroad. On this old bench
For hours she sate; and evermore her eye
Was busy in the distance, shaping things
That made her heart beat quick. You see that path, [line;
Now faint,—the grass has crept o'er its grey
There, to and fro, she paced through many a day
Of the warm summer, from a belt of hemp
That girt her waist, spinning the long drawn thread [ed
With backward steps. Yet ever as there pass-
A man whose garments showed the soldier's red,
Or crippled mendicant in sailor's garb,
The little child, who sate to turn the wheel,
Ceased from his task; and she, with faltering voice,
Made many a fond inquiry; and when they,
Whose presence gave no comfort, were gone by, [gate,
Her heart was still more sad. And by yon
That bars the traveller's road, she often stood,
And, when a stranger horseman came, the latch
Would lift, and in his face look wistfully:
Most happy, if, from aught discovered there
Of tender feeling, she might dare repeat
The same sad question. Meanwhile her poor hut
Sank to decay: for he was gone whose hand,
At the first nipping of October frost,
Closed up each chink, and with fresh bands of straw [she lived
Chequered the green-grown thatch. And so
Through the long winter, reckless and alone;
Until her house by frost, and thaw, and rain,
Was sapped: and, while she slept, the nightly damps
Did chill her breast; and, in the stormy day,
Her tattered clothes were ruffled by the wind,
Even at the side of her own fire. Yet still
She loved this wretched spot, nor would for worlds [road,
Have parted hence; and still that length of
And this rude bench, one torturing hope endeared,
Fast rooted at her heart: and here, my friend,
In sickness she remained; and here she died—
Last human tenant of these ruined walls.

§ 160. *The Deities of ancient Greece.*
WORDSWORTH.

ONCE more to distant ages of the world
Let us revert, and place before our thoughts
The face which rural solitude might wear
To the unenlightened swains of pagan Greece.
—In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose:
And, in some fit of weariness, if he, [hear
When his own breath was silent, chanced to
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing chariot of the sun,
A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment.
The nightly hunter, lifting up his eyes
Towards the crescent moon, with grateful heart,
Called on the lovely wanderer, who bestowed
That timely light, to share his joyous sport:
And hence, a beaming goddess with her nymphs,
Across the lawn and through the darksome grove,
(Not unaccompanied with tuneful notes
By echo multiplied from rock or cave,)
Swept in the storm of chase, as moon and stars
Glance rapidly along the clouded heavens,

When winds are blowing strong. The traveller slaked [thanked
His thirst from rill or gushing fount, and
The Naiad.—Sunbeams, upon distant hills
Gliding apace, with shadows in their train,
Might, with small help from fancy, be transformed
Into fleet Oreads sporting visibly. [wings,
The Zephyrs, fanning, as they passed, their
Lacked not, for love, fair objects, whom they wooed [tesque,
With gentle whisper. Withered boughs gro-
Stripped of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,
From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth
In the low vale, or on steep mountain side;
And, sometimes, intermixed with stirring horns
Of the live deer, or goat's depending beard;
These were the lurking Satyrs, a wild brood
Of gamesome deities; or Pan himself,
The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god!

§ 161. *Sunset in the Mountains.*
WORDSWORTH.

THE shepherds homeward moved
Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!
—Though I am conscious that no power of words
Can body forth, no hues of speech can paint,
That gorgeous spectacle—too bright and fair
Even for remembrance; yet the attempt may give
Collateral interest to this homely tale.
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapors had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
O, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne,
Beneath a shining canopy of state,
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
For admiration and mysterious awe.
Below me was the earth; this little vale
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude: my heart [cried,
Swelled in my breast.—"I have been dead," I
"And now I live! Oh! wherefore do I live?"
And with that pang I prayed to be no more!

§ 162. *The Evening Excursion.*
WORDSWORTH.

ABRUPTLY here, but with a graceful air,
The sage broke off. No sooner had he ceased
Than, looking forth, the gentle lady said,
"Behold, the shades of afternoon have fallen
Upon this flowery slope; and see—beyond—
The lake, though bright, is of a placid blue;
As if preparing for the peace of evening.
How temptingly the landscape shines!—The air
Breathes invitation; easy is the walk [ed
To the lake's margin, where a boat lies moor-
Beneath her sheltering tree.—Upon this hint,
We rose together: all were pleased—but most
The beauteous girl, whose cheek was flushed with joy.
Light as a sun-beam glides along the hills
She vanished—eager to impart the scheme
To her loved brother and his shy compeer.
—Now was there bustle in the vicar's house
And earnest preparation.—Forth we went,
And down the valley on the streamlet's bank
Pursued our way, a broken company,
Mute or conversing, single or in pairs.
Thus having reached a bridge, that overarched
The hasty rivulet, where it lay becalmed
In a deep pool, by happy chance we saw
A two-fold image: on a grassy bank
A snow-white ram, and in the crystal flood
Another and the same! Most beautiful,
On the green turf, with his imperial front
Shaggy and bold, and wreathed horns superb,
The breathing creature stood; as beautiful,
Beneath him showed his shadowy counterpart.
Each had his glowing mountains, each his sky,
And each seemed centre of his own fair world:
Antipodes unconscious of each other,
Yet, in partition, with their several spheres,
Blended in perfect stillness, to our sight!

"Ah! what a pity were it to disperse,
Or to disturb so fair a spectacle;
And yet a breath can do it!"

These few words
The lady whispered, while we stood and gazed
Gathered together, all, in still delight,
Not without awe. Thence passing on, she said
In like low voice to my particular ear,
"I love to hear that eloquent old man
Pour forth his meditations, and descant
On human life from infancy to age.
How pure his spirit! in what vivid hues
His mind gives back the various forms of things,
Caught in their fairest, happiest attitude!
While he is speaking I have power to see
Even as he sees; but when his voice hath ceased,
Then, with a sigh, I sometimes feel, as now,
That combinations so serene and bright,
Like those reflected in yon quiet pool,
Cannot be lasting in a world like ours,
To great and small disturbances exposed."
More had she said—but sportive shouts were heard;
Sent from the jocund hearts of those two boys,
Who, bearing each a basket on his arm,
Down the green field came tripping after us.
—When we had cautiously embarked, the pair
Now for a prouder service were addressed;
But an inexorable law forbade,
And each resigned the oar which he had seized.
Whereat, with willing hand, I undertook
The needful labor; grateful task!—to me
Pregnant with recollections of the time
When, on thy bosom, spacious Windermere!
A youth, I practised this delightful art;
Tossed on the waves alone, or 'mid a crew
Of joyous comrades.—Now the reedy marge
Cleared, with a strenuous arm I dipped the oar,
Free from obstruction; and the boat advanced
Through crystal water, smoothly as a hawk,
That, disentangled from the shady boughs
Of some thick wood, her place of covert, cleaves,
With correspondent wings, the abyss of air.
—"Observe," the vicar said, "yon rocky isle
With birch-trees fringed; my hand shall guide the helm, [while
While thitherward we bend our course; or
We seek that other, on the western shore,—
Where the bare columns of those lofty firs,
Supporting gracefully a massy dome
Of sombre foliage, seem to imitate
A Grecian temple rising from the deep."

"Turn where we may," said I, "we cannot err
In this delicious region."—Cultured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest-ground, and scattered groves, [woods,
And mountains bare—or clothed with ancient
Surrounded us; and, as we held our way
Along the level of the glassy flood, [place,
They ceased not to surround us; change of
From kindred features diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new.
—Ah! that such beauty, varying in the light
Of living nature, cannot be portrayed
By words, nor by the pencil's silent skill;
But is the property of him alone
Who hath beheld it, noted it with care,
And in his mind recorded it with love!
Suffice it, therefore, if the rural Muse
Vouchsafe sweet influence, while her Poet speaks
Of trivial occupations well devised, [chance;
And unsought pleasures springing up by
As if some friendly genius had ordained
That, as the day thus far had been enriched
By acquisition of sincere delight,
The same should be continued to its close.

One spirit animating old and young,
A gipsy fire we kindled on the shore
Of the fair isle with birch-trees fringed—and there
Merrily seated in a ring, partook [herb.
The beverage drawn from China's fragrant
—Launched from our hands, the smooth stone skimmed the lake; [sounds
With shouts we roused the echoes;—stiller
The lovely girl supplied—a simple song,
Whose low tones reached not to the distant rocks
To be repeated there, but gently sank [flood.
Into our hearts, and charmed the peaceful
Rapaciously we gathered flowery spoils
From land and water; lilies of each hue—
Golden and white, that float upon the waves
And court the wind; and leaves of that shy plant,
(Her flowers were shed) the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds [sweets.
Her pensive beauty, from the breeze her

Such product and such pastime did the place
And season yield; but, as we re-embarked,
Leaving, in quest of other scenes, the shore
Of that wild spot, the Solitary said
In a low voice, yet careless who might hear,
"The fire that burned so brightly to our wish,
Where is it now? Deserted on the beach,
It seems extinct; nor shall the fanning breeze
Revive its ashes. What care we for this,
Whose ends are gained? Behold an emblem here
Of one day's pleasure, and all mortal joys!
And in this unpremeditated slight
Of that which is no longer needed, see
The common course of human gratitude!"

This plaintive note disturbed not the repose
Of the still evening. Right across the lake
Our pinnace moves: then, coasting creek and bay,
Glades we behold—and into thickets peep—
Where couch the spotted deer; or raised our eyes
To shaggy steeps, on which the careless goat
Browzed by the side of dashing waterfalls.

Thus did the bark, meandering with the shore,
Pursue her voyage, till a point was gained
Where a projecting line of rock, that framed
A natural pier, invited us to land.
—Alert to follow as the pastor led, [tained,
We clomb a green hill's side; and thence ob-
Slowly, a less and less obstructed sight
Of the flat meadows, and indented coast
Of the whole lake—in compass seen! Far off, [tower,
And yet conspicuous, stood the old church-
In majesty presiding o'er the vale
And all her dwellings; seemingly preserved
From the intrusion of a restless world
By rocks impassable and mountains huge.

Soft heath this elevated spot supplied,
With resting-place of mossy stone;—and there
We sate reclined—admiring quietly
The frame and general aspect of the scene;
And each not seldom eager to make known
His own discoveries; or to favorite points
Directing notice, merely from a wish
To impart a joy, imperfect while unshared.
That rapturous moment ne'er shall I forget,
When these particular interests were effaced
From every mind!—Already had the sun,
Sinking with less than ordinary state,
Attained his western bound; but rays of light—
Now suddenly diverging from the orb,
Retired behind the mountain tops, or veiled
By the dense air—shot upwards to the crown
Of the blue firmament—aloft—and wide:
And multitudes of little floating clouds,
Pierced through their thin, ethereal mould, ere we, [come
Who saw, of change were conscious, had be-
Vivid as fire—clouds separately poised,
Innumerable multitude of forms
Scattered through half the circle of the sky;
And giving back, and shedding each on each,
With prodigal communion, the bright hues
Which from the unapparent fount of glory
They had imbibed, and ceased not to receive.
That which the heavens displayed, the liquid deep
Repeated; but with unity sublime!

§ 163. *The White Doe of Rylstone.*

WORDSWORTH.

FROM Bolton's old monastic tower
The bells ring loud with gladsome power;
The sun is bright; the fields are gay
With people in their best array
Of stole and doublet, hood and scarf,
Along the banks of Crystal Wharf,
Through the vale retired and lowly,
Trooping to that summons holy.
And, up among the moorlands, see
What sprinklings of blithe company!
Of lasses and of shepherd grooms,
That down the steep hills force their way,
Like cattle through the budded brooms;
Path, or no path, what care they?
And thus in joyous mood they hie
To Bolton's mouldering priory.
What would they there?—Full fifty years
That sumptuous pile with all its peers,
Too harshly hath been doomed to taste
The bitterness of wrong and waste:
Its courts are ravaged: but the tower
Is standing with a voice of power,—
That ancient voice, which wont to call
To mass or some high festival;
And in the shattered fabric's heart
Remaineth one protected part;
A rural chapel, neatly dressed,
In covert like a little nest;
And thither young and old repair,
This sabbath-day, for praise and prayer.

Fast the church-yard fills;—anon
Look again, and they all are gone;
The cluster round the porch, and the folk
Who sate in the shade of the Prior's Oak!
And scarcely have they disappeared
Ere the prelusive hymn is heard:—
With one consent the people rejoice,
Filling the church with a lofty voice!
They sing a service which they feel;
For 'tis the sun-rise now of zeal,
And faith and hope are in their prime,
In great Eliza's golden time.

A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For, though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
—When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the church-yard ground;
And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very house of God;
—Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon,
When out of sight the clouds are driven,
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your church-yard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares,
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers,
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go;
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;

Or a spirit, for one day given,
A gift of grace from purest heaven.

What harmonious, pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state,
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Is through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Fall upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

The presence of this wandering doe
Fills many a damp, obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less
To the open day gives blessedness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair pilgrim! harbors she a sense
Of sorrow or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of house where God
Was worshipped, or where man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By nature, softening and concealing,
And busy with a hand of healing,—
The altar whence the cross was rent,
Now rich with mossy ornament,—
The dormitory's length laid bare,
Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
And sapling ash, whose place of birth
Is that lordly chamber's hearth?
—She sees a warrior carved in stone,
Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
A warrior, with his shield of pride
Cleaving humbly to his side,
And hands in resignation prest,
Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;
Methinks she passeth by the sight,
As a common creature might:
If she be doomed to inward care,
Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
—But hers are eyes serenely bright,
And on she moves—with pace how light!
Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
And in this way she fares, till at last
Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
In quietness she lays her down;
Gently as a weary wave
Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
Against an anchored vessel's side;
Even so, without distress, doth she
Lie down in peace, and lovingly.

The day is placid in its going,
To a lingering motion bound,
Like the river in its flowing—
Can there be a softer sound?
So the balmy minutes pass,
While this radiant creature lies
Couched upon the dewy grass,
Pensively with downcast eyes.
—When now again the people rear
A voice of praise, with awful cheer!
It is the last, the parting song;
And from the temple forth they throng—
And quickly spread themselves abroad—
While each pursues his several road.
But some, a variegated band
Of middle-aged, and old, and young,
And little children by the hand
Upon their leading mothers hung,
Turn, with obeisance gladly paid,
Towards the spot, where, full in view,
The lovely doe, of whitest hue,
Her sabbath couch has made.

It was a solitary mound,
Which two spears' length of level ground
Did from all other graves divide,
As if in some respect of pride,
Or melancholy's sickly mood,
Still shy of human neighborhood,
Or guilt, that humbly would express
A penitential loneliness.

"Look, there she is, my child! draw near!
She fears not: wherefore should we fear?
She means no harm;"—but still the boy,
To whom the words were softly said,
Hung back, and smiled and blushed for joy,
A shame-faced blush of glowing red!
Again the mother whispered low,
"Now you have seen the famous doe;
From Rylstone she hath found her way
Over the hills this sabbath-day;
Her work, whate'er it be, is done,
And she will depart when we are gone;
Thus doth she keep, from year to year,
Her sabbath morning, foul or fair."

This whisper soft repeats what he
Had known from early infancy.
Bright is the creature—as in dreams
The boy had seen her—yea, more bright—
But is she truly what she seems?—
He asks with insecure delight,
Asks of himself—and doubts—and still
The doubt returns against his will:
Though he, and all the standers-by,
Could tell a tragic history
Of facts divulged, wherein appear
Substantial motive, reason clear,

Why thus the milk-white doe is found
Couchant beside that lonely mound;
And why she duly loves to pace
The circuit of this hallowed place.

§ 164. *Paradise.* SOUTHEY.

WHERE'ER his eye could reach,
Fair structures, rainbow-hued, arose;
And rich pavilions through the opening woods
Gleam'd from their waving curtains sunny gold;
And winding through the verdant vale,
Flow'd streams of liquid light;
And fluted cypresses rear'd up
Their living obelisks;
And broad-leav'd plane-trees in long colonnades
O'er-arch'd delightful walks,
Where round their trunks the thousand-tendril'd vine [wreaths,
Wound up, and hung the boughs with greener
And clusters not their own.
Wearied with endless beauty, did his eyes
Return for rest? Beside him teems the earth
With tulips, like the ruddy evening streak'd;
And here the lily hangs her head of snow;
And here, amid her sable cup,
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest star,
The solitary twinkler of the night;
And here the rose expands
Her paradise of leaves.

Then on his ear what sounds
Of harmony arose!
Far music and the distance-mellow'd song
From bowers of merriment;
The waterfall remote;
The murmuring of the leafy groves;
The single nightingale
Perch'd in the rosier by, so richly ton'd,
That never from that most melodious bird,
Singing a love-song to his brooding mate,
Did Thracian shepherd by the grave
Of Orpheus hear a sweeter melody,
Though there the spirit of the sepulchre
All his own power infuse, to swell
The incense that he loves.

And, oh! what odors the voluptuous vale
Scatters from jasmine bowers,
From yon rose wilderness,
From cluster'd henna, and from orange groves,
That with such perfumes fill the breeze,
As Peris to their sister bear,
When from the summit of some lofty tree
She hangs encaged, the captive of the Dives.
They from their pinions shake
The sweetness of celestial flowers,
And as her enemies impure
From that impervious poison far away
Fly groaning with the torment, she the while
Inhales her fragrant food.
Such odors flow'd upon the world,
When, at Mohammed's nuptials, word
Went forth in heaven, to roll
The everlasting gates of paradise
Back on their living hinges, that its gales
Might visit all below; the general bliss
Thrill'd every bosom, and the family
Of man, for once, partook one common joy.

§ 165. *The Apparition of Yedillian.* SOUTHEY.

O HAPPY sire, and happy daughter!
Ye on the banks of that celestial water
Your resting place and sanctuary have found.
What! hath not then their mortal taint defil'd
The sacred, solitary ground?
Vain thought! the Holy Valley smil'd
Receiving such a sire and child;
Ganges, who seem'd asleep to lie,
Beheld them with benignant eye,
And rippled round melodiously,
And roll'd her little waves to meet
And welcome their beloved feet.
The gales of Swerga thither fled,
And heavenly odors there were shed
About, below, and overhead;
And earth, rejoicing in their tread,
Hath built them up a blooming bower,
Where every amaranthine flower
Its deathless blossom interweaves
With bright and undecaying leaves.

Three happy beings are there here,
The sire, the maid, the Glendoveer;
A fourth approaches,—who is this
That enters in the Bower of Bliss?
No form so fair might painter find
Among the daughters of mankind;
For death her beauties hath refin'd,
And unto her a form hath given
Framed of the elements of heaven;
Pure dwelling-place for perfect mind.
She stood and gaz'd on sire and child:
Her tongue not yet hath power to speak,
The tears were streaming down her cheek;
And when those tears her sight beguil'd,
And still her faltering accents fail'd,
The spirit, mute and motionless,
Spread out her arms for the caress,
Made still and silent with excess
Of love and painful happiness.

The maid that lovely form survey'd;
Wistful she gaz'd, and knew her not;
But nature to her heart convey'd
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring.
With straining neck and earnest eye
She stretch'd her hands imploringly,
As if she fain would have her nigh,
Yet fear'd to meet the wish'd embrace,
At once with love and awe opprest.
Not so Ladurlad; he could trace,
Though brighten'd with angelic grace,
His own Yedillian's earthly face;
He ran and held her to his breast!
Oh joy above all joys of heaven,
By death alone to others given!

This moment hath to him restor'd
The early-lost, the long-deplor'd.

They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of wo, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight!

§ 166. *The Submarine City.* SOUTHEY.

SUCH was the talk they held upon their way,
Of him to whose old city they were bound;
And now upon their journey many a day
Had risen and clos'd, and many a week gone round,
And many a realm and region had they past,
When now the ancient towers appear'd at last.
Their golden summits, in the noon-day light,
Shone o'er the dark-green deep that roll'd between;
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires, were seen
Peering above the sea,—a mournful sight!
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
In solitude the ancient temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude;
Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice, save of the ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;
Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.
Wondering, he stood awhile to gaze
Upon the works of elder days.
The brazen portals open stood,
Even as the fearful multitude
Had left them, when they fled
Before the rising flood.
High over-head, sublime, [spread,
The mighty gateway's storied roof was
Dwarfing the puny piles of younger time.
With the deeds of days of yore
That ample roof was sculptur'd o'er,
And many a godlike form there met his eye,
And many an emblem dark of mystery.
Through these wide portals oft had Baly rode
Triumphant from his proud abode,
When, in his greatness, he bestrode
The Aullay, hugest of four-footed kind,
The Aullay horse, that, in his force,
With elephantine trunk, could bind
And lift the elephant, and on the wind
Whirl him away, with sway and swing,
Even like a pebble from the practis'd sling.

Those streets, which never, since the days of yore,
By human footstep had been visited; [yore,
Those streets, which never more
A human foot shall tread,
Ladurlad trod. In sun-light, and sea-green,
The thousand palaces were seen
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes
Seem'd rear'd by giants for the immortal gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand,
Like things of nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand [doors,
Drifted within their gates, and chok'd their
Nor slime defil'd their pavements and their floors.
Did then the ocean wage
His war for love and envy, not in rage,
O thou fair city, that he spares thee thus?
Art thou Varounin's capital and court,
Where all the sea-gods for delight resort,
A place too godlike to be held by us,
The poor degenerate children of the earth?
So thought Ladurlad, as he look'd around,
Weening to hear the sound
Of mermaid's shell, and song
Of choral throng from some imperial hall,
Wherein the immortal powers, at festival,
Their high carousals keep.
But all is silence dread,
Silence profound and dead,
The everlasting stillness of the deep.

Through many a solitary street,
And silent market-place, and lonely square,
Arm'd with the mighty curse, behold him fare.
And now his feet attain that royal fane
Where Baly held of old his awful reign.
What once had been the garden spread around,
Fair garden, once which wore perpetual green, [were found,
Where all sweet flowers through all the year
And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen;
A place of paradise, where each device
Of emulous art with nature strove to vie;
And nature, on her part, [quish art.
Call'd forth new powers wherewith to van-
The Swerga-god himself, with envious eye,

Survey'd those peerless gardens in their prime;
Nor ever did the Lord of light,
Who circles earth and heaven upon his way,
Behold from eldest time a goodlier sight
Than were the groves which Baly, in his might,
Made for his chosen place of solace and delight.
It was a garden still beyond all price,
Even yet it was a place of paradise:—
For where the mighty ocean could not spare,
There had he, with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devastation.
And here were coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores,
And banks of spunge, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossy bed
Whereon the wood-nymphs lay
Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
Here, too, were living flowers
Which, like a bud compacted,
Their purple cups contracted,
And now in open blossoms spread, [head.
Stretch'd like green anthers many a seeking
And arborets of jointed stone were there,
And plants of fibres, fine as silkworm's thread;
Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair
Upon the waves dispread:
Others that, like the broad banana growing,
Rais'd their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
Like streamers wide out-flowing.
And whatsoe'er the depths of ocean hide
From human eyes, Ladurlad there espied,
Trees of the deep, and shrubs, and fruits, and flowers,
As fair as ours,
Wherewith the sea-nymphs love their locks to braid,
When to their father's hall, at festival
Repairing, they, in emulous array,
Their charms display,
To grace the banquet, and the solemn day.

§ 167. *Roderick in Battle.* SOUTHEY.

My horse!
My noble horse! he cried, with flattering hand
Patting his high-arch'd neck; the renegade,—
I thank him for't,—hath kept thee daintily!
Orelio, thou art in thy beauty still,
Thy pride and strength! Orelio, my good horse,
Once more thou bearest to the field thy lord,
He who so oft hath fed and cherish'd thee,
He for whose sake, wherever thou wert seen,
Thou wert by all men honored. Once again
Thou hast thy proper master! Do thy part
As thou wert wont; and bear him gloriously,
My beautiful Orelio,—to the last—
The happiest of his fields!—Then he drew
The scimitar, and, waving it aloft, [forth
Rode towards the troops; its unaccustomed shape
Disliked him. Renegade in all things! cried
The Goth, and cast it from him; to the chiefs
Then said, If I have done ye service here,
Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!
The trustiest blade, that e'er in Bilbilis
Was dipped, would not to-day be misbestowed
On this right hand!—Go, some one, Gunderick cried, [thou art,
And bring Count Julian's sword. Whoe'er
The worth which thou hast shown avenging him
Entitles thee to wear it. But thou goest
For battle unequipped;—haste there, and strip
Yon villain of his armor!
Late he spake,
So fast the Moors came on. It matters not,
Replied the Goth; there's many a mountaineer,
Who, in no better armor cased this day
Than his wonted leathern gipion, will be found
In the hottest battle, yet bring off untouched
The unguarded life he ventures.—Taking then
Count Julian's sword, he fitted round his wrist
The chain, and, eyeing the elaborate steel
With stern regard of joy, The African
Under unhappy stars was born, he cried,
Who tastes thy edge!—Make ready for the charge! [the field.
They come—they come!—On, brethren, to
The word is Vengeance!
Vengeance was the word
From man to man, and rank to rank it past,
By every heart enforced, by every voice
Sent forth in loud defiance of the foe.
The enemy in shriller sounds returned
Their Akbar and the Prophet's trusted name.
The horsemen lowered their spears, the infantry
Deliberately, with slow and steady step,
Advanced; the bow-strings twang'd, and arrows hissed,
And javelins hurtled by. Anon the hosts
Met in the shock of battle, horse and man
Conflicting; shield struck shield, and sword and mace
And curtle-axe on helm and buckler rung;
Armor was riven, and wounds were interchanged,
And many a spirit from its mortal hold
Hurried to bliss or bale. Well did the chiefs
Of Julian's army in that hour support
Their old esteem; and well Count Pedro there
Enhanced his former praise; and by his side,
Rejoicing like a bridegroom in the strife,
Alphonso through the host of infidels
Bore on his bloody lance dismay and death.
But there was worst confusion and uproar,
There widest slaughter and dismay, where, proud
Of his recovered lord, Orelio plunged
Through thickest ranks, trampling beneath his feet
The living and the dead. Where'er he turns
The Moors divide and fly. What man is this
Appalled they say, who to the front of war,
Bareheaded, offers thus his naked life?
Replete with power he is, and terrible,
Like some destroying angel! Sure his lips
Have drank of Kaf's dark fountain, and he comes
Strong in his immortality! Fly! fly!

They said; this is no human foe!—Nor less
Of wonder filled the Spaniards, when they saw
How flight and terror went before his way,
And slaughter in his path. Behold, cries one,
With what command and knightly ease he sits
The intrepid steed, and deals from side to side
His dreadful blows! Not Roderick in his power
Bestrode with such command and majesty
That noble war-horse. His loose robe this day
Is death's black banner, shaking from its folds
Dismay and ruin. Of no mortal mould
Is he, who, in that garb of peace, affronts
Whole hosts, and sees them scatter where he turns!
Auspicious Heaven beholds us, and some saint
Revisits earth!

§ 168. *Ice-Blink and Aurora Borealis.*
MONTGOMERY.

'Tis sunset: to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene:
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unroll'd
The keen, clear air grows palpable to sight,
Imbodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
—Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
—O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories, spread,—
The Ice-Blink rears its undulated head,
On which the sun, beyond th' horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fix'd and fluid strides the Alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries of the sky;
With glacier-battlements, that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,—
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust;—mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument; where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shows a brighter image of his face;
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest,
Like signal fires, on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals;
Beneath, the tide with idle fury raves
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immoveable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.
Midnight hath told his hour; the moon, yet young,
Hangs in the argent west her bow unstrung;
Larger and fairer, as her lustre fades,
Sparkle the stars amidst the deepening shades;
Jewels more rich than night's regalia gem
The distant Ice-Blink's spangled diadem;
Like a new morn from orient darkness, there
Phosphoric splendors kindle in mid air,
As though from heaven's self-opening portals
Legions of spirits in an orb of flame, [came
—Flame, that from every point an arrow sends,
Far as the concave firmament extends:
Spun with the tissue of a million lines,
Glistening like gossamer, the welkin shines:
The constellations in their pride look pale
Through the quick trembling brilliance of that veil:
Then, suddenly converged, the meteors rush
O'er the wide south; one deep vermilion blush
O'erspreads Orion glaring on the flood,
And rabid Sirius foams through fire and blood;
Again the circuit of the pole they range,
Motion and figure every moment change,
Through all the colors of the rainbow run,
Or blaze like wrecks of a dissolving sun;
Wide ether burns with glory, conflict, flight,
And the glad ocean dances in the light.

§ 169. *Azim visits the Haram of Mokanna.*
MOORE.

Now, through the Haram chambers, moving lights
And busy shapes proclaim the toilet's rites;—
From room to room the ready handmaids hie,
Some skill'd to wreath the turban tastefully,
Or hang the veil, in negligence of shade,
O'er the warm blushes of the youthful maid,
Who, if between the folds but one eye shone,
Like Seba's queen, could vanquish with that one:—
While some bring leaves of Henna, to imbue
The finger's ends with a bright roseate hue,
So bright, that in the mirror's depth they seem
Like tips of coral branches in the stream;
And others mix the Kohol's jetty dye,
To give that long, dark languish to the eye,
Which makes the maids, whom kings are proud to cull
From fair Circassia's vales, so beautiful!

All is in motion; rings and plumes and pearls
Are shining every where:—some younger girls
Are gone by moonlight to the garden beds,
To gather fresh, cool chaplets for their heads.
Gay creatures! sweet, though mournful, 'tis to see
How each prefers a garland from that tree

Which brings to mind her childhood's innocent day,
And the dear fields and friendships far away.
The maid of India, blest again to hold
In her full lap the Champac's leaves of gold,
Thinks of the time when, by the Ganges' flood,
Her little play-mates scattered many a bud
Upon her long black hair, with glossy gleam
Just dripping from the consecrated stream;
While the young Arab, haunted by the smell
Of her own mountain flowers, as by a spell,—
The sweet Elcaya, and that courteous tree
Which bows to all who seek its canopy—
Sees, call'd up round her by these magic scents,
The well, the camels, and her father's tents;
Sighs for the home she left with little pain,
And wishes even its sorrows back again!

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount, is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here the way leads, o'er tesselated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of Tibet, send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands, when pointing out the road
For some pure spirit to its blest abode!—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays
High as th' enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers:
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistening shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here, too, he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side, gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;—
While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in
With odoriferous woods of Comorin,
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall Pagoda's top;—
Those golden birds that, in the spice time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood;
And those that under Araby's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon;—
In short, all rare and beauteous things, that fly
Through the pure element, here calmly lie
Sleeping in light, like the green birds that dwell
In Eden's radiant fields of asphodel!

Scarce had this feeling pass'd, when, sparkling through
The gently open'd curtains of light blue
That veil'd the breezy casement, countless eyes,
Peeping like stars through the blue evening skies,
Look'd laughing in, as if to mock the pair
That sat so still and melancholy there:—
And now the curtains fly apart, and in
From the cool air, mid showers of jessamine,
Which those without fling after them in play,
Two lightsome maidens spring, lightsome as they
Who live in th' air on odours, and around
The bright saloon, scarce conscious of the ground,
Chase one another, in a varying dance
Of mirth and languor, coyness and advance,
Too eloquently like love's warm pursuit:—
While she, who sang so gently to the lute
Her dream of home, steals timidly away,
Shrinking as violets do in summer's ray,—
But takes with her from Azim's heart that sigh
We sometimes give to forms that pass us by
In the world's crowd, too lovely to remain,
Creatures of light we never see again!

Around the white necks of the nymphs who danc'd
Hung carcanets of orient gems, that glanc'd
More brilliant than the sea-glass glittering o'er
The hills of crystal on the Caspian shore;
While, from their long, dark tresses, in a fall
Of curls descending, bells, as musical
As those that, on the golden-shafted trees
Of Eden, shake in the eternal breeze,
Rang round their steps, at every bound more sweet,
As 'twere th' ecstatic language of their feet!
At length the chase was o'er, and they stood wreath'd
Within each other's arms; while soft there breath'd
Through the cool casement, mingled with the sighs
Of moonlight flowers, music that seem'd to rise
From some still lake, so liquidly it rose;
And, as it swell'd again at each faint close,
The ear could track, through all that maze of chords,
And young, sweet voices, these impassion'd words:—

A spirit there is, whose fragrant sigh
Is burning now through earth and air;
Where cheeks are blushing, the spirit is nigh;
Where lips are meeting, the spirit is there!

His breath is the soul of flowers like these,
And his floating eyes—oh! they resemble
Blue water-lilies, when the breeze
Is making the stream around them tremble!

Hail to thee, hail to thee, kindling Power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour, [this.
And there never was moonlight so sweet as

By the fair and brave,
Who, blushing, unite,
Like the sun and wave,
When they meet at night!

By the tear that shows
When passion is nigh,
As the rain-drop flows
From the heat of the sky!

By the first love-beat
Of the youthful heart,
By the bliss to meet,
And the pain to part!

By all that thou hast
To mortals given,
Which—oh! could it last,
This earth were heaven!

We call thee hither, entrancing Power!
Spirit of Love, Spirit of Bliss!
Thy holiest time is the moonlight hour, [this.
And there never was moonlight so sweet as

Impatient of a scene, whose luxuries stole,
Spite of himself, too deep into his soul,
And where, midst all that the young heart loves most,
Flowers, music, smiles, to yield was to be lost,
The youth had started up, and turn'd away
From the light nymphs and their luxurious lay,
To muse upon the pictures that hung round,—
Bright images, that spoke without a sound,
And views, like vistas into fairy ground.
But here again new spells came o'er his sense;—
All that the pencil's mute omnipotence
Could call up into life, of soft and fair,
Of fond and passionate, was glowing there;
Nor yet too warm, but touch'd with that fine art
Which paints of pleasure but the purer part;
Which knows even beauty when half-veil'd is best,
Like her own radiant planet of the west,
Whose orb when half retir'd looks loveliest!
There hung the history of the Genii-king,
Trac'd through each gay, voluptuous wandering [eyes
With her from Saba's bowers, in whose bright
He read that to be blest is to be wise:
Here fond Zuleika woos, with open arms,
The Hebrew boy, who flies from her young charms;
Yet, flying, turns to gaze, and, half undone,
Wishes that heav'n and she could both be won!
And here Mohammed, born for love and guile,
Forgets the Koran in his Mary's smile;
Then beckons some kind angel from above
With a new text to consecrate their love!

§ 170. *The Garden of Rimini.* L. HUNT.

A NOBLE range it was, of many a rood,
Walled round with trees, and ending in a wood:
Indeed, the whole was leafy; and it had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
That danc'd from shade to shade, and on its way
Seemed smiling with delight to feel the day.
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's-ease, flushed with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-colored box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking gently down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort;
With plots of grass, and perfumed walks between
Of citron, honeysuckle, and jessamine,
With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
And look as if they 'd shade a golden fruit!
And midst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade
Of circling pines, a babbling fountain played,
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
Which through the darksome tops glimmered with showering light.
So now you walked beside an odorous bed
Of gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red;
And now turned off into a leafy walk,
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;
And now pursued the stream, and, as you trod
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet;
And then, perhaps, you entered upon shades,
Pillowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades, [then,
Through which the distant palace, now and
Looked lordly forth with many-windowed ken;
A land of trees, which, reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretched their old arms out,
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks,
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you started the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
And, all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and sparkled in and out the boughs;
And all about, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through;
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks, some in retreats;
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Looked up half sweetly and half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade

The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight,
Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, halfway,
And formed of both, the loveliest portion lay;
A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground:
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees,
The birch and poplar mixed with heavier trees;
From under which, sent through a marble spout,
Betwixt the dark wet green, a rill gushed out,
Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade:
The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers [bowers;
Heaped towards the centre, and with citron
And, in the midst of all, clustered about
With bay and myrtle, and just gleaming out,
Lurked a pavilion,—a delicious sight,
Small, marble, well-proportioned, mellowy white, more,—
With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no
And a young orange either side the door.
The door was to the wood, forward, and square,
The rest was domed at top, and circular;
And through the dome the only light came in,
Tinged, as it entered, with the vine leaves thin.

It was a beauteous piece of ancient skill,
Spared from the rage of war, and perfect still;
By most supposed the work of fairy hands,
Famed for luxurious taste, and choice of lands,—
Alcina, or Morgana,—who from fights
And errant fame inveigled amorous knights,
And lived with them in a long round of blisses,
Feasts, concerts, baths, and bower-enshaded kisses.
But 'twas a temple, as its sculpture told,
Built to the nymphs that haunted there of old;
For o'er the door was carved a sacrifice
By girls and shepherds brought, with reverent eyes,
Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet,
And goats with struggling horns and planted feet:
And, on a line with this, ran round about
A like relief, touched exquisitely out,
That showed, in various scenes, the nymphs themselves;
Some by the water side on bowery shelves
Leaning at will,—some in the water sporting
With sides half swelling forth, and looks of courting,—
Some in a flowery dell, hearing a swain
Play on a pipe, till the hills ring again,—
Some tying up their long, moist hair,—some sleeping [ing,—
Under the trees, with fauns and satyrs peep-
Or, sidelong-eyed, pretending not to see
The latter in the brakes come creepingly,
While their forgotten urns, lying about
In the green herbage, let the water out.
Never, be sure, before or since, was seen
A summer-house so fine in such a nest of green.

All the green garden, flower-bed, shade, and plot,
Francesca loved, but most of all this spot.
Whenever she walked forth, wherever went
About the grounds, to this at last she bent:
Here she had brought a lute and a few books;
Here would she lie for hours with grateful looks,
Thanking at heart the sunshine and the leaves,
The summer rain-drops counting from the eaves,
And all that promising, calm smile we see
In nature's face, when we look patiently.
Then would she think of heaven; and you might hear, [clear,
Sometimes, when every thing was hushed and
Her gentle voice from out those shades emerging,
Singing the evening anthem to the Virgin.
The gardeners and the rest, who served the place,
And blest whenever they beheld her face,
Knelt when they heard it, bowing and uncovered,
And felt as if in air some sainted beauty hovered.

§ 171. *Paulo and Francesca.* L. HUNT.

ONE day,—'twas on a summer afternoon,
When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,
And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,
And shades have heavy outlines in the sun,—
The princess came to her accustomed bower
To get her, if she could, a soothing hour,
Trying, as she was used, to leave her cares
Without, and slumberously enjoy the airs,
And the low-talking leaves, and that cool light
The vines let in, and all that hushing sight
Of closing wood seen through the opening door,
And distant plash of waters tumbling o'er,
And smell of citron blooms, and fifty luxuries more.

She tried, as usual, for the trial's sake;
For even that diminished her heart-ache;
And never yet, how ill soe'er at ease,
Came she for nothing, midst the flowers and trees.
Yet, somehow or another, on that day,
She seemed to feel too lightly borne away,—
Too much relieved,—too much inclined to draw
A careless joy from every thing she saw
And looking round her with a new-born eye,
As if some tree of knowledge had been nigh,
To taste of nature, primitive and free,
And bask at ease in her heart's liberty.

Painfully clear those rising thoughts appeared,
With something dark at bottom that she feared;

And, snatching from the fields her thoughtful look,
She reached o'er-head, and took her down a book,
And fell to reading with as fixed an air
As though she had been rapt since morning there.

'Twas Launcelot of the Lake, a bright romance,
That, like a trumpet, made young pulses dance,
Yet had a softer note that shook still more;—
She had begun it but the day before,
And read, with a full heart, half sweet, half sad,
How old King Ban was spoiled of all he had
But one fair castle: how, one summer's day,
With his fair queen and child, he went away
To ask the great King Arthur for assistance;
How, reaching by himself a hill at distance,
He turned to give his castle a last look,
And saw its far white face: and how a smoke,
As he was looking, burst in volumes forth,
And good King Ban saw all that he was worth,
And his fair castle, burning to the ground,
So that his wearied pulse felt over-wound;
And he lay down, and said a prayer apart
For those he loved, and broke his poor old heart.
Then read she of the queen with her young child,
How she came up, and nearly had gone wild;
And how, in journeying on, in her despair,
She reached a lake, and met a lady there,
Who pitied her, and took the baby sweet
Into her arms, when lo, with closing feet
She sprang upall at once, like bird from brake,
And vanished with him underneath the lake.
The mother's feelings we as well may pass:—
The fairy of the place that lady was,
And Launcelot (so the boy was called) became
Her inmate, till, in search of knightly fame,
He went to Arthur's court, and played his part
So rarely, and displayed so frank a heart,
That, what with all his charms of look and limb,
The Queen Geneura fell in love with him:—
And here, with growing interest in her reading,
The princess, doubly fixed, was now proceeding.

Ready she sat with one hand to turn o'er
The leaf, to which her thoughts ran on before,
The other propping her white brow, and throwing
Its ringlets out, under the skylight glowing.
So sat she fixed; and so observed was she
Of one, who at the door stood tenderly,—
Paulo,—who, from a window seeing her
Go straight across the lawn, and guessing where,
Had thought she was in tears, and found that day
His usual efforts vain to keep away.
"May I come in?" said he:—it made her start,—
That smiling voice;—she colored, pressed her heart
A moment, as for breath, and then, with free,
And usual tone, said, "O yes,—certainly."

There's apt to be, at conscious times like these,
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,
An air of something quite serene and sure,
As if to seem so, was to be secure:
With this the lovers met, with this they spoke,
With this they sat down to the self-same book;
And Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced,
With one permitted arm, her lovely waist;
And both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree,
Leaned with a touch together thrillingly;
And o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,
And every lingering page grew longer as they read.

As thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart
Their color change, they came upon the part
Where fond Geneura, with her flame long nurs'd,
Smiled upon Launcelot when he kissed her first:—
That touch, at last, through every fibre slid,
And Paulo turned, scarce knowing what he did,
Only he felt he could no more dissemble,
And kissed her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble.
Sad were those hearts, and sweet was that long kiss:
Sacred be love from sight, whate'er it is.
The world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
Desperate the joy.—That day they read no more.

§ 172. *From Alastor: or the Spirit of Solitude.* SHELLEY.

THERE was a poet, whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared;
But the charmed eddies of autumnal winds
Built o'er his mouldering bones a pyramid
Of mouldering leaves in the waste wilderness:
A lovely youth,—no mourning maiden decked
With weeping flowers, or white cypress wreath,
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep:—
Gentle, and brave, and generous,—no lorn bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melodious sigh;
He lived, he died, he sang, in solitude.
Strangers have wept to hear his passionate notes,
And virgins, as unknown he pass'd, have pined
And wasted for fond love of his wild eyes.
The fire of those orbs has ceased to burn,
And silence, too enamoured of that voice,
Locks its mute music in her rugged cell.
By solemn vision, and bright silver dream,
His infancy was nurtured. Every sight
And sound, from the vast earth and ambient air,
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.
The fountains of divine philosophy
Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great,
Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past
In truth or fable consecrates, he felt
And knew. When early youth had pass'd, he left
His cold fireside and alienated home
To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands.
Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness

Has lured his fearful steps; and he has bought
With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage men,
His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps
He like her shadow has pursued, where'er
The red volcano over-canopies
Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice
With burning smoke, or where bitumen lakes
On black bare pointed islets ever beat
With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves,
Rugged and dark, winding among the springs
Of fire and poison, inaccessible
To avarice or pride, their starry domes
Of diamond and of gold expand above
Numberless and immeasurable halls,
Frequent with crystal column, and clear shrines
Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite.
Nor had that scene of ampler majesty
Than gems or gold, the varying of heaven
And the green earth, lost in his heart its claims
To love and wonder: he would linger long
In lonesome vales, making the wild his home,
Until the doves and squirrels would partake
From his innocuous hand his bloodless food,
Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks;
And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er
The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend
Her timid steps to gaze upon a form
More graceful than her own.

His wandering step,
Obedient to high thoughts, has visited
The awful ruins of the days of old,—
Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste
Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers
Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids,
Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange
Sculptured on alabaster obelisk,
Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphinx,
Dark Æthiopia in her desert hills
Conceals. Among the ruined temples there,
Stupendous columns, and wild images
Of more than man, where marble dæmons watch
The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men
Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,
He lingered, poring in memorials [ing day
Of the world's youth; through the long burn-
Gazed in those speechless shapes, nor, when the moon
Filled the mysterious halls with floating shades,
Suspended he that task, but ever gazed
And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind
Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw
The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

§ 173. *From Rosalind and Helen.*
SHELLEY.

"Lo, where red morning through the woods
Is burning o'er the dew!" said Rosalind.
And with these words they rose, and towards the flood
Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now wind
With equal steps and fingers intertwined;
Thence to a lonely dwelling, where the shore
Is shadowed with steep rocks, and cypresses
Cleave with their dark green cones the silent skies,
And with their shadows the clear depths below,
And where a little terrace from its bowers,
Of blooming myrtle and faint lemon-flowers,
Scatters its sense-dissolving fragrance o'er
The liquid marble of the windless lake;
And where the aged forest's limbs look hoar,
Under the leaves which their green garments make, [white,
They come: 'tis Helen's home, and clean and
Like one which tyrants spare on our own land
In some such solitude; its casements bright
Shone through their vine-leaves in the morning sun,
And even within 'twas scarce like Italy.
And when she saw how all things there were planned,
As in an English home, dim memory
Disturbed poor Rosalind: she stood as one
Whose mind is where his body cannot be,
Till Helen led her where her child yet slept,
And said, "Observe, that brow was Lionel's,
Those lips were his, and so he ever kept
One arm in sleep, pillowing his head with it.
You cannot see his eyes, they are two wells
Of liquid love: let us not wake him yet."
But Rosalind could bear no more, and wept
A shower of burning tears, which fell upon
His face, and so his opening lashes shone
With tears unlike his own, as he did leap
In sudden wonder from his innocent sleep.
So Rosalind and Helen lived together
Thenceforth, changed in all else, yet friends again, [heather
Such as they were, when o'er the mountain
They wandered in their youth, through sun and rain.
And after many years,—for human things
Change even like the ocean and the wind,—
Her daughter was restored to Rosalind,
And in their circle thence some visitings
Of joy 'mid their new calm would intervene:
A lovely child she was, of looks serene,
And motions which o'er things indifferent shed
The grace and gentleness from whence they came.
And Helen's boy grew with her; and they fed
From the same flowers of thought, until each mind
Like springs which mingle in one flood became;
And in their union soon their parents saw
The shadow of the peace denied to them.
And Rosalind,—for when the living stem
Is cankered in its heart, the tree must fall,—
Died ere her time; and with deep grief and awe
The pale survivors followed her remains,
Beyond the region of dissolving rains,
Up the cold mountain she was wont to call
Her tomb; and on Chiavenna's precipice
They raised a pyramid of lasting ice,

Whose polished sides, ere day had yet begun,
Caught the first glow of the unrisen sun,
The last, when it had sunk; and, through the night,
The charioteers of Arctos wheeled round
Its glittering point, as seen from Helen's home,
Whose sad inhabitants each year would come,
With willing steps climbing that rugged height,
And hang long locks of hair, and garlands bound
With amaranth flowers, which, in the clime's despite,
Filled the frore air with unaccustomed light;
Such flowers, as in the wintry memory bloom
Of one friend left, adorned that frozen tomb.
Helen, whose spirit was of softer mould,
Whose sufferings too were less, death slowlier led
Into the peace of his dominion cold:
She died among her kindred, being old.
And know, that, if love die not in the dead
As in the living, none of mortal kind
Are blest as now Helen and Rosalind.

§ 174. *Procession in honor of Pan.* KEATS.

LEADING the way, young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;
Each having a white wicker over brimm'd
With April's tender younglings: next, well trimm'd,
A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly:
Some idly trail'd their sheep-hooks on the ground,
And some kept up a shrilly-mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes: close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest-trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Begirt with ministering looks: always his eye
Steadfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;
And in his left he held a basket, full
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull:
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,
Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth
Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
Up-follow'd by a multitude, that rear'd
Their voices to the clouds, a fair-wrought car,
Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown:
Who stood therein did seem of great renown
Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown;
And, for those simple times, his garments were
A chieftain king's; beneath his breast, half bare,
Was hung a silver bugle, and between
His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen.
A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,
To common lookers-on, like one who dream'd
Of idleness in groves Elysian:
But there were some who feelingly could scan
A lurking trouble in his nether-lip,
And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
Through his forgotten hands: then would they sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of owlet's cry,
Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away!

§ 175. *From Hyperion.* KEATS.

So ended Saturn; and the god of the sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first-endeavoring tongue
Caught, infant-like, from the far-foamed sands.
"O ye, whom wrath consumes! who, passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies!
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears;
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop;
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of nature's law, not force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe;
But for this reason, that thou art the king,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last; it cannot be:
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From chaos and parental darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it light, and light, engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touch'd
The whole enormous matter into life.
Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The heavens and the earth, were manifest:
Then, thou first-born, and we, the giant race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As heaven and earth are fairer, fairer far,
Than chaos and blank darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that heaven and earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,

In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old darkness; nor are we
Thereby more conquer'd, than by us the rule
Of shapeless chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forest it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chiefdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest-trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale, solitary doves,
But eagles, golden-feather'd, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.
Have ye beheld the young god of the seas,
My dispossessor? have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot, foam'd along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforc'd me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this wo extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."
Whether through poz'd conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus [tell?
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can
But so it was, none answer'd for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene;
And yet she answer'd not, only complain'd,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O father, I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing wo crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow; let me tell [gods;
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.
Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell,
And murmur'd into it, and made melody—
O melody no more! for, while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea, [wind,
There came enchantment with the shifting
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave fill'd it, as my sense was fill'd
With that new, blissful, golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous, hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music wing'd instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hinderance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!'
I fled, it follow'd me, and cried, 'Apollo!'"

§ 176. *Guido and Isabel.* CORNWALL.

He was the last of all his race, and fled
To haughty Genoa where the Dorias reigned:
A mighty city once, though now she sleeps
Amidst her amphitheatre of hills,
Or sits in silence by her dashing deeps,
And not a page in living story fills.
He had that look which poets love to paint,
And artists fashion, in their happier mood,
And budding girls, when first their dreamings faint [stood
Show them such forms as maids may love. He
Fine as those shapely spirits heaven-descended,
Hermes or young Apollo, or whom she
The moon-lit Dian, on the Latmian hill,
When all the woods and all the winds were still,
Kissed with the kiss of immortality.
And in his eye, where love and pride contended,
His dark, deep-seated eye, there was a spell
Which they who love and have been lov'd can tell.
And she—but what of her, his chosen bride,
His *own*, on whom he gazed in secret pride,
And lov'd almost too much for happiness?
Enough to say that she was born to bless.
She was surpassing fair: her gentle voice
Came like the fabled music that beguiles
The sailor on the waters, and her smiles
Shone like the light of heaven, and said, 'Rejoice!'

That morn they sat upon the sea-beach green;
For in that land the sward springs fresh and free
Close to the ocean, and no tides are seen
To break the glassy quiet of the sea:
And Guido, with his arm round Isabel,
Unclasped the tresses of her chestnut hair,

Which in her white and heaving bosom fell
Like things enamour'd, and then, with jealous air,
Bade the soft amorous winds not wanton there;
And then his dark eyes sparkled, and he wound
The fillets like a coronet around
Her brow, and bade her rise and be a queen.
And, oh! 'twas sweet to see her delicate hand [check,
Pressed 'gainst his parted lips, as though to
In mimic anger, all those whispers bland
He knew so well to use; and on his neck
Her round arm hung, while, half as in command
And half entreaty, did her swimming eye
Speak of forbearance, till from her pouting lip
He snatched the honey-dews that lovers sip,
And then, in crimsoning beauty, playfully
She frowned, and wore that self-betraying air
That women loved and flattered love to wear.

Oft would he, as on that same spot they lay
Beneath the last light of a summer's day,
Tell (and would watch the while her steadfast
How on the lone Pacific he had been, [eye),
When the sea lion on his watery way
Went rolling through the billows green,
And shook that ocean's dead tranquillity;
And he would tell her of past times, and where
He rambled in his boyhood far away,
And spoke of other worlds and wonders fair,
And mighty, and magnificent; for he
Had seen the bright sun worshipp'd like a god
Upon that land where first Columbus trod;
And travelled by the deep Saint Lawrence's
And by Niagara's cataracts of foam, [tide,
And seen the wild deer roam
Amongst interminable forests, where
The serpent and the savage have their lair
Together. Nature there, in wildest guise,
Stands undebased, and nearer to the skies;
And midst her giant trees and waters wide
The bones of things forgotten, buried deep,
Give glimpses of an elder world, espied
By *us*, but in that fine and dreamy sleep,
When fancy, ever the mother of deep truth,
Breathes her dim oracles on the soul of youth.

§ 177. *Address to the Ocean.* CORNWALL.

O THOU vast ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a dread immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone!
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion yet are moved, and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance nor change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-waken air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go:
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
But to their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their viewless home,
And come again, and vanish: the young spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
And winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
—Thou only, terrible ocean! hast a power,
A will, a voice, and, in thy wrathful hour,
When thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
A fearful and magnificent beauty shrouds
Thy broad, green forehead. If thy waves be driven
Backwards and forwards by the shifting wind,
How quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind, [heaven!
And stretch thine arms, and war at once with
Thou trackless and immeasurable main!
On thee no record ever lived again
To meet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
Can move the mighty ocean into storm—
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose: thy summer form
Is beautiful, and, when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
"Eternity, eternity, and power."

§ 178. *Magdalen and Isabel.* WILSON.

MAGDALEN.

How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul! Sweet breeze!
That, hymning like a spirit up the lake,
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle
Across to us upon the vernal shore
With a kind, friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
The unseen musician floating through the air,
And smiling said, "Wild harper of the hill!
So may'st thou play thy ditty when once more
This lake I do revisit!" As he spoke,
Away died the music in the firmament,
And unto silence left our parting hour.
No breeze will ever steal from Nature's heart
So sweet to me again.
- - - - - - - - -
Whate'er my doom,
It cannot be unhappy. God hath given me
The boon of resignation: I could die,

Though doubtless human fears would cross my soul,
Calmly ev'n now;—yet, if it be ordain'd
That I return unto my native valley,
And live with Frankfort there, why should I
To say I might be happy—happier far [fear
Than I deserve to be. Sweet Rydal lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear [soul?
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my

ISABEL.

Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay,
Where our lone summer-house—

MAGDALEN.

Sweet mossy cell!
So cool, so shady, silent, and compos'd!
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring
In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss
Her human friends: our orchard now must be
A wilderness of sweets, by none belov'd.

ISABEL.

One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.
The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.

MAGDALEN.

I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees
In that bright, odorous, honey-suckle wall
That once enclosed the happiest family
That ever liv'd beneath the blessed skies.
Where is that family now? O Isabel!
I feel my soul descending to the grave,
And all these loveliest rural images
Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore.

ISABEL.

Ev'n now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
O! were we sitting in that room once more!

MAGDALEN.

'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,
And both my parents dead. How could I walk
On what I used to call my father's walk,
He in his grave! or look upon that tree,
Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit,
Planted by my mother; and her holy name
Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

§ 179. *Omens of the Plague.* WILSON.

(A crowd of people, several in conversation together.)

3D MAN.

——— BEFORE the plague burst out,
All who had eyesight witness'd in the city
Dread apparitions, that sent through the soul
Forebodings of some wild calamity.
The very daylight seem'd not to be pour'd
Down from the sun—a ghastly glimmering haze
Sent upwards from the earth; while every face
Look'd wan and sallow, gliding through the streets,
That echo'd in the darkness. When the veil
Of mist was drawn aside, there hung the sun
In the unrejoicing atmosphere, blood-red
And beamless in his wrath. At morn and even,
And through the dismal day, that aspect fierce
Glar'd on the city, and many a wond'ring group
Gaz'd till they scarce believ'd it was the sun.
Did any here behold, as I beheld, [pear'd,
That phantom, who three several nights ap-
Sitting upon a cloud-built throne of state
Right o'er St. Paul's cathedral? On that throne,
At the dead hour of night, he took his seat,
And, monarch-like, stretch'd out his mighty arm,
That shone like lightning. In that kingly motion [features,
There seem'd a steadfast threatening; and his
Gigantic, 'neath their shadowy diadem,
Frown'd, as the phantom vow'd within his
Perdition to the city. Then he rose, [heart
Majestic spectre! keeping still his face
Towards the domes beneath, and disappear'd,
Still threatening with his outstretch'd arm of
Into a black abyss behind the clouds. [light,

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

I saw him—on the very night I saw him,
When first the plague broke out.

3D MAN.

And saw ye not
The sheeted corpses stalking through the sky
In long, long troops together—yet all silent,
And unobservant of each other, gliding
Down a dark flight of steps, that seem'd to lead
Into the bosom of Eternity?

VOICE FROM THE CROWD.

What saw'st thou else?

2D MAN.

I have seen hearses moving through the sky!
Not few or solitary, as on earth
They pass us by upon a lonesome road—
But thousands, tens of thousands, mov'd along
In grim procession; a long league of plumes
Tossing in the storm that roar'd aloft in heaven,
Yet bearing onwards through the hurricane,
A black, a silent, a wild cavalcade,
That nothing might restrain; till, in a moment,
The heavens were freed, and all the sparkling stars
Look'd through the blue and empty firmament!

§ 180. *A Dream of Ocean.* EUSTACE.

IT was the evening of a summer day—
One of those days, that, like a well-spent life,
End pure and placidly—leaving behind
A golden line reflected on the sea,
All glorious as the good man's retrospect;
And I had stray'd that live-long summer day
Among the mighty columns Time has strew'd

(Or earthquake, or the hissing thunderbolt)
On Dalriada's* shore, where still thine eye
May mark wide ruins of a fane not built
With hands; entitled (in a poet's page)
The Giant's Causeway. At my feet the waves,
Hanging suspended on the curl a while,
Like a coy girl, till others pushed them on,
Did bow their pearly coronets to kiss
The polished pebbles of a little bay
Beneath the rocks; where, on a couch of shells,
The drowsy booming of the languid wave
Stole like a spell upon me, and I slept—
Ev'n as a weary infant sinks to rest,
Hush'd by his nurse's lullaby: the soul,
The soul slept not! but imp'd her rapid wing
Like an unhooded falcon—for, methought
The pale young moon shone beautiful above:
And while I gazed upon her ocean track
Of quivering silver (that did seem to reach
Over the waters to the edge of heaven)
Whereon the dolphin-mounted mermaids sport
Through the still night, a voice came o'er mine ear—
But 'twas a voice so exquisitely tuned,
That sure I deem'd some wand'ring angel wove
My native tongue with heaven's own harmony,
Beyond the poet's skill;—and thus it said—
"Come, I will show thee secrets of the deep!"
I look'd—and lo! a form far lovelier than
The daughters of the earth before me stood:
Upon the undulating wave her foot [robe
Shone bright and buoyant: her transparent
Blent with the moonbeam—showing limbs wherein
No life-blood flow'd; for I might see sometimes
The water-gleam shine through their symmetry;
And then I knew a spirit spoke with me—
A spirit moulded to seem palpable.
- - - - - - - - -
And far beneath through ocean depths we dived,
Swift as the shell-drake—still respiring free,
As if an atmosphere encircled us.
I follow'd without effort, for my guide
Attracted with a load-star's influence,
And, with mysterious motion, drew me on
Through the cold waste of fluid emerald.
- - - - - - - - - -
Down, down we glided—and the moonbeam glanc'd
From a green sky above—trembling as though
It fear'd to lose itself in those vast depths:
The ocean-snake wound on his volum'd coil
In beauty instinct shrank from: the leviathan,
Floating between us and the surface, flung
A downward shadow like the thunder cloud;
And, while he pass'd, the slow-returning light
Came as another dawning. Myriad shoals,
(Hosts of the marshall'd ocean,) swimming on,
Turn'd up their silver sides with a swift gleam,
Taking the light they scatter'd back again,
Like sunshine on a serried field of spears;
The dolphin chas'd the flying fish; and aye
With each pursuing dart, a gush of hues
Stream'd from his sides—raying the wave, as
His colors mingled with it; and beneath, [if
On golden sands, islands of shells were pil'd
Of every shape and dye, from those whereof
The sea-nymph's car is fashion'd, even to those
She braids the glory of her locks withal.
- - - - - - - - - -
We won the roots of ocean!
A rock of virgin crystal heav'd in front,
O'er whose steep side, like tendrils of the vine,
The crimson coral travers'd; and between
Hung grapes of clustering pearl. My guide look'd back
Upon the wing, and, smiling, pointed out
A cell in the transparent cliff, such as
Some Nereid might inhabit, garlanding
Her brow with sea-cull'd flowers—"And soon," she said,
"Thy pilgrimage shall end." We entered then
Treading a floor of tesselated gems,
Whereon the ruby, opal, amethyst,
The burning carbuncle, the sapphire blue,
Did blaze like stars in dazzling marquetry:
And full in front an inner porch flung back
Its valves of mother pearl, inviting us
To bend our steps along that shining path,
Cut onward through the self-illumin'd stone.
- - - - - - - - - -
"Attend! (if that, indeed, thine ear may brook
To hear what mortal hath not heard), while I
Do tell the deep and awful mysteries:
The impulse of the winds—the hidden laws
Which bind the deep in fealty to the moon—
Of wonders they shall see (but never tell)
Who storm the icy barriers of the pole:—
Of lightnings—spirits that shoot from cloud to cloud [wing!)
(But wo to him they brush with passing
And lift the curtains of the horizon up
To give ye glimpses of another world;
That be in lineament as seraphs are;
Heaven's thunder-voiced ministers—to man
Invisible, through mere excess of light:—
Relate of high intelligences, who
Dwell in this ocean paradise (as ye
In Eden's rosy bowers might still have dwelt;)
Beings coeval with the stars, who mark'd
The first bright blush of day, when the dread voice [was light!
Pronounc'd, "Let there be light"—and there
And saw the mountain tops leap up to meet
The joyful sallies of the new-born sun.

"Behold! this sky-like dome of adamant
(Each pillar's shadow ranged beneath its cope
Would hide earth's loftiest Alp) supports the
Of ocean's vast———" [weight
O, mercy, mercy, heaven!
A mighty rush of waters—and above
The diamond dome is shatter'd, piecemeal fall
(As fell the temple of the Philistine)
Its thousand jasper columns: sore distress'd,
I gazed around for succor—none was nigh;
My guide had vanish'd! and as the bright ruin
Hurl'd headlong down to crush me like a worm—

* Ancient name of the county of Antrim.

With a convulsion of the heart—I woke.
O, what a change was here! for quietness
Breath'd all around: yet right beneath my feet
There play'd a circling dimple on the wave,
As one had, even at that moment, dived;
And all so vivid work'd my dream, that I
Was fain to credit something (not of earth)
Had dallied with my fancy.—

§ 131. *Czerni George.* CROLY.

'TWAS noon: a crimson banner play'd
Above thy rampart port, Belgrade;
From time to time the gong's deep swell
Rose thundering from the citadel;
And soon the trampling charger's din
Told of some mustering pomp within.
But all without was still and drear;
The long streets wore the hue of fear,
All desert, but where some quick eye
Peer'd from the curtain'd gallery;
Or, crouching slow from roof to roof,
The Servian glanc'd, then shrank aloof,
Eager, yet dreading, to look on
The business to be that day done.
The din grew louder; trampling feet
Seem'd rushing to the central street
'Twas fill'd; the city's idle brood
Scatter'd before, few, haggard, rude:
Then came the Spahis pressing on
With kettle-drum and gonfalon;
And ever at the cymbal's clash,
Upshook their spears the sudden flash,
Till, like a shatter'd, sable sail,
Wheel'd o'er their rear the black horse-tail,
All hurrying thick, like men who yield,
Or men who seek some final field.

They lead a captive; the pashaw
From his large eye draws back with awe;
All tongues are silent in the group,
Who round that fearful stranger troop:
He still has homage, though his hands
Are straining in a felon's bands.
No Moslem he; his brow is bare,
Save one wild tress of raven hair,
Like a black serpent deeply bound,
Where once sat Servia's golden round.
His neck bends low, and many a stain
Of blood shows how it feels the chain;
A peasant's robe is o'er him flung,
A swordless sheath beside him hung;
He sits a charger, but a slave
Now holds the bridle of the brave.

\- - - - - - - - - -

And now they line the palace square,
A splendid sight, as noon's full glare
Pours on their proud caparison,
Arms rough with gold and dazzling stone,
Horse-nets, and shawls of Indian dye,
O'er brows of savage majesty.
But where's the fetter'd rider now?
A flag above, a block below,
An Ethiop headsman low'ring near,
Show where must close his stern career.
A thousand eyes are fix'd to mark
The fading of his eye's deep spark,
The quicken'd heaving of his breast;
But all within it is at rest;
There is no quivering nerve; his brow
Scarce bent upon the crowd below,
He stands in settled, stately gloom,
A warrior's statue on his tomb.

\- - - - - - - - - -

A trumpet rang;—the turban'd line
Clash'd up their spears, the headsman's sign.
Then, like the flame-burst from the forge,
Blaz'd thy dark visage, CZERNI GEORGE!
He knew that trumpet's Turkish wail,
His guide through many a forest vale,
When, scattering like the hunted deer,
The Moslem felt his early spear;
He heard it when the Servian targe
Broke down the Delhi's desperate charge,
And o'er the flight his scimetar
Was like the flashing of a star:
That day his courser to the knee
Was bathed in blood, and Servia free!
That day, before he sheathed his blade,
He stood a sovereign in Belgrade;
The field, the throne, were on that eye,
Which wander'd now so wild and high.

\- - - - - - - - - -

The hour had waned; the sunbeam fell
Full on the palace pinnacle;
The golden crescent on its spire
Beam'd o'er a cross! his eye shot fire!
That cross was o'er the crescent set,
The day he won the coronet.
He dash'd away a tear of pride,
His hand was darted to his side,—
No sword was there:—a bitter smile
Told the stern spirit's final thrill;
Yet all not agony; afar,
Mark'd he no cloud of northern war?
Swell'd on his prophet ear no clang
Of tribes that to their saddles sprang?
No Russian cannon's heavy hail
In vengeance smiting the Serail?
The whole was but a moment's trance,
That scap'd the turban'd rabble's glance;
A sigh, a stride, a stamp, the whole;
Time measures not the tides of soul.
He was absorb'd in dreams, nor saw
The hurried glare of the pashaw,
Nor saw the headsman's backward step,
To give his axe the wider sweep.
Down came the blow!—the self-same smile
Was lingering on the dead lip still,
When, 'mid the train, the pikeman bore
The bloody head of the Pandour.

\- - - - - - - - - -

The night was wild, the atabal
Scarce echoed on the rampart wall;
Scarce heard the shrinking sentinel
The night-horn in the tempest's yell.
But forms, as shot the lightning's glare,
Stole silent through that palace-square,
And thick and dim a weeping group
Seem'd o'er its central spot to stoop.
The storm a moment paused; the moon
Broad from a hurrying cloud-raft shone;

It shone upon a headless trunk,
Rais'd in their arms; the moonbeam sunk,
And all was dimness; but the beat
Came sudden as of parting feet,
And sweet and solemn voices pined
In the low lapses of the wind.
'Twas like the hymn, when soldiers bear
A soldier to his sepulchre.

\- - - - - - - - -

The lightning threw a shaft below;
The stately square was desert now.
Yet far, as far as eye could strain,
Was seen the remnant of a train;
A wavering shadow of a crowd,
That round some noble burden bow'd.
Twas gone, and all was night once more,
Wild rain, and whirlwind's doubled roar!

§ 182. *To a Waterfowl.* BRYANT.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew, [day,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pur-
Thy solitary way? [sue

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power, whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end,
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest. [bend

Thou 'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart,
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He, who, from zone to zone, [flight,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
In the long way, that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

§ 183. *Setting Sail.* PERCIVAL.

HE went amid these glorious things of earth,
Transient as glorious, and along the beach
Of snowy sands, and rounded pebbles, walked,
Watching the coming of the evening tide,
Rising with every ripple, as it kissed
The gravel with a softly gurgling sound,
And still advancing up the level shore,
Till, in his deep abstraction, it flowed round
His foot-prints, and awoke him. When he
came
Where a long reef stretched out, and in its bays
Scooped from the shelving rocks, received the
And held it as a mirror deep and dark, [sea,
He paused, and, standing then against the ship,
He gave his signal. Soon he saw on board
The stir of preparation; they let down
A boat, and soon her raised and dipping oars
Flashed in the setting light, and round her
prow [out
The gilt sea swelled and crinkled, spreading
In a wide circle; and she glided on
Smoothly, and with a whispering sound, that
Louder with every dipping of the oars, [grew
Until she neared the reef, and sent a surge
Up through its coves, and covered them with
foam. [back
He stepped on board, and soon they bore him
To the scarce rocking vessel, where she lay
Waiting the night wind. On the deck he sat,
And looked to one point only, save, at times,
When his eye glanced around the mingled
Of beauty and sublimity. Meanwhile [scene
The sun had set, the painted sky and clouds
Put off their liveries, the bay its robe
Of brightness, and the stars were thick in
heaven.
They looked upon the waters, and below
Another sky swelled out, thick set with stars,
And chequered with light clouds, which from
the north
Came flitting o'er the dim-seen hills, and shot,
Like birds, across the bay. A distant shade
Dimmed the clear sheet; it darkened, and it
drew
Nearer. The waveless sea was seen to rise
In feathery curls, and soon it met the ship,
And a breeze struck her. Quick the floating
sails [on
Rose up and drooped again. The wind came
Fresher; the curls were waves; the sails
were filled
Tensely; the vessel righted to her course,
And ploughed the waters; round her prow the
foam
Tossed, and went back along her polished sides,
And floated off, bounding the rushing wake,
That seemed to pour in torrents from her stern.
The wind still freshened, and the sails were
stretched, [force,
Till the yards cracked. She bent before its
And dipped her lee-side low beneath the waves.
Straight out she went to sea, as when a hawk
Darts on a dove, and with a motionless wing
Cuts the light, yielding air. The mountains
dipped
Their dark walls to the waters, and the hills
Scarce reared their green tops o'er them. One
white point,
On which a light house blazed, alone stood out
In the broad sea; and there he fixed his eye,
Taking his last look of his native shore.
Night wore away, and still the wind blew
strong, [were heaved
And the ship ploughed the waves, which now

In high and rolling billows. All were glad,
And laughed and shouted, as she darted on,
And plunged amid the foam, and tossed it high
Over the deck, as when a strong curbed steed
Flings the froth from him in his eager race.
All had been dimly star-lit; but the moon
Late rising, silvered o'er the tossing sea,
And lighted up its foam-wreaths, and just threw
One parting glance upon the distant shores.
They met his eye; the sinking rocks were bright,
And a clear line of silver marked the hills,
Where he had said farewell. A sudden tear
Gushed, and his heart was melted; but he soon [ed
Repressed the weakness, and he calmly watch-
The fading vision. Just as it retired
Into the common darkness, on his eyes
Sleep fell, and, with his looks turned to his home,
And—dearer than his home—to her he loved,
He closed them, and his thoughts were lost in dreams
Bright and too glad to be realities.
Calmly he slept, and lived on happy dreams,
Till, from the bosom of the boundless sea,
Now spreading far and wide without a shore,
The cloudless sun arose, and he awoke.

§ 184. *Address to the Sun.* PERCIVAL.

CENTRE of light and energy! thy way
Is through the unknown void; thou hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone;
Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light;
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still hath flown [night,
Wide through the never-ending worlds of
And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and bright.

We call thee Lord of day; and thou dost give
To earth the fire that animates her crust,
And wakens all the forms that move and live,
From the fine, viewless mould, which lurks in dust,
To him who looks to heaven, and on his bust
Bears stamped the seal of God, who gathers there [trust
Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring
In his own centred powers, who aims to share
In all his soul can frame of wide, and great, and fair.

Thy path is high in heaven:—we cannot gaze
On the intense of light that girds thy car;
There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
Which bear thy pure divinity afar,
To mingle with the equal light of star;
For thou, so vast to us, art, in the whole,
One of the sparks of night, that fire the air,
And as around thy centre planets roll, [soul.
So thou, too, hast thy path around the central

I am no fond idolater to thee,
One of the countless multitude, who burn,
As lamps, around the one Eternity,
In whose contending forces systems turn
Their circles round that seat of life, the urn
Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies:—
Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern
With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes,
Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit lies.

And thou, too, hast thy world, and unto thee
We are as nothing;—thou goest forth alone,
And movest through the wide aerial sea,
Glad as a conqueror resting on his throne
From a new victory, where he late had shown
Wider his power to nations;—so thy light
Comes with new pomp, as if thy strength had grown
With each revolving day, or thou at night
Had lit again thy fires, and thus renewed thy might.

Age o'er thee has no power;—thou bring'st the same
Light to renew the morning, as when first,
If not eternal, thou, with front of flame,
On the dark face of earth in glory burst,
And warmed the seas, and in their bosom nursed
The earliest things of life, the worm and shell;
Till through the sinking ocean mountains pierced,
And then came forth the land whereon we dwell, [swell.
Reared like a magic fane above the watery
- - - - - - - - -
Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles;
Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn;
Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
When through their heaven thy changing car is borne; [shorn
Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are
Of all their waving locks, and storms awake;
All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake, [tains shake.
And in their maddening rush the crested moun-

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow;
Life lingers, and would die; but thy return
Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
Of all the power, that brooded in the urn
Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
All bands that would confine, and give to air
Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
When on a dewy morn thou dartest there
Rich waves of gold to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine; and when the touch of spring [light
Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy

They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
Dashes the water in his winding flight,
And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
And widens outward to the pebbled shore.
The vales are thine; and when they wake from night, [o'er
The dews, that bend the grass tips, twinkling
Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine; they catch thy newest beam,
And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream
That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
Of nations in its waters—so thy rays
Flow and give brighter tints, than ever bud,
When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely
Snows that have never wasted, in a sky [lift
Which hath no stain; below the storm may drift
Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by;
Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie [there,
Dazzling, but cold; thy farewell glance looks
And when below thy hues of beauty die,
Girt round them as a rosy belt, they bear
Into the high, dark vault a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine, and all their magic hues
Are penciled by thee; when thou bendest low,
Or comest in thy strength, thy hand imbues
Their waving fold with such a perfect glow
Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
Shame on the proudest art; the tender stain
Hung round the verge of heaven, that as a bow
Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain [train.
All tints to the deep gold, that flashes in thy

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
Where the spent storm is hastening on its march;
And there the glories of thy light combine,
And form, with perfect curve, a lifted line,
Striding the earth and air: man looks and tells
How peace and mercy in its beauty shine,
And how the heavenly messenger impels
Her glad wings on the path, that thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal; thou dost sway
His waves to thy dominion, and they go,
Where thou in heaven dost guide them on their way,
Rising and falling in eternal flow;
Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow;
They take them wings and spring aloft in air,
And change to clouds, and then, dissolving, throw [tear
Their treasures back to earth, and, rushing,
The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

I, too, have been upon thy rolling breast,
Widest of waters! I have seen thee lie
Calm, as an infant pillowed in its rest
On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky,
Not smoother, gave the deep its azure dye,
Till a new heaven was arched and glassed below;
And then the clouds, that gay in sunset fly,
Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so,
As in the cheek of youth the living roses grow.

I, too, have seen thee on thy surging path,
When the night tempest met thee; thou didst dash
Thy white arms high in heaven, as if in wrath
Threatening the angry sky; thy waves did lash
The laboring vessel, and with deadening crash
Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides;
Onward thy billows came to meet and clash
In a wild warfare, till the lifted tides
Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark storm-cloud rides.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
That rolls in glittering green around the isles,
Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell;
O! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail
Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
Over the curling billow, and the gale
Comes off from spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine; of old thou wert the power
Who gave the poet life; and I in thee
Feel my heart gladden, at the holy hour,
When thou art sinking in the silent sea;
Or, when I climb the height, and wander free
In thy meridian glory—for the air
Sparkles and burns in thy intensity—
I feel thy light within me, and I share
In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

§ 185. *A Picture.* PERCIVAL.

Scene—The Valley of the Catskill River north of the Catskill Mountains.

THE glories of a clouded moonlit night—
An union of wild mountains, and dark storms
Gathering around their summits, or, in forms
Majestic, moving far away in light,
Like pillared snow, or spectres wreathed in flame—
Meanwhile, around the distant peaks a flow
Of moonlight settles, seeming from below,
Above the mountain's rude, gigantic frame,
An island of the heart, a home of bright,
Unsullied souls, who, clad in purest white,
Their bosoms stainless as their mantles, play
Around the gilded rocks, and snowy lawns,
And azure groves, in choirs, like bounding fawns
Around the throne of some imperial fay—

Again the dark clouds brood below; their fold
A moment shrouds the mountain in dun shade,
Like midnight blackness from a crater rolled,
And flashing, as the glimmering of a blade
Amid the wreaths of war-smoke, lightnings quiver, [shiver,
And crackling bolts the oak's bent branches
And rumbling echoes from the hollow glens
Roar, like the voice of lions in their dens
Awing the silent desert—then the cloud,
Careering on the whirlwind, lifts its shroud
From off yon soaring pinnacle, and sweet,
Soft moonlight there is sleeping, like the ray,
Whose flashes on a chequered fountain play
Light as the twinkling glance of fairies' feet,
Or brood in burnished brightness on the stream,
Or kiss the tufted bank of dewy flowers,
As if consoling, in his boyish dream,
Her shepherd through her own still magic hours—
Such is the brightness on those rocky towers;
And, rising in an arch of double height,
Soaring away beyond that cone, the sky
Smiles to the harmonizing touch of light,
Like the blue iris of a joyous eye—
The moon is there in glory, and the stars
Shrink from her fuller splendor, and grow dim
Behind the veil of her effulgence. Airs,
As if from Eden breathing, blow; clouds swim,
Foamlike and fleecy, round the landscape's brim;
And, heaving like a storm-swoln billow's crest,
Rolls the wild tempest in the darkened west,
Its flashes twinkling through the gloom, its peals
Bellowing amid the purple glens; the rain,
Scudding along the forest, bears the bow
Wreathed round the flying storm-cloud, as it steals,
Stiller and stiller through the night—the stain
Of braided colors, in a softer glow,
Bends o'er the foaming river its tall arch,
As if the spirits of the air might march
From mountain on to mountain, and look down,
In triumph, from the pictured circle's crown,
On hamlets wrapped in slumber, meadows green [leaves are bowed
And gemmed with rain-drops, woods, whose
With the dissolving richness of the cloud,
And brown brooks flashing down the hills, and pouring [wheels
Their tribute to the master stream, which
Through the rude valley, foaming, tumbling, roaring,
And on the lonely wanderer, who steals
Abroad in silence to that echoing shore,
And, gazing on the mad wave, and the sky,
Which arches o'er the universe on high,
And on the flying cohorts of the storm,
Hiding their frowns behind a seraph's form,
With soul subdued, and awed, enchanted eye,
Can only bow before them and adore.

§ 186. *The Deserted Wife.* PERCIVAL.

He comes not—I have watched the moon go down,
But yet he comes not—Once it was not so.
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow,
The while he holds his riot in that town.
Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep;
And he will wake my infant from its sleep,
To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile, which cheers [deep!
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, fixed and
I had a husband once, who loved me—now
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,
And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip,
As bees, from laurel flowers, a poison sip;
But yet I cannot hate—O! there were hours,
When I could hang for ever on his eye,
And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by,
Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.
I loved him then—he loved me too—My heart
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile.
The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;
And, though he often sting me with a dart,
Venomed and barbed, and waste upon the vile
Caresses, which his babe and mine should share;
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
His madness—and, should sickness come, and
Its paralyzing hand upon him, then [lay
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,
Until the penitent should weep, and say,
How injured and how faithful I had been.

§ 187. *Liberty to Athens.* PERCIVAL.

The flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves as waved the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;
As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around these towers,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours:
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free.
O! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft;
She lay among her ruins low;
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose;
And, crushed and bruised by many a blow,
She cowered beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee;
Their servile years have rolled away;
The clouds that hovered o'er them flee;
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp arrayed;
A light, that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where wisdom held her pure abode;
The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaimed the true, but unknown God;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way
To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents rolled,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury tolled:
The stage, whereon the drama spake,
In tones that seemed the words of heaven,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driven:
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burned,
And every eye, that dared aspire
To truth, has long in worship turned:
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstained,
And where the intellectual god
In all the light of science reigned:
The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple, but majestic pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colors made the canvass live,
Where music rolled her flood along,
And all the charms that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love, and song:
The port, from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod:—
On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brightest fame;
Away the long-chained city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
Harmodius bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
And freedom is their only lord.

§ 188. *Consumption.* PERCIVAL.

THERE is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glowed, and the eye that shone,
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's* garden blew,
Or ever was steeped in fragrant dew,
When all that was bright and fair is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the withered rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallowed rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has poured her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
Are poured from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around,
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops that are soon repressed,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast;—
In this enlivened and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter power;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low-declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper, that tells of early death,
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes, at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip, that swelled with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fallen snow;
And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem, like a host of glory, met
To honor the sun at his golden set;—

* Biferique rosaria Pæsti.—*Virg.*

O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long-imprinted kiss;
So fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapor cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And, though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And, though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires,
With a woman's love and a saint's desires;
And her last, fond, lingering look is given
To the love she leaves, and then to heaven,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day.

§ 189. *The Coral Grove.* PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below;
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a light and easy motion, [sea;
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then, far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

§ 190. *The Broken Heart.* PERCIVAL.

HE has gone to the land, where the dead are
And mute the song of gladness; [still,
He drank at the cup of grief his fill,
And his life was a dream of madness;
The victim of fancy's torturing spell,
From hope to darkness driven,
His agony was the rack of hell,
His joy the thrill of heaven.

He has gone to the land, where the dead are
And thought will sting him—never; [cold,
The tomb its darkest veil has rolled
O'er all his faults for ever;
O! there was a light that shone within
The gloom, that hung around him;
His heart was formed to woo and win,
But love had never crowned him.

He has gone to the land, where the dead may
In a soft, unbroken slumber, [rest
Where the pulse, that swelled his anguished
Shall never his tortures number; [breast,
Ah! little the reckless witlings know
How keenly throbbed and smarted
That bosom, which burned with a brightest
Till crushed and broken-hearted. [glow,

He longed to love, and a frown was all
The cold and thoughtless gave him;
He sprang to ambition's trumpet-call,
But back they rudely drave him:
He glowed with a spirit pure and high;
They called the feeling madness:
And he wept for wo with a melting eye;
'Twas weak and moody sadness.

He sought, with an ardor full and keen,
To rise to a noble station,
But, repulsed by the proud, the cold, the mean,
He sunk in desperation;
They called him away to pleasure's bowers,
But gave him a poisoned chalice,
And from her alluring wreath of flowers
They glanced the grin of malice.

He felt, that the charm of life was gone,
That his hopes were chilled and blasted,
That being wearily lingered on
In sadness, while it lasted;
He turned to the picture fancy drew,
Which he thought would darken never;
It fled:—to the damp, cold grave he flew,
And he sleeps with the dead for ever.

§ 191. *How beautiful is Night.* PERCIVAL.

"How beautiful is Night!"
A smile is on her brow;
Her eyes of dewy light
Look out, serenely bright,
Upon the wave below:
The waters, in their flow,
Just murmur, and the air
Hath scarce a breath to show
A spirit moving there:
The world is purely fair;
The winds are hushed and still;
The moonlight on the hill
Is sleeping, and her ray
Along the falling rill,
In lightly dancing play,
Soft-winding, steals away:
A cool and silent breath,

From water-falls and streams,
Comes o'er my ear, like dreams,
Which, in the pictured death
Of slumber, on the soul
Delicious whispers roll;
And lead in mazy light,
Before the spirit's eye,
Sweet visions of delight,
In trains of beauty, by.—
How fair and calm is night!
Amid the dewy bowers
She guides the silent hours,
With fairy steps, along,
And round the floating throng
A cloudy vesture throws;
And loosely on the air
She spreads their raven hair
To every wind that blows:
They seem to hover by
Between me and the sky,
Each with a golden zone,
A waving robe of snow,
A veil, whose folds are thrown
In undulating flow,
Like clouds, when breezes blow:
So, to my fancy's view,
The sylphid people play
Around the vaulted blue,
And then they melt away,
And leave the sky all bright
With lamps of living light;
And, as I fondly gaze,
Where countless cressets blaze,
I look to heaven and say,
"How beautiful is Night!"

§ 192. *The Wandering Spirit.* PERCIVAL.

THERE's a voice that is heard in the depth of the sky,
Where nothing is seen but the blue-tinted heaven;
That voice with the wind rolls its mellowness by,
And a few notes, alone, to our fond ears are given:
The spirit, who sings it, still hastens away;
He is doomed round the wide earth for ever to roam;
He may settle a moment, but never will stay,
For he ne'er found, and never will find, here a home.

There is grief in the voice, as it comes through the air,
Like the low-moaning wind in the calmness of even,
Or the tone, as we dream, of the angels, who bear
The pure soul, that rises to mingle with heaven;
It was clear, when it first came, but quickly afar
It murmured and died, like the wave on the shore,
When the mariner hails the benevolent star,
That rises and smiles, and the tempest is o'er.

O! that voice is the dirge, that for ever is sung
O'er the wreck and the ruin of beauty and love;
But in ears that are deaf is its melody flung;
There are none, who will listen, but pure ones above:
O! earth is no place for the spirit, who feels
Every wound of the heart with the pang of despair,
He will mourn, and be never at home, till he steals
To the skies, and the bright world, that welcomes him there.

§ 193. *A Tale.* PERCIVAL.

SHE had been touched with grief, and on her cheek
Sorrow had left its impress in the pale,
Soft tint of fading loveliness. She bore
Meekly the burden of her woes, and told
To none the secret of her heart. It preyed
For ever on her life, and blanched away
The roses which had bloomed so wooingly
And freshly on her laughing lips. Her smile
Grew fainter, and it only spread a line
Of a most tender carmine, where the snow
Scarce had a stain to mark it from the pure
And perfect whiteness of her cheek and brow—
So pure, she seemed a living monument
Of Parian marble; and the flaxen curls
That waved around her forehead, and the arch
Darker and brighter bent above that eye,
Which through long lashes spoke in looks of fire,
And was the only eloquence she used—
These,—and at times a gushing to her cheek,
Like the first flush of morning, or the faint
Fast-dying purple, when the twilight steals
Into the depth of darkness,—these were all
That told she yet was living, and was not
An image of the graces, or the shade
Of a departed maiden, which at night
Visits the silent walks she loved, and hangs
Over the grave she watered, till she took
Her last repose beside it.
She had been
The gayest and the loveliest, and had moved
Through the light dance, and in the bending crowd
Of young admirers, like an infant queen
Proud of her innocent beauty. There was one
Who looked, but spake not; and when others took
Her hand to lead her through the merry hall,
In steps all grace and harmony, he stole
Aside, and wept in anguish. He was made
Not for the place of mirth, but for the still
And peaceful shade of feeling, and of thoughts,
Which have their home in higher souls, and are
Lone, and unfriended, and unknown, below.
His was a social nature; yet not made
To blend with crowds, but find, in one alone,
One fairy minister of soft delights,
And pure as they are tender, that deep joy,
Which none has ever uttered. Long he sought

To win her to those calm retreats, and give
To her a spirit kindred to his own,
And lead her to the one and only love,
The harmony of thought, and wish, and life,
The union of all feelings, whence the deep,
Exhaustless fountain of their blended hearts
Flows ever deeper, and has ever more
Of music in its flow, and more of light
And beauty in its fulness. Thus he dwelt
On her fresh loveliness, until his life
Was linked unto her image, and her form
Mingled with every thought, and every spot,
Where the new spring looked beautiful, was filled
With her pervading presence; but he dared
Speak only to the mountain-winds her name,
And only in a whisper. She had marked
The silent youth, and, with a beauty's eye,
Knew well she was beloved; and though her light
And bounding spirit still was wild and gay,
And sporting in the revel, yet her hours
Of solitude were visited by him, [loved
Who looked with such deep passion. She too
And saw more in his melancholy eye,
And in the delicate form, and the still look,
And that high front of intellect, which crowned
Features that were all tenderness and love,
Like the fair shrine of poesy, where thoughts
Dwelt high and solemn, such as from their seat
Of glory visit none, but the great few,
Whose language is immortal—there she saw
More that had charms to win her, than in all
The light, unmeaning swarm, who fawned, and danced,
And played their tricks in envious rivalry,
Happy to draw from her one scornful smile.
She loved him with a true and early love,
And with her tenderness there was a sense
Of awe, when on those magic eyes she gazed,
Which seemed to look on spirits, not on men.
Still, in her innocent cheerfulness, she sought
To lead him from his solitary haunts,
And throw bright smiles upon that shaded brow,
And light that eye to rapture from its deep
And mute abstraction. So she laughed and sung,
And called him to the dance; but, with a gush
Of feeling irresistible, he stole
Aside and wept. Again he sought her ear,
And told her his fond tale. First she looked cold,
And o'er her forehead curled a playful frown;
Then suddenly, and with a few light words,
She scornfully turned from him, and enjoyed
The moment of her triumph—it was short;
For, with a firm, fixed look, in which were seen [back,
More thoughts of grief than anger, he drew
And, casting one proud farewell glance, that told
There was no after hope, he turned away,
And soon was gone, an exile, none knew where.
He wandered to another land, and found
New friends, who sought to cheer him; but a weight [ed;—
Hung on his heart, and would not be remov-
The feeling of regret and injury;
The love that will not perish, and the pride
That quenches love, but does not make it hate;
The fondness that will steal at times, and melt
The heart to tears; and then the sudden pang
Of long-remembered scorn, which freezes fast
The fountain in its flow, and leaves the cold,
Dim glare of one, whose only hope is death.
He was in happy regions, and the sky
Above him was most beautiful; its blue
Was higher and intenser, and it took
The spirit on a journey into heaven,
And made it more than mortal; cool, soft gales
Stole from a peaceful ocean, whose bright waves
Rolled gently on to music, and they blew
Through woven trellises of all-sweet flowers,
And sported round long wreaths of festooned vines
Hung with the gayest blossoms, and o'er beds,
That breathed in mellowest airs of balm and myrrh.
Music was in those bowers, and beauty there
Crowded in mystic dances, and their nights
Were consecrated to the skilful sounds
Of a most witching harmony, to choirs
Such as once moved in Athens to the voice
Of flutes and timbrels. Many an eye was bent
Full on the noble stranger, and they sought
To win his smile; but yet he would not smile,
For all his better thoughts were far away;
And when he looked upon the lovely ones
Around him, it recalled, with keener sense,
Her, who to him was lovelier, whom he loved,
But would not, in his bitterness, forgive.
When it was told her that the youth had fled,
And fled in anger, then her look was changed,
And never more her steps were in the dance;
Nor were the cheerful sounds of her sweet voice
Heard in the crowd of revellers. Alone
She wept the folly which had thrown away
The only treasure she had truly loved,
And left her, in the fairest of her days,
The very spring-time of her loveliness,
Only to think of what had been, and grieve.

END OF VOL. V.

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